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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

June 19, 1937

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Collier's

THE TIONAL WEEKLY

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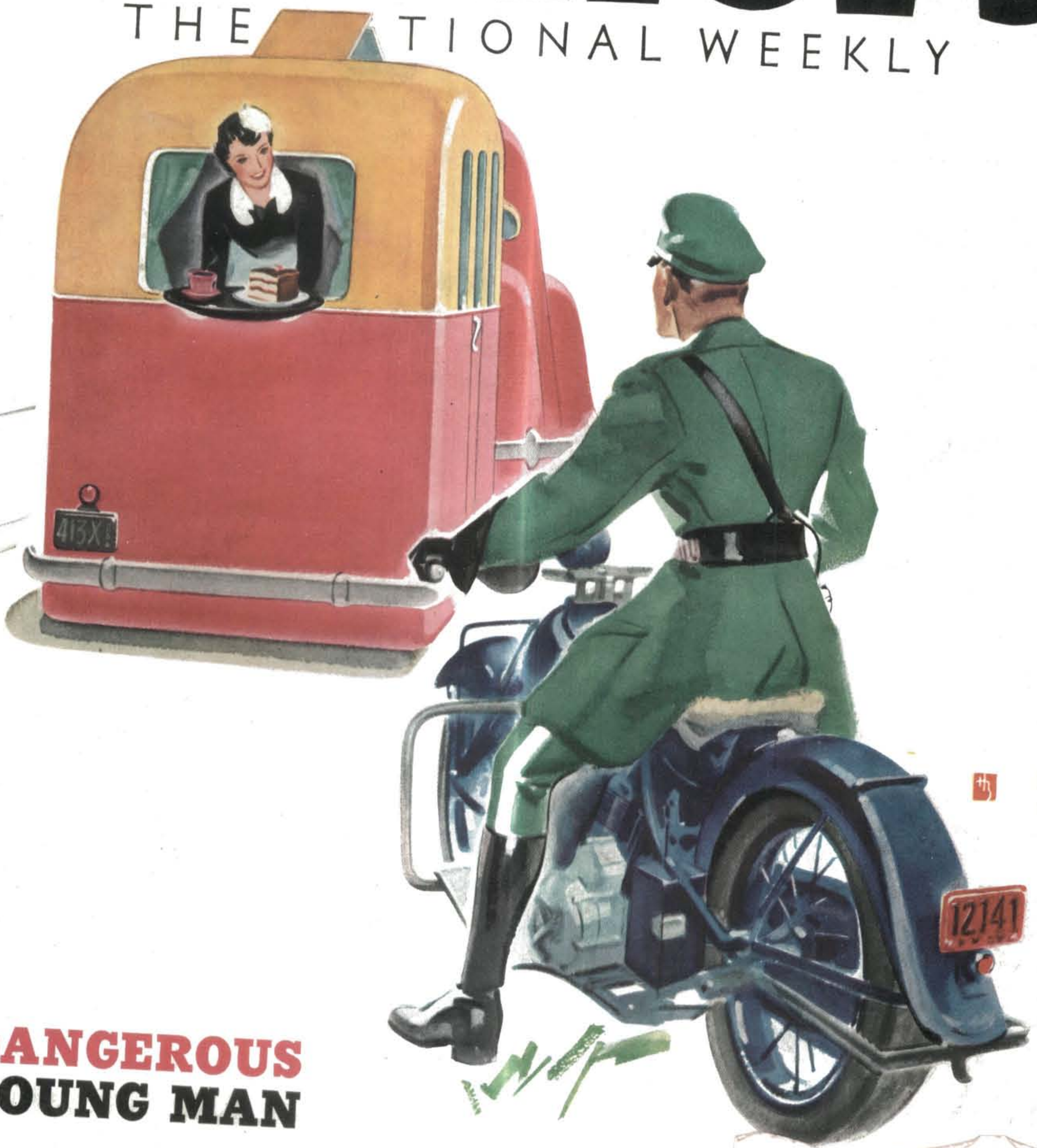

DANGEROUS YOUNG MAN

new novel **BY GEORGE F. WORTS**

19, 1937

MRS JOAN [illegible] HARGROVE 12B
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1 More anti-knock fluid (containing lead tetraethyl) than you get in the best regular-grade gasoline. That means more power.

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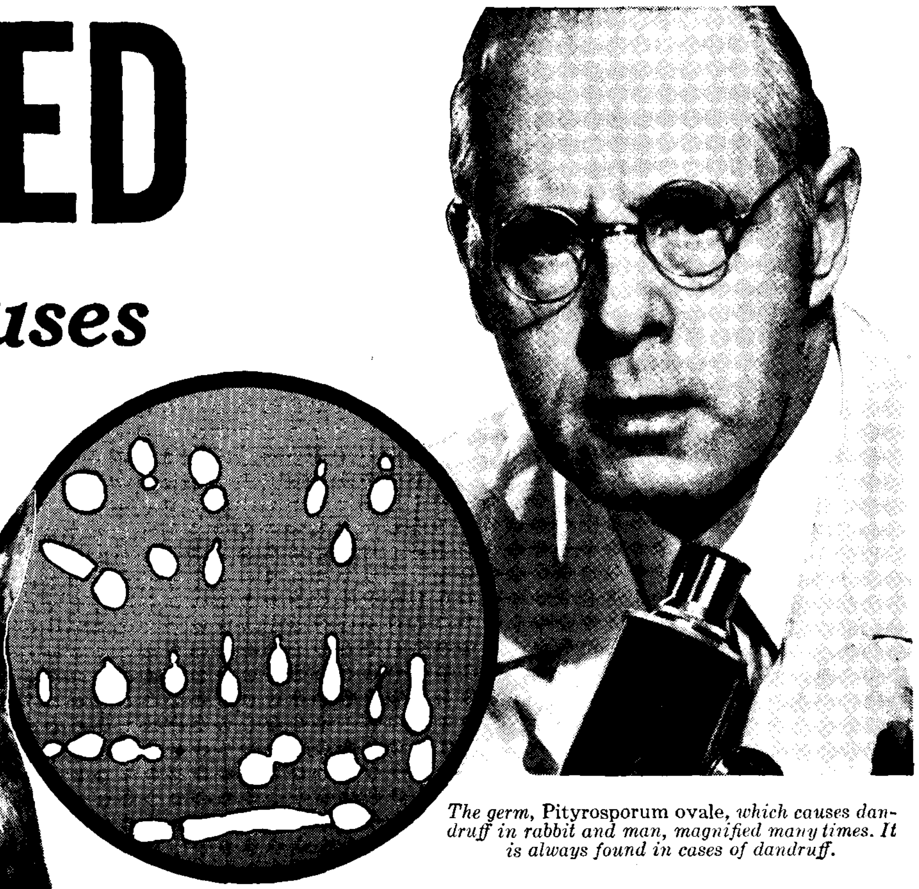
DISCOVERED

The Germ That Causes

DANDRUFF

Easy, delightful treatments with Listerine bring quick relief and often complete cure.



The germ, Pityrosporum ovale, *which causes dandruff in rabbit and man, magnified many times. It is always found in cases of dandruff.*

Rabbits with dandruff were cured of the disease only on the sides which were treated with Listerine Antiseptic.

76% of dandruff patients in New Jersey clinic received quick relief following the systematic use of Listerine.

RESEARCH at last has found the truth about dandruff and its collateral symptoms, itching and burning scalp, and scales.

A queer germ called *Pityrosporum ovale*, bottle-shaped in outline and stubborn in character, causes dandruff.

By inoculation, this savage invader has produced infection in guinea pigs, rabbits, and man.

The remarkable discovery of *Pityrosporum ovale* alters the entire approach to dandruff therapy. For the first time, dandruff is treated for what it really is—a serious germ infection.

Strikes At Cause

If you really want to conquer dandruff, discard remedies that merely remove surface symptoms temporarily. Strike at the germ that causes dandruff with Listerine Antiseptic, which kills *Pityrosporum ovale* outright.

Listerine's record in the control of dandruff caused by *Pityrosporum ovale* is nothing short of phenomenal. Read carefully what follows.

Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

Dandruff-infected rabbits were treated on one side only with Listerine Antiseptic once a day.

Improvement was noted within four days. And within fourteen days on the average, dandruff scales, eruptions, and itching had completely disappeared. The untreated sides of the rabbits showed typical evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.

It Worked On Humans, Also

Men and women dandruff patients in a great midwestern skin clinic underwent a slightly different Listerine treatment. A majority were instructed to massage the scalp *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The remainder of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to carefully note the convincing results again achieved:

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks on the average. In other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching was stopped, dandruff scales eliminated, and in some cases falling hair terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*

I LOVE THE WAY LISTERINE KEEPS MY SCALP SWEET, MY HAIR IMMACULATE—NOT A TRACE OF DANDRUFF

Listerine kills Pityrosporum ovale, *washes scalp scrupulously clean, and makes it tingle with life.*

76% Get Relief

Meanwhile in a New Jersey clinic, other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic.

At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

Other Corroboration

A great many hundreds of thousands of people had used Listerine Antiseptic as a dandruff treatment before these clinical studies were made. More than fifty per cent of the letters that came to the company commented enthusiastically on Listerine's success when used this way. They revealed that some of the stubbornest cases of dandruff responded, frequently after a few treatments. In view of the preceding research, this is readily understandable.

Try This Proved Method

If you have any evidence of dandruff, don't take chances with ointments, salves, or solutions which may only relieve symptoms momentarily. You have seen that dandruff is a stubborn disease of germ origin, calling for considerable treatment. Start now with Listerine.

You have seen that Listerine in test after test, under the supervision of experts, achieved remarkable results against even severe cases. Not every time, mind you, but often enough to stamp it as an outstanding dandruff treatment in which you can place confidence.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

Once or twice a day, use full strength Listerine on the scalp, spreading it with the fingers or parting the hair and applying Listerine with cotton.

Once the solution is spread, begin massage with the finger-tips, using a rotary motion. See that the massage is vigorous and persistent; the active stimulation of the scalp is highly important in dandruff treatment. After massaging, the hair may be rinsed free of Listerine although better results are obtained if Listerine is allowed to remain on the scalp till dry. This promotes healing.

If the scalp or hair is excessively dry, use a little castor or olive oil in conjunction with Listerine. Listerine will not bleach the hair.

THE ***safe*** *ANTISEPTIC*

LISTERINE

Tested and Approved 4602 by Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

for the prompt relief of itching, burning scalp, and dandruff

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
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Collier's

June 19, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

THE reasons that took young Dr. Lane and his wife to Hollywood had nothing to do with the movies. Cornelia, the wife, was interested, of course, but she had no way of seeing more than the outside of the studio lots. She thought that maybe she could be an actress. It was like a bombshell when she discovered she had an actress in the family.

The actress was Jennifer, her five-year-old daughter, who was soon earning more in a week than her father did in a year. In an absorbing serial, "Call Back Love," Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney show you the plight of parents with a star on their hands.

ON ONE famous occasion Wednesday lasted for three days in the Minnesota state capitol. That was while an exasperated House and an unyielding Senate debated the problem of who should be soaked hardest for taxes. Since the death of Floyd Olson the political parties of the state have been moving in eccentric circles. Elmer Davis shows you this instructive chaos in "Minnesota Worry-Go-Round."

WHEN the steamer docked in Georgetown the situation was this: Pamela was in the company of a young man who, if not engaged to her, thought he was and had no intention of leaving her side for a second. The Georgetown engineer, seeing her for the first time, clearly didn't have a chance. In "Six-O'Clock Sailing," Everett Rhodes Castle describes the rapid flowering of romance under a tropic sky.

AT THE Poughkeepsie Regatta last year the Washington crews made a clean sweep of the river; then the varsity moved on to Berlin to win the Olympics. Next week Al Ulbrickson, their coach, tells you about this year's crew.

AFTER a perfect evening of excited merrymaking it was a little upsetting for Dixie Margeran to wake up and find she rated as a gold-digger. It was a double-barreled misunderstanding and a very serious menace to romance. "Love on Credit," is by Libbie Block.

WALTER RIDLAND, with a man's life in one hand and his own happiness in the other, is the perplexed hero of "Reprieve at Eleven," by Frederick Nebel. See if you think he did right.

ADDITIONAL contributions come from Alan LeMay, Kyle Crichton, George F. Worts, Jim Marshall, J. D. Ratcliff and others.

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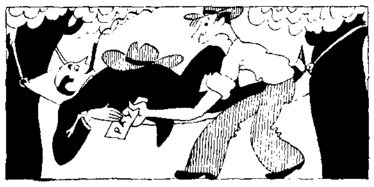
COVER HOWARD BUTLER

Any Week

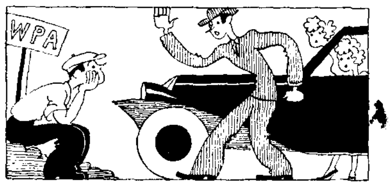
WE'VE known for a long time that high, piercing intelligence abounds in all chapter houses of Kappa Sigma. But it became so remarkable that the editors of the Caduceus of Kappa Sigma, the fraternity's national publication, set out to isolate the true cause. Success crowned their laudable effort. "A survey of more than half of our college chapters," they report, "shows that (with fraternity and college publications eliminated from the voting), of sixty-one chapters reporting, fifty-one listed Collier's among the five magazines most faithfully read by the brothers." We may as well tell you, appropriately lowering our eyes, that only one other magazine came within hooting distance of us. And that was a monthly.

MRS. T. D. O'MEARAN of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, would like someone to tell her "why we pay members of Congress while they do not work any more than we pay a hired man who doesn't show up." Says she: "It was the shock of my life when I learned that congressmen pay themselves ten thousand dollars a year when most of those who give them the money they pay themselves have to worry along on less than half that. But I felt it much more when I read that they spend only a day or two a week at their desks. If my husband worked like that he wouldn't be working long—*and he does not get ten thousand dollars even if he does work six days a week.*"



MR. ITALIO MATTUZZI of Newark, New Jersey, too, has written us a letter. But having written it and read it over he decided to take no chance with the postal service. The thing to do was to bring it himself. But when he arrived he refused to let us have it. "Instead," said Mr. Mattuzzi, "I shall talk to you. I have a request. Please do you not dismiss the Mussolini lightly. Instead get for him the Nobel Peace awarding. He has decreed that no news of England shall appear in the Italian newspapers. He has asked that the English newspapers speak not at all of Italy. This is the way to end war forever. If the newspapers of each country will publish nothing whatsoever about any other country all will be well. Nothing kills so quickly as neglect."

PROBABLY it would do you no good if we did give you the name of this gentleman. Anyway, he won't let us. After all, as he says, "It's the principle of the thing that is important." You see, he's been working for WPA for a year—working faithfully too, driving to and from his road-mending job in his car, not being late in arriving nor early in departing. Just like other important servants of our government, this gentleman needed a rest. So he set out with his wife and seventeen-year-old daughter for a motor tour of the country. From Kansas City he writes: "As I needed money I applied to the local WPA for a loan against my wages. They told me nothing doing. I told them I worked hard in Pittsburgh and Wheeling and that as the money all came out of the same pot what's the difference? They refused. I am writing my representative in Congress to fix this. All government workers should have cards entitling them to get advances against future wages anywhere they happen to be. Instead, I am left stranded. Is this justice?"



THE gentleman is just learning of the immemorial ingratitude of governments. And of the difficulty public servants have in winning recognition for their unselfish and patriotic efforts. Mrs. Theo G. Hahn of Knoxville, Tennessee, says that she was seeking the office of the Honorable Harold L. Ickes one day. After spending a half hour on the wrong floor she appealed to a Negro porter. "Does Mr. Ickes know you, ma'am?" asked the colored boy with dignity. "No," admitted Mrs. Hahn. "Does he know you?" "No, ma'am," was the reply. "I wouldn't say he does. I was bo'n to be onrecognized."

AND Mr. Arthur C. Gallen of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, says that he was watching the Phillies and the Brooklyn club "go through their daily dozen errors" one afternoon when he was tapped on the shoulder by a gentleman who explained that he was a stranger. "Pardon me," said the tapper, "in the case that you're a local fellow, maybe you can tell me: Is this game a WPA project?"

OR JUST a private tableau?

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FOR REAL RESULTS MY MONEY IS ON LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

TAKE THE TOBACCO FROM YOUR TEETH

Let your mouth wake up and live

A million men are chanting the praise of Listerine Tooth Paste

Why not start using Listerine Tooth Paste right now? We'll wager you will like it better than any you've ever used. A million men say here's a dentifrice with real action . . . real results. And real economy, too. Think of it! more than ¼ pound of first-rate dentifrice in the big 40¢ tube.

Fights smokers' teeth

Discover for yourself how easily it wipes from your teeth those ugly deposits stained by tobacco smoke. Your teeth stand revealed sturdy, white, and shining. Feel it wake up your mouth and gums. You never knew anything so stimulating as that wonderful feeling of freshness it gives.

Your breath, sir

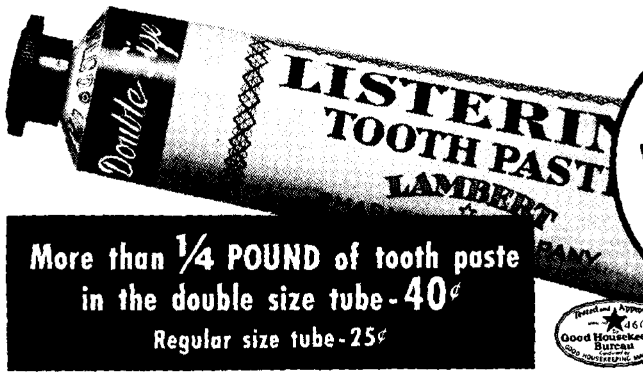
See how Listerine Tooth Paste combats breath odors that do you no good socially or in business. You'd expect such action, of course, from the name this tooth paste bears.

Ask your wife

Your wife probably knows about Listerine Tooth Paste; if she follows the news. It's a favorite of professional beauties of the New York studios who "live by their smiles"—girls who simply can't afford to risk the beauty of their teeth. Its results are so amazing that these glamour women actually call it their "beauty bath for teeth."

Get a tube from your druggist now. In two big economical sizes—double size 40¢, regular 25¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



PREFER POWDER? We make a dandy IT'S soapless

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube-40¢
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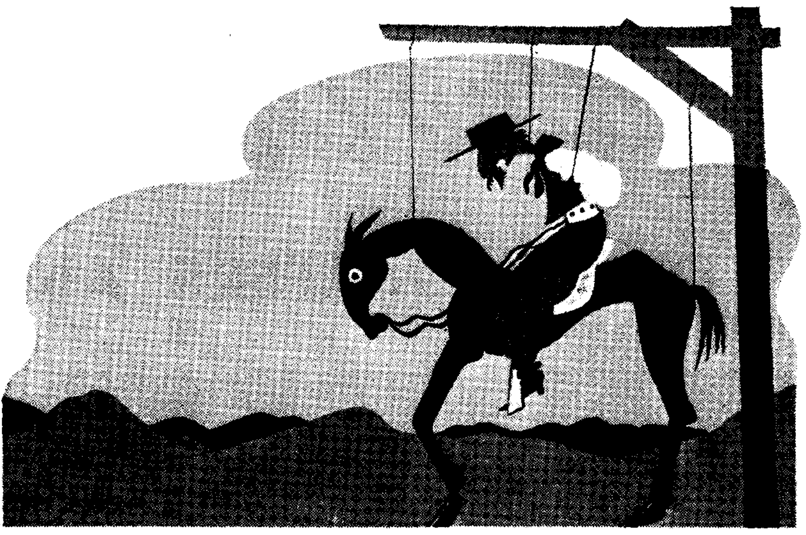

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Among the most gruesome warnings to bandits are the "equestrian statues" which dot the pampas of northern Chile today. Each consists of a mummified highwayman, astride his mummified horse, both held in an upright position by wires and wooden props.—*By L. J. Vallet, Oak Park, Illinois.*

During the past few years, movie publicity has made so many persons believe that every film personality is a millionaire that Hollywood receives more begging letters than any other city in the world. One motion-picture studio, which handles the fan mail of its players, recently calculated that the requests for money sent to them in a year amounted to more than $150,000,000.

Although most monarchs of Christian countries have been crowned by the highest ecclesiastical head of their church, the czars of Russia always crowned themselves because they believed that no other mortal was worthy of the honor.

Aristocratic French women, shortly before the Revolution in 1789, vied with one another in decorating their headdresses. Their large wigs were adorned with such toy ornaments as windmills, ships, animals and houses. One of the oddest was the "Kitchen Coiffure" in which the headdress included a dishcloth, a bunch of onions, a knife and fork and a scrubbing brush.

Absolutely pure iron is rarer than gold, 100 per cent pure water is probably unknown and a perfectly pure white color is unattainable.—*By Robert L. Bacon, Port Henry, New York.*

Harvesters of sugar cane in the Hawaiian Islands start by deliberately setting fire to the cane field. This burns away the leaves and tassels, makes the cane easier to cut and destroys insects, rats and mongooses. The cane itself does not burn as it is heavily-laden with juice.

One of the greatest "scoops" in the newspaper history of the United States was published in Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly in New York on November 2, 1872. The story charged that the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, America's famous preacher and theologian, had alienated the affections of the wife of a friend. News of the tale spread so rapidly that, by dusk, copies of the paper sold for $40 apiece.—*By Harry Neidich, Brooklyn, New York.*

The quantity of cotton in different kinds of cotton materials varies considerably. When spun into yarns of the proper sizes, one pound of cotton will, for example, produce two yards of denim, four yards of bleached muslin, six yards of gingham, seven yards of calico or ten yards of lawn.—*By Sarah Anne McKee, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania.*

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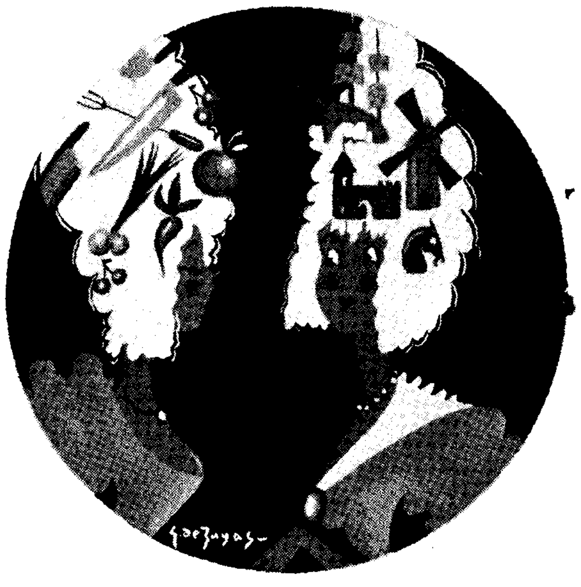

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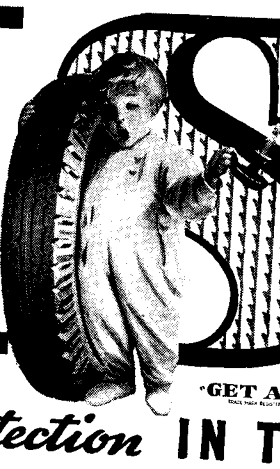

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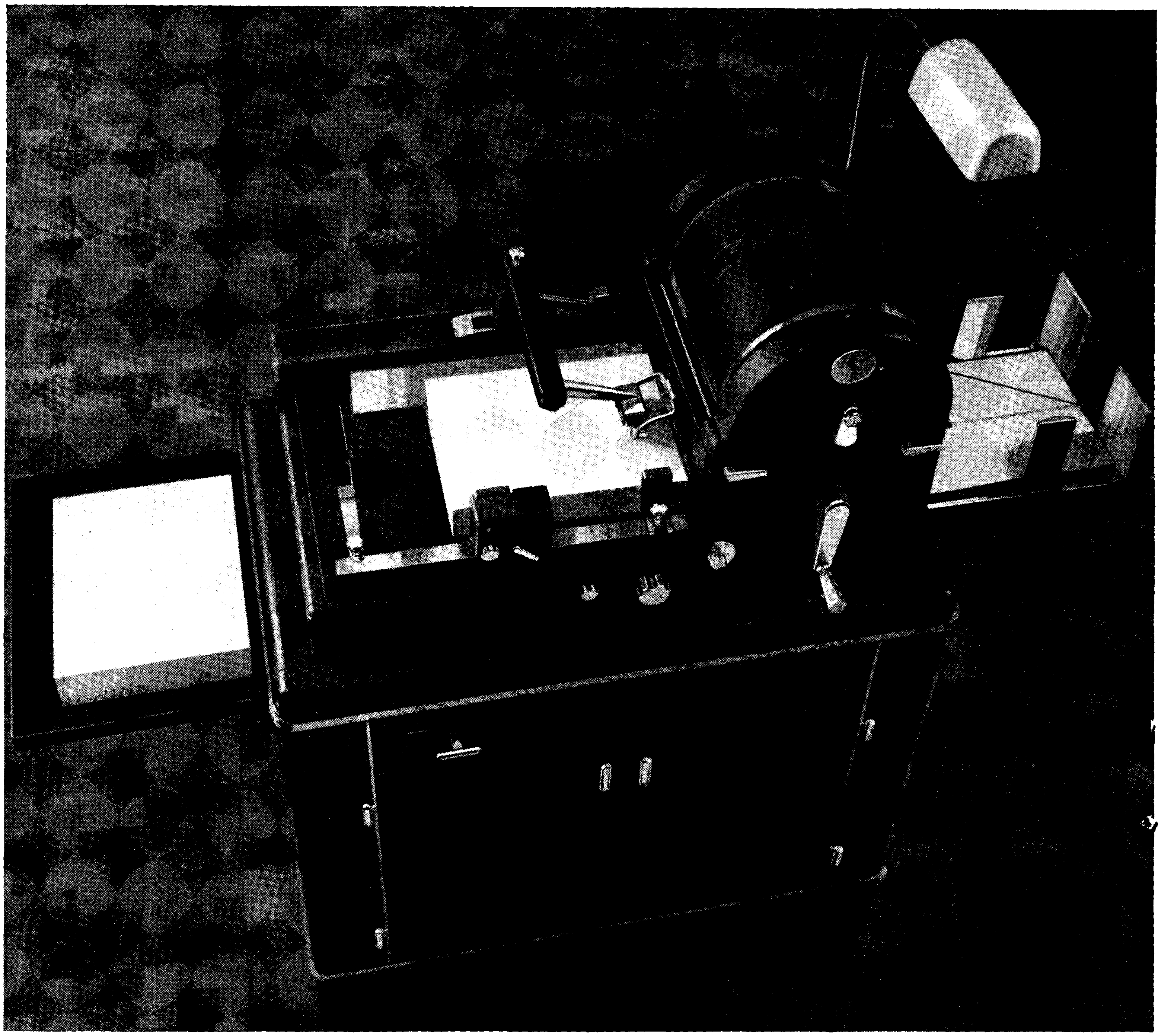
—and now, **PLUS** - *Protection* **IN THE** *Skid* **ZONE**, *too*



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THE NEW MIMEOGRAPH

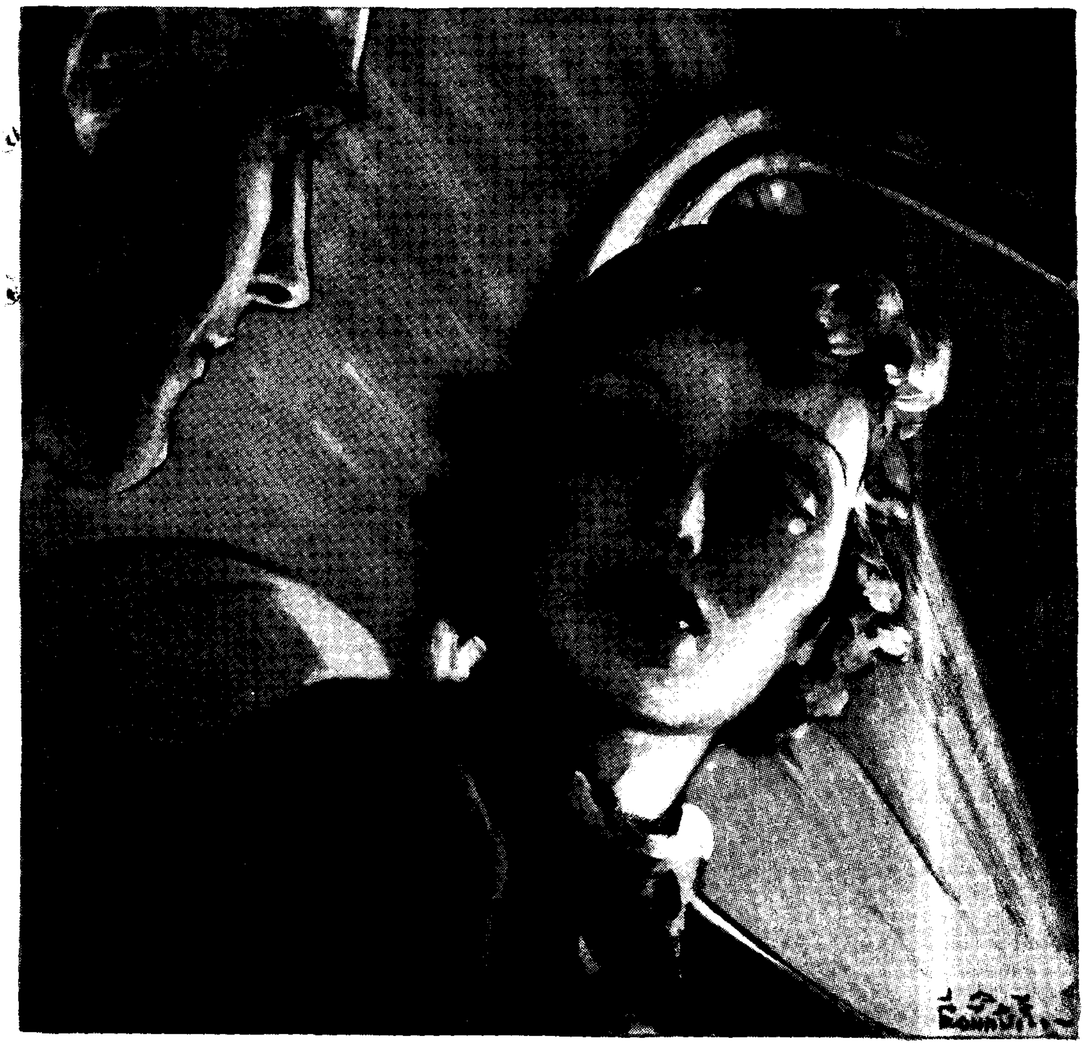
No.
100

Dangerous Young Man

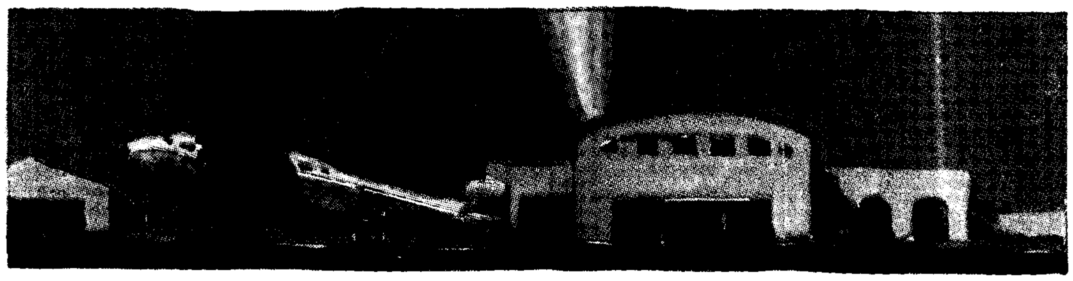
By George F. Worts

Beginning the adventures of Peter Banyard, who crashed a party to meet the girl who hated him. A story which shuttles between Park Avenue and the shadows of New York's sinister underworld

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



She stared at me. I couldn't see her eyes very well, on account of the floodlight, but I could see that look. And she said, "Is this an attempt at airy humor?"



THE girl in the mink coat puffed with slow rhythm at her cigarette and looked through the smoke at Mr. Merricka. He was a handsome man of forty, with a fine, straight nose and a lean, hard-looking jaw. Gray hair and a young, freshly pink face made him striking. He had charm, especially when he smiled.

"No," she said, watching him with her soft gray eyes, "I don't quite understand."

"I'll go over it again," Mr. Merricka said. "When you go into Lazarre's, one of our men will be there with the key. He will manage to give you this key. It will mean you're to go through with it."

"It seems unnecessary," the girl said.

"We may not have the key until the last minute. If he's there with it, then you are to get Miss Griffin away from the party immediately after the supper and take her to Penthouse A in the Sunrise Towers. Why is that so complicated?"

He smiled and Franziska Rilling smiled with him, but there was still doubt in her eyes.

She looked a little frightened. Since he had started talking, her coloring had diminished, and she was now rather pale. But pallor did not affect her loveliness; it only made her look more fragile. The long, tragic upper lip and the full, small under lip were pressed firmly together, not in a straight line, but in a slight arch, and this, with the way she carried her proud young head and the candor and directness of her eyes, gave her a gallant air. Her eyes, shadowed deeply by lashes, made the man think of evenings in June. The full effect of that slim, lovely face was one of the most appealing mystery.

She said: "Her bodyguard may complicate things."

Mr. Merricka shook his head. "No, Miss Rilling. Her bodyguard will be waiting in her car. It is certain that her grandfather will instruct her bodyguard not to let her leave the party."

"I suppose so. Yes."

"They certainly won't be expecting her to leave Lazarre's until the party is over, will they?"

"I suppose not."

"You will take a taxi with her to Roderico Hova's. That's all."

"How will I get her away from that party?"

Mr. Merricka smiled again. His blue eyes were as clear as Franziska Rilling's, but they were cold. "Can't we leave that to your inventiveness? Can't you say there's been an urgent telephone call from him, or something of the sort? You and Miss Griffin are good friends. You're a clever girl."

She watched him steadily through the screen of smoke from her cigarette.

"How about the police?"

"How can they possibly interfere?"

The gray-eyed girl crushed out her cigarette. She smiled and gave him a glimpse of a nature so gay that it made him sad. "All right, Mr. Merricka."

"When you've done it," he said, "be sure to get in touch with me. I'll be in my room at the Hotel Adlington from midnight on. If anything should go wrong, phone me there."

"All right," Miss Rilling said.

ONCE in a long while, Oliver Hooper was thinking, a man is born.

"I've got to meet her," the young man with sultry eyes said. "I've got to find out what it was I said or did, or what there is about me that made her hate me practically on sight. What is it, Mr. Hooper? I admit I am a desert rat with the sagebrush sticking out of my ears. But does that account for it? If you could have seen the icebergs in her eyes, Mr. Hooper—"

"Not 'Mr. Hooper,' sir; just 'Oliver.' "

The young man from the West smiled. The smile started at the left-hand corner of his mouth and traveled slowly across his lips, then upward to his eyes, which crinkled and seemed to sparkle.

"Okay, Oliver. Sit down," he said.

"No, thank you, Mr. Banyard."

"Sit down."

Oliver Hooper sat on the edge of a chair.

"You're going to ride herd on me."

"Sir?"

"You're going on the pay roll as my valet."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Banyard, but I retired five years ago, after thirty-eight years in service."

"You can write your own ticket."

Oliver Hooper smiled and shook his handsome head. With his frosted black hair, his shrewd brown eyes and his well-tailored look, he had more the air of a successful corporation lawyer than of a retired valet. Thirty-eight years in service as a gentleman's gentleman had given Oliver Hooper the correct blending of deference and dignity. There was no servility in him. He knew to a split hair what his attitude should be. He also knew to a split hair what yours should be.

"I'll find someone for you, Mr. Banyard," he said in his crisp way.

"Nope. You've got to be my gentleman's gentleman! How can I knock this town's ears down without you? Dad says you're the best valet in Christendom."

Oliver smiled. "I can't be tempted. Mr. Banyard, had you been drinking?"

"Not a drop."

"Did you happen to leer at the young lady?"

"Certainly not."

"Was it something you said?"

"I asked her a casual courteous question about the flight."

THE young man from Nevada jumped up as if the memory pained him. He had a feverish look. He began pacing up and down the hotel bedroom in long, pantherish strides. Oliver Hooper watched him critically. Peter Banyard was as youth should be: turbulent and headstrong and pantherish.

"It's mystifying, Mr. Banyard. Do you know her name?"

"Franziska Rilling."

"Ah, yes."

"Do you know her?"

"I know of her, of course. The Rillings are one of the oldest families in New York. Her aunt, Miss Louella Rilling, brought her out at a dance in Old Greenwich last summer. This makes it even more baffling."

"Why?"

"The modern debutante is taught to walk with kings without losing the common touch."

"Maybe I'm too common. Is that it, Oliver? Is there something about me I don't see in a mirror? What does a girl like that see when she looks at me? Maybe that's it. What do you see? You're an expert. I've got to know what it is, Oliver."

For thirty-eight years, Oliver had taken the whims of gentlemen seriously. He got up.

"You mean, sir, you want me to analyze you as a critical young person like Miss Rilling would?"

"I can take it."

With his head on one side, tailor-fashion, Oliver walked about the tall young man.

"Women always sense a man's strength first. You box, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Ride?"

"Yes."

"Fly?"

"Yes."

"Hunt, fish, swim, and so on?"

"Yes."

"She would sense it. There's something about the way you carry your head, Mr. Banyard, and the set of your shoulders. She would know you're an outdoor man, because of your darkly tanned face and your hair, which is blonder on top than underneath. It is the kind of hair, if you'll pardon the triteness of the phrase, sir, that women like to rumple."

A gleam appeared in the young man's eyes, but he said nothing.

"In that first dissecting glance," Oliver went on briskly, "she would briefly inspect your eyes and observe that they are a hot sapphire. She would next notice the twirk at the left-hand corner of your mouth, which indicates humor and balances the sultriness of your eyes. All this would take place in an eyewink, including an appraisal of your hands. As you know, Mr. Banyard, hands can make or break a man for many women. Yours are strong, brown and at the same time sensitive, completing the picture."

"A perfect picture, Oliver!"

"I should hesitate to say perfect, sir. Your sideburns could be a half inch longer and your eyebrows need clipping. But there's no reason for Miss Rilling's assuming that you aren't every inch a gentleman. You are observant, deliberate and tenacious. I should call tenacity your outstanding trait. Or velocity."

"Or what?"

"Velocity, sir. It's a word I use to define a certain quality. People of high velocity, like yourself, get things done. They live faster. What happens, I believe, is that they burn up fuel faster than ordinary people. As valor is a part of velocity, they're unafraid. And now about Miss Rilling, sir."

"Okay." Peter Banyard dropped into another chair, clasped his big brown hands between his knees and flattened his sunburned eyebrows in a way that made him look even sultrier, but the effect, Oliver decided, was attractive. He wasn't at all handsome, this young man; his features were too irregular, too striking. But he had almost as much velocity as Oliver's deathless hero, Roosevelt the First.

"I took the plane at Las Vegas. I had Seat Nine. Did I say it was night? It was night. She had Seat Ten, across the aisle, and we were turning into the wind for the take-off when I saw her, with the field floodlight behind her, and all I saw was her profile and her hair. It's black and curly, but the floodlight turned it to deep, dark red.

"OF COURSE, I hadn't been seeing many girls. Not the Park Avenue kind, anyway. There was a silver line along her profile, and the floodlight in her hair, and an air of sophistication and a look of innocence. Ah! Does that sound strange? She contradicted herself a dozen times a second. It was blinding.

"You mean she was beautiful, Mr. Banyard?"

"Oh, shucks, I mean more than that. That was only a beginning. She has large gray eyes with a mysterious kind of shimmer in them. I never saw eyes like them. Or a nose that was so perfect, or a mouth that had quite those curves.

"I can't tell you what it is about her mouth. It's tragic and humorous at the same time. And there's something so courageous in her face, Oliver, and the way she carries her head. She looks at you with her head up. It makes you feel— Well, anyway, she is about five-three and slim and as graceful as a deer and she has a marvelous smile. But that doesn't explain it. How," Peter Banyard cried in his deep voice, "can I explain a thing that I don't understand myself?"

"But I understand perfectly, Mr. Banyard. Miss Rilling is called, in the slang of the modern stag line, a supersmoothie. A smoothie is a young lady who is merely charming and lovely. A supersmoothie has those qualities and something special. I would call it velocity. A supersmoothie is also referred to by the stag line as a queen, a whip, a babe woman, or feminine talent. In any season's crop of debs, there will be only a handful, perhaps five or six, to whom this applies. By being present or not, the supersmoothies can make or break a party. They have that magic something I think you mean."

"Yes! It's something magic. Well, she turned and looked at me. The floodlight was shining into my face. We were still turning. It all happened in a couple of seconds. I knew she'd come from L. A., because Las Vegas was the first stop, so I said, just as I'd say it to any man, woman or child: 'Has it been a smooth trip?' And she stared at me. I couldn't see her eyes very well, on account of the floodlight, but I could see that look. And she said, 'Is this an attempt at airy humor?' "

"It might have been meant as a pun, Mr. Banyard."

"Not with that look. I said, 'Well, I'm awfully sorry if I've said anything to offend you.' And she said in that cold, scornful voice, 'You don't have to, do you?' "

OLIVER shook his head. "No young lady who is not a fool is offended when a strange gentleman speaks to her properly. What happened next, Mr. Banyard?"

"The co-pilot came back and asked if she'd like to see the control room, and she gave him a marvelous smile and said she'd love it. When she came back, she was still smiling. She was radiant! But when she saw me, she froze up and glared."

"Did you speak to her again?"

"Not then. The co-pilot asked me if I'd like to see the office. I went up and I asked the pilot if she wasn't Maria Cordiva. 'No,' he said, 'her name's Franziska Rilling.' She told 'em all about herself and the wedding she'd been to in Santa Barbara. She was a bridesmaid. She'd made a funny story of it and the pilots thought she was swell. Now, after all, Oliver, a girl like that doesn't hand out polar icecaps to a man who asks a plain, unvarnished question."

Oliver said, "It certainly is very peculiar, sir."

"Peculiar! By the time we hit Chicago, I was sure it was a case of mistaken identity, so I said, 'Miss Rilling, are you sure you aren't confusing me with somebody else?' And she said, 'Is it really necessary to annoy me?' And in Newark, I said, 'Would you mind awfully telling me why I'm in the doghouse?' And she said, with another of those scorching looks, 'Would you mind awfully pretending that I don't exist?' "

Oliver was slowly shaking his head. "I can't help you, Mr. Banyard. It's completely mystifying."

"Okay." Peter Banyard jumped up again and began pacing the room in those long, pantherish strides. "How am I to meet her? I've got to meet her. I've got to know that girl."

Oliver looked thoughtful. "Have you any connections in New York?"

"Only you, Oliver."

"I'm not a connection, sir."

"Dad says you know more about what's going on than Walter Winchell. Or have you dropped your subscription to the grapevine telephone?"

Oliver smiled. "I haven't, sir. I could tell Walter Winchell things that would make his hair curl."

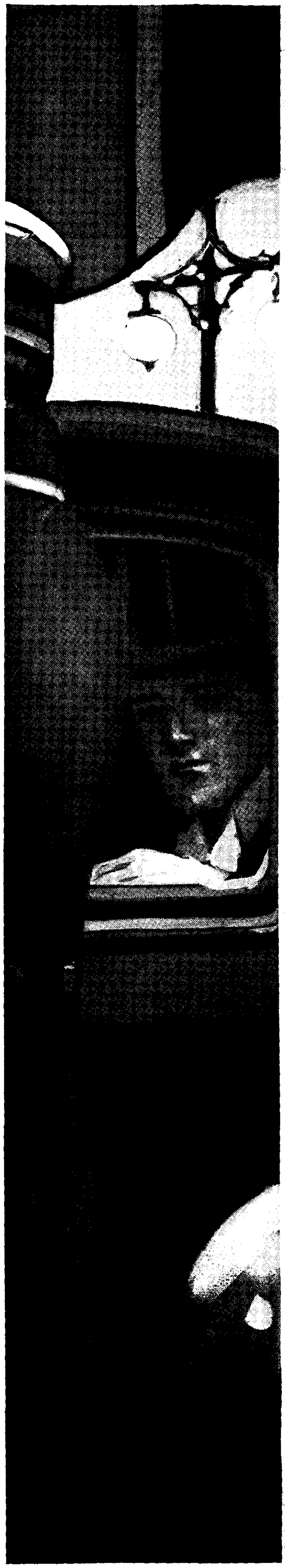
THE young man with sultry eyes grasped Oliver by the arm and piloted him to a window.

"See that, Oliver?"

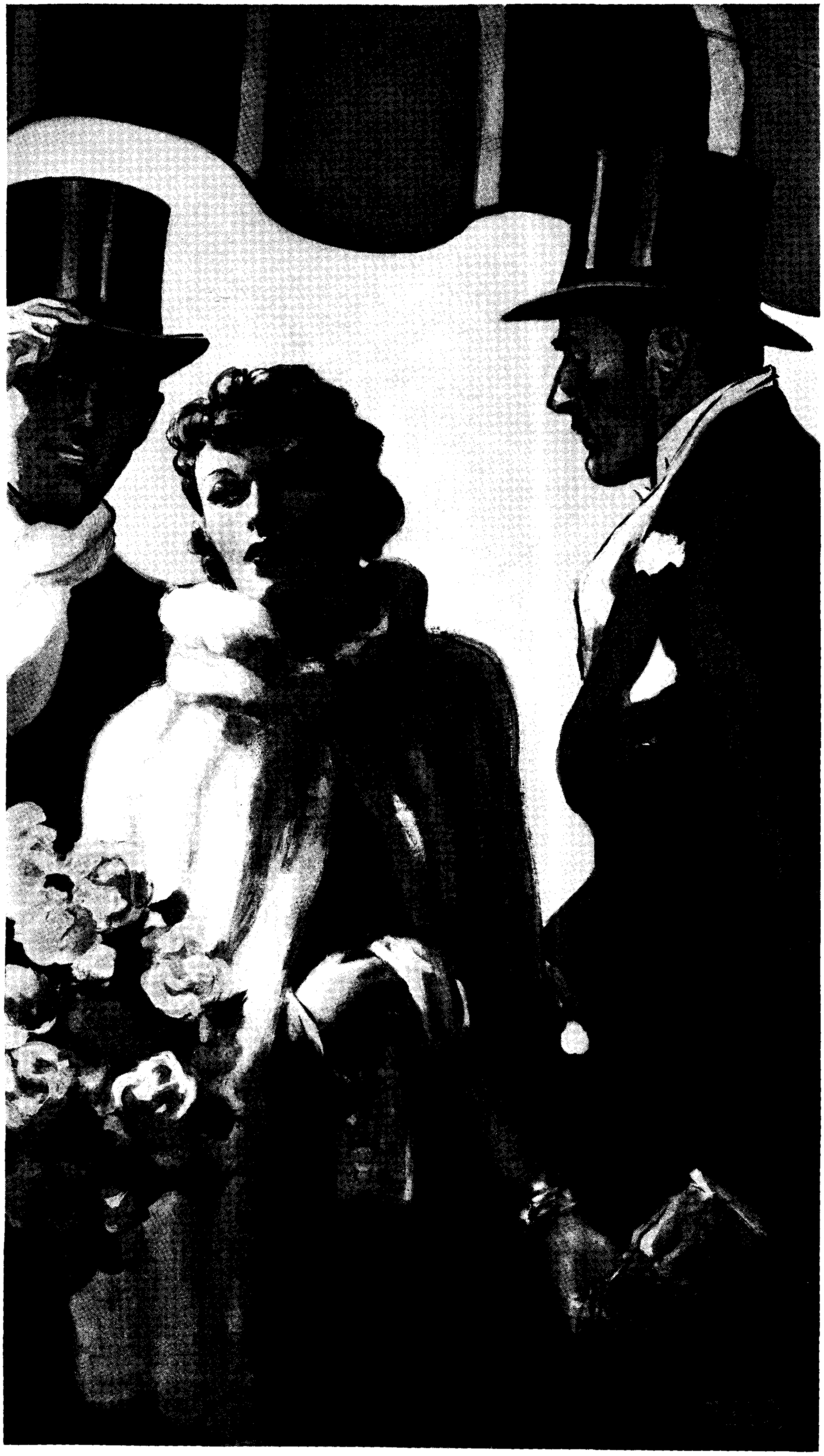
"Yes, sir."

"Oliver, this is going to be my town! It's got to take me and like me! That's what I'm here for—to lick this town!"

Oliver was nodding agreement. "Yes, sir. I saw it when I came in that door. I saw it in your eyes, and I saw it in your shoulders. You can do it, Mr. Banyard.



He saw Steve Tetlow move carelessly toward her, not looking at her, and as he brushed by he swiftly, furtively, placed something in her hand



You can open every door. Meeting Miss Rilling will be easy."

"How?"

"At one of the deb parties. The season is in full swing. Young ladies will be presented to society at parties every night for the next couple of weeks. Almost any presentable young man in white tie and tails can attend these functions. You'll find insurance salesmen, bond salesmen and young men on the make in the stag lines."

"As easy as that?"

"Mr. Banyard, it's so easy for a bold young man to get into these parties that it's a wonder to me the big crooks haven't taken advantage of it. The cream of New York society—the richest people left in America—attend these parties. The jewels alone are worth millions. Since the war, the young ladies have demanded larger and larger stag lines, and with eligible young men so scarce, the bars had to be let down, and all sorts of scamps have managed to get on the invitation lists.

"The original purpose of deb parties was for the debutante to meet her parents' older friends. Gradually, this changed, and the young lady was brought out to meet the young men who might be suitors. Then this obviousness was toned down a bit, and now the young lady simply comes out with a big splurge and a splash, to meet everybody and to get on the invitation lists for the next year. Of course, the parents are frantic about this condition, but what can be done about it?"

"HOW do I get on these invitation lists?"

"It's a trifle late for you to get on the list for the party I have in mind. You will have to crash it, Mr. Banyard."

"I just walk in?"

"It's not quite so simple as that, sir. Miss Jane Griffin is coming out at a dance a week from tomorrow night at Lazarre's. Miss Franziska Rilling will certainly attend that party. The Henley Parkinsons are bringing out their daughter Cecilia the same night, but the supersmoothies will attend the Griffin party because of the rumor that there is to be unlimited champagne. If you wish, you can be on the Griffin stag line."

"How?"

"Let's draw a floor plan of Lazarre's, sir." Oliver uncapped his fountain pen and drew the plan on the back of an envelope. "This is the lobby, and this is the ballroom, but they call it the dance floor now. Here is where the two women sit who check you off the lists as you go in. They're called the watchdogs. They work for the social secretary who is running the show. As you go in, you give your name, and it is checked off and called to a butler who announces you to the receiving line. Any young man not on the lists who tries to crash is quickly disposed of by a pair of strong-arm men stationed there.

"When the party gets under way, there'll be a certain amount of drifting into and back from the lobby. You will go into the lobby, check your things, and wait until the receiving line breaks up. Then you will wait for some unattached young lady in the lobby to start back for the dance floor—any unattached young lady will do—and you will greet her like an old friend and walk in with her."

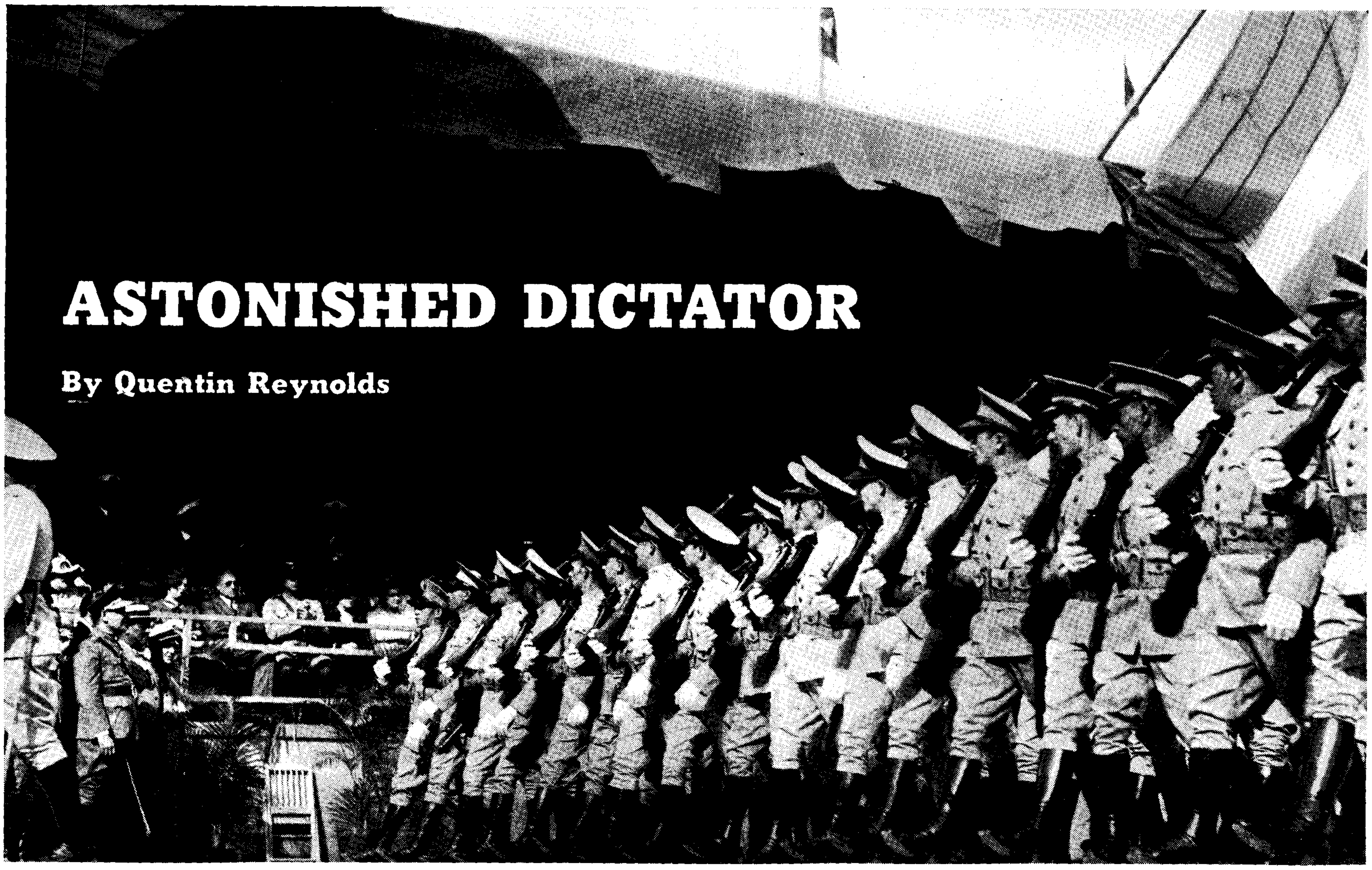
"How about these watchdogs?"

"They will assume that you walked out into the lobby with the young lady and are returning to dance. Once inside, be careful about the young lady you've walked in with. I mean, Mr. Banyard, be ruthless. Size her up carefully. If she is very attractive, you may dance with her if you wish. If she isn't, and you dance with her, you're apt to be hung up with her indefinitely. I understand it is a desperate situation, sir, to dance

(Continued on page 64)

ASTONISHED DICTATOR

By Quentin Reynolds



Cuba has a well-equipped army which, at least outwardly, worships its one-time sergeant and present dictator, Colonel Batista

"I was the most surprised man in Cuba when I was put in charge of the armed forces." That's unconventional language for a dictator, but Colonel Batista is an unconventional dictator. Is he a Fascist? The colonel shrugs and replies, "I don't know what I am." He's content to be the one to tell Cuba what to do and how to do it—and whatever he says goes

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR COLLIER'S

Colonel Batista chatting with Quentin Reynolds with a cordiality hardly typical of dictators

LOPEZ owns a small cigar store on San Rafael Street in Havana. He stood leaning over his counter, quite content, for business was all right, his wife had not noticed that he had taken too much rum the night before, and he had a strong hunch that the lottery tickets he had just bought were going to bring him a fortune. A dapper blue-clad policeman walked into his shop and called a cheery "*buenos dias.*"

Lopez smiled and said, "Would you have a cigar, señor?"

The policeman smiled, too, and he said, "*Mil gracias,* I would like three cigars very much."

Lopez took a box from behind the counter, presented it to the policeman and then when the policeman with care and discrimination had selected three, he replaced the box.

The policeman lit one carefully, smiled his appreciation of good tobacco toward Lopez and then, with a bright "*hasta luego,*" he left. Lopez waved a friendly goodby to his non-paying customer and then again resumed his contented smile and comfortable position. And he talked.

"Now and then a policeman or a soldier comes in and asks for a cigar or maybe two or three cigars," he said. "That is all right. They do not ask for money. When Machado was president there were always revolutions. One revolutionary group would come to me and say, 'Give us a hundred dollars.' If I did not give it my store would be bombed that night. When there was a strike the soldiers would say, 'Do not close your shop, keep open.' If I kept it open the revolutionaries would bomb my shop—if I closed my shop the soldiers would arrest me or smash my windows. There was always trouble for the man who owned a small business. Now? Now all is peaceful. A few cigars a week to the soldiers or the police and I am bothered by no one. Batista has done that. Batista has saved Cuba."

Luis Entrealgo is the owner of El Encanto, Havana's largest department store. He too smiles because business is good and once more American tourists throng his store buying perfume and straw hats.

"I have been in business many, many years," he says. "Only during the past few years have I done well. Under Machado the government was honeycombed with graft. There were new taxes every day and you had to pay them or pay somebody so that you wouldn't have to pay them. Government officials were given small salaries but there was a tacit understanding that it was permissible for them to accept graft. Then there were three or four revolutionary groups conspiring to overthrow Machado. They would come to me and say, 'We need money. Please give us $5,000.' That was all. If I did not pay I knew that my store would be bombed. It cost me about $30,000 a year to keep my building from being destroyed. Every businessman in Havana was faced with the same thing.

"Now?" Señor Entrealgo laughed. "Now I pay no graft. If someone were to come and say, 'Pay me $10,000 or we'll bomb your store,' I would go to the police and be confident they would handle the situation. Now we are bothered by neither revolutionaries nor thieves. The answer? Batista, of course. At first business was suspicious of him. For so many years we had been hearing false promises. But we have tried him out and now we are all for him."

Batista! Wherever you go in Havana, in all Cuba, you hear the magic name—Batista. Some worship him; others hate or fear him; most respect him. A raggedly dressed sergeant in the army in September, 1933, known only to his fellow sergeants, today he rules an island 730 miles long and at its broadest point 130 miles wide as thoroughly as Hitler rules Germany or as Mussolini rules Italy—as Roosevelt in quite a different way rules America.

He has virtually a life-and-death power over nearly five million people and yet nominally he is merely the chief of 23,000 men, including 6,000 national police, the active armed forces of Cuba. He denies that he is a dictator, yet he makes and unmakes presidents. He denies that he is militaristic, yet he has the best army in the history of Cuba and officers picked by him rule over each of the six provinces of Cuba. His enemies say that he will last only as long as the army doesn't miss a payday—yet he has built many schools and hospitals. His enemies call him a Fascist, yet the Liberal party only a month ago asked him to be its candidate for president and it is a fact that Washington, admittedly cold to Fascist dictators and their *(Continued on page 76)*

The Quilted Petticoat

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The story of Lucky John Fredericks and Ann Mathews, in the days when young America moved westward

THE storm roared down across the prairie. It was so black that Council Rock, a sanctuary westward, vanished completely, and John Fredericks knew it couldn't be reached. The end of the wagon train, to the east, was already blotted from sight. Rain slashed his face as he urged his horse back along the line of ox-drawn vehicles bound for gold and California. The wagons must be brought together, in a circle.

Lightning crackled, thunder crashed. John Fredericks saw a wagon overturned, somewhere near the position Ann Mathews and her father should be riding, but there was "California or Bust" painted on the canvas, and he knew it wasn't Mathews'.

Fredericks tried to shout orders for haste, but the wind whipped the words away. He shifted his Sharpe's rifle so that it was under his arm, and tried to hurry the wagon-drivers with gestures.

The fury of the wind from the Rockies was diabolical.

A man on horseback hammered past him, shouting, and the faint sound carried on it a woman's scream, shrill, terrified.

It had been too easy, this march across a prairie thick with buffalo grass and spangled with wild onion. There had been too little trouble. Antelope, buffalo, had supplied fresh meat, and if the wolves had howled at night, it meant that no Indians were near. The gashed and rugged peaks of the Rockies had come into vision without one single death in the emigrant train. Lucky John Fredericks. People were calling him that; many wagons had waited a full two weeks to go with him, although this was only his third venture. He had been a common teamster on his first, until death had made it necessary for someone to assume leadership.

It had been a pleasant shock to find Ann Mathews.

Her father had done the explaining. "Don't think I'm after gold. We intend to make a new type of wagon. Stronger," he told John Fredericks, "and faster. It is needed. The only way to make a good one is to see what's wrong with these. I hope you'll give me advice, and then return to Concord and supervise manufacture. You were a steady boy until adventure got into your head."

Mathews saw no danger in allowing Ann to accompany him. It was believed, in Concord, that the tales of hunger and Indians were exaggerated. What could possibly happen in crossing a prairie, climbing a hill?

John Fredericks was glad that nothing had happened. The nearest to trouble was much the sort of thing you'd find at home: a man hanging around another's wife. If John had been looking about, there were other women he'd have picked, especially if he'd been Randolph King in broadcloth—King was easily the best-dressed man, and best-mounted, in the train. His whiskers were glossy and black. Twice Fredericks had stepped between King and the woman's husband, insisting that there must be no fighting until the journey was over.

IT HAD been marvelous to ride slowly beside Ann's wagon through the long, golden days.

An hour before the sky darkened, he had been walking with her, not in the wheel-marked trail, but beside it. "All of the people who are supposed to've died," Ann had said, "and never a grave. It's just a tale."

"The graves are here," said John Fredericks.

"Where?"

"It doesn't matter," Fredericks said.

"And California's just another tale. I wouldn't stay in California."

"You mean," he said, "there's no man you'd stay in California for?"

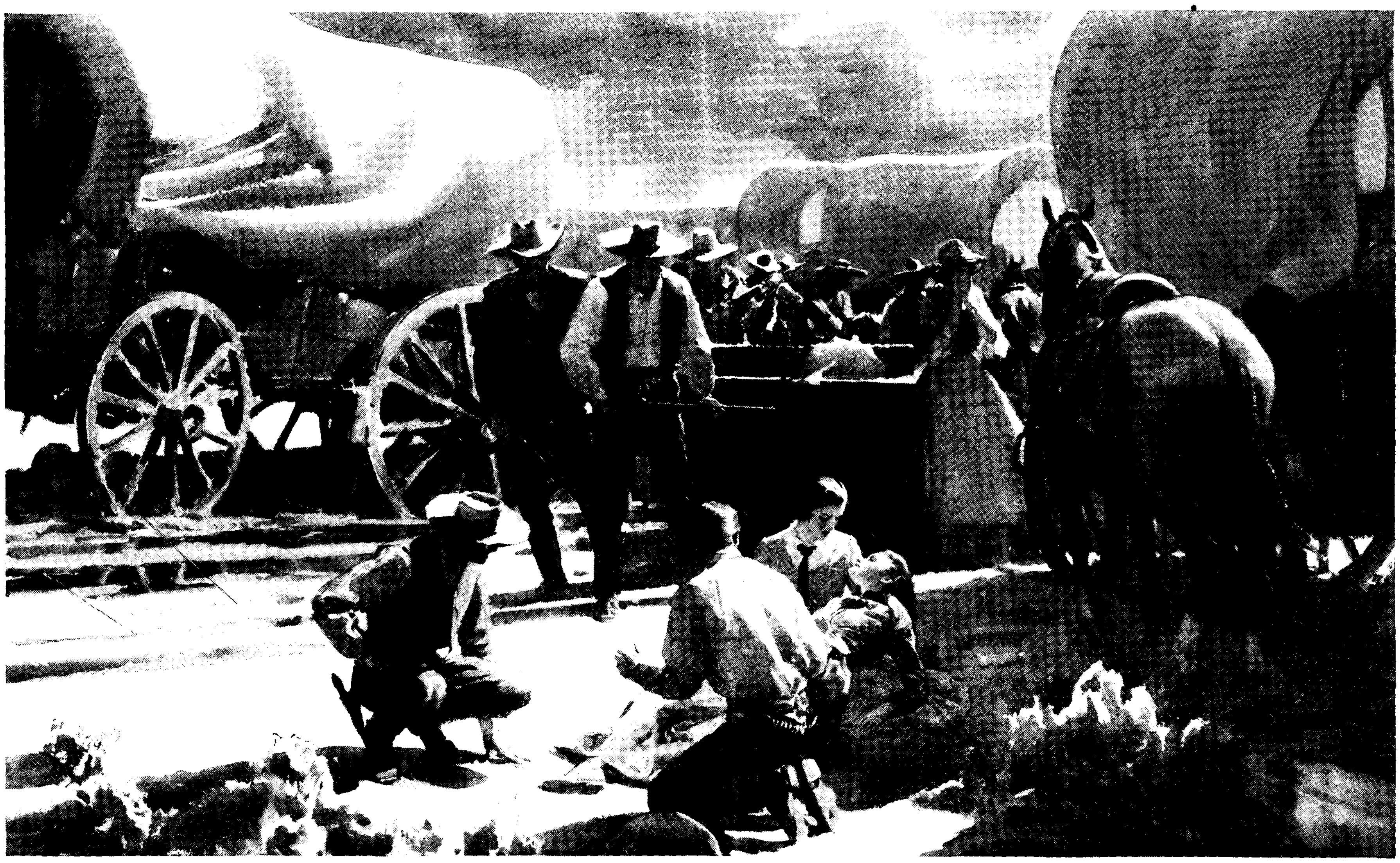
"I didn't say that," Ann said.

He had, then, taken her hand, and she'd allowed it. He tried to say what he intended without blurting it out, by leading up to it. "Of course," he said eagerly, "you needn't have come along—"

Before he could continue, Ann Mathews had pulled away. Scorn was in her eyes; the look she gave him was like a slap. . . .

The rain slapped at him now, the wind raged. The thunder rolled, peal on peal, without pause. Through the sound, Fredericks heard several sharp cracks. No blinding flash followed. Only an infinitesimal yellow-red stab of light.

Thunder blared tremendously, rolled, quieted down, as the guide strove to see what was happening; then, to make his heart *(Continued on page 85)*

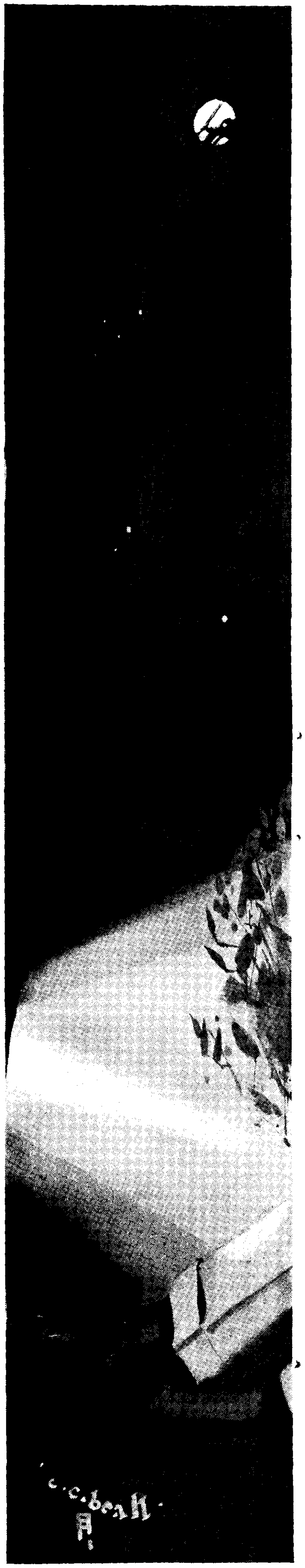


The dying woman spoke. Clearly. "Goodyear's Bar," she said, and then, "My petticoat. Don't let them bury it, Ann. It's yours"

June Spoon

By Henry Anton Steig

How Hilda Hofmeister disgraced her brother by falling in love. A story which shows that men must—and do—stick together



THE street rang to the squeals of loud children, of all sizes but the smallest. Mothers were indoors with infants and baby carriages, preparing, in their kitchens, for wage-earners who were returning home from the L station, a few blocks away, for rest and nourishment. Some hurried; others walked slowly, heads bent over newspapers, managing by a specially developed sense to avoid collisions with the children, the fire hydrants, the telegraph poles and the ash cans. Now and then a truck clattered over the cobbles, leaving behind a sharp, stinging smell of hot oil and rubber.

On one side of the street a public park began, with a steep, forty-foot bank of earth and rock which cast toward the row of tenement houses, on the other side, a steadily-advancing, crazy-edged shadow. In this shadow, on a flat ledge at the base of the hill, sat four boys of pre-high-school age, seemingly oblivious of the seethings in the street. They were members of The Barracudas, one of dozens of local juvenile athletic clubs. The baseball season was in full swing and they had come down from the improvised diamond in the park, where they had been holding infield practice, to rest and chat.

Otto Hofmeister, star pitcher of the team, stretched out his right arm, importantly, and turned it back and forth. He was a brown-haired, gray-eyed boy, of average height for his thirteen years, and so slim that the others had always wondered where was hidden the strength to impart to his delivery the speed and control that had made him famous.

"How's duh wing?" Iggy Koudelka, the catcher, asked.

"Guess I got mosta duh kinks odduvit," Otto said. "You din' have no easy time holdin' onta dose straight ones."

"Who, *me?*" Iggy said. "I could hole twice whatchoo got!" He punched his catcher's mitt. "Trouble was I ain't got dis pocket broken in right, yet." He spat into the mitt and massaged it with the heel of his hand.

"Whatta hella you doin'?" Cockeye Potter said. He was first baseman, manager of the team and president of the club and he was called "Cockeye" because he was cockeyed—just so that there could be no mistake about it. "Spit ain' no good. It cracks duh leather." He took his glove out of his back pocket. "Here, looka dis! Slick, ain't it? Wanna know duh secret?"

"Yeah, tell me."

"I wouldn', on'y it's fuh duh gooda duh club," Cockeye said, magnanimously. "Duh whole secret is budder. It feeds duh leather, 'steada crackin' it. About once a week, rub in a liddle dab."

"Budder? But don' it get stinky?"

"Yeah, a liddle, but what's de odds? Whatta hell, you wanna keep yuh mitt in shape, don'tcha?"

"Whadda *you* use?" Iggy asked Otto.

"Nuttin'," Otto said, with a gesture of disdain.

" 'N' how 'boutchoo?" Iggy said to Nick Boscarelli, the shortstop of the team.

But Nick wasn't thinking of baseball and he failed to answer the question. He took a half cigarette out of his pocket, straightened it, lit it, inhaled deeply, and blew a cloud of smoke upward with an experienced air. "June—spoon," he said, to no one in particular. "Dere'll be big doin's up duh park tanight. 'N' I got 'n idea. We could have some fun."

"Yeah?" the others asked.

"Four is almos' too many, but if yuh do what I tellya, maybe it'll woik. Dis is de idea: we're gawna be a investigation committee, like. Lissen!" The four heads bent close.

"So dat's where you been keepin' yuhself, nights!" Otto said with a wise grin.

"Ot*to*-o-*O!*" in a high-pitched scream came from a third-story window opposite them. Mrs. Hofmeister had been calling her son every few minutes for almost a half-hour. This time there was real anger in her voice and Otto thought he'd better obey.

"I'll be righd up, Mom," he yelled. Then, to his friends, he said: "De ole lady wants me fuh supper. Where'll we meet?"

"Unner duh poplar tree, eight o'clock. Bring yuh soichlight and don' be late!" Nick said.

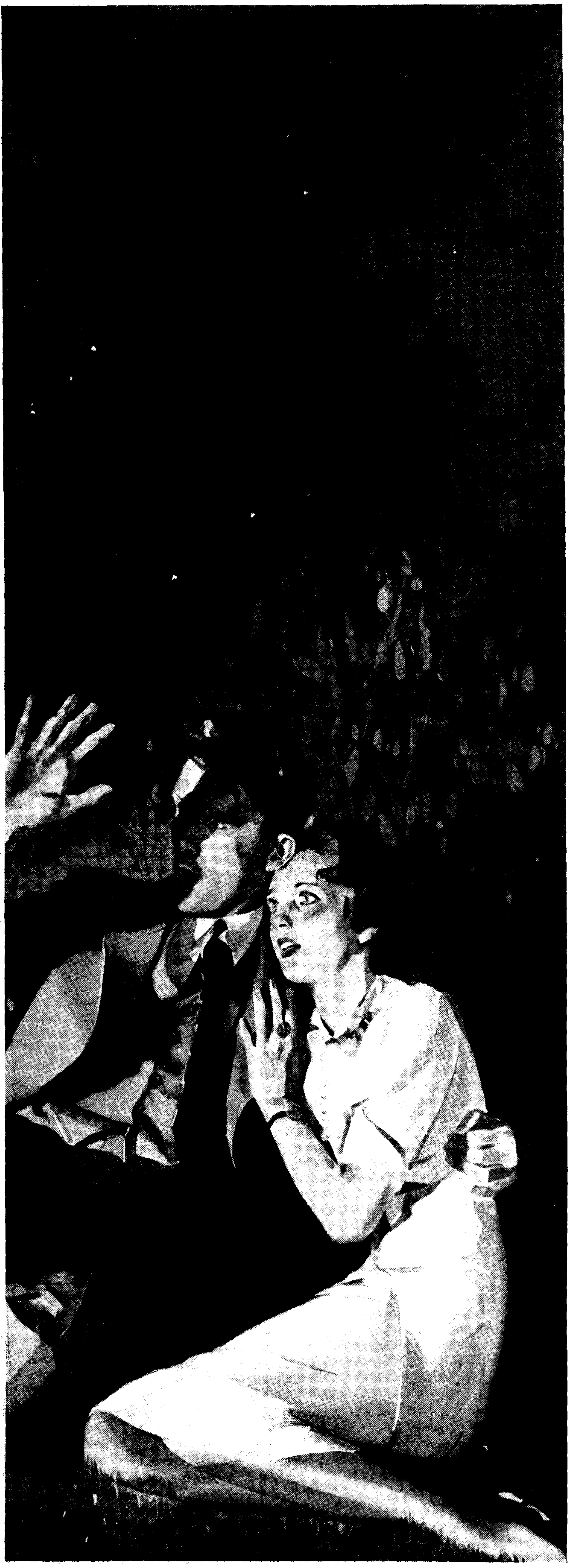
OTTO dashed across the street, ignoring traffic, hopped over a fire plug, up the stoop and into his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Hofmeister and Otto's older sister, Hilda, were in the kitchen. Mr. Hofmeister was cutting some bread, Mrs. Hofmeister was ladling out portions of soup, and Hilda, having set the table, was sitting at it. She was all spruced up, and in a temper. The door slammed and they heard the padding of Otto's athletic shoes in the hall. As soon as he had shown his face in the kitchen doorway, Hilda, beating her parents to the draw, crossly said, "Can't you ever come home on time once, pest?"

"Aw, I came just as soon as Mom called," Otto said.

"You're a liar! Mom's been yellin' her head off for an hour."

Otto looked at his father and mother but there was no sympathy there and as Hilda went on scolding, he stepped into the bathroom to wash up. Most of the time he hated Hilda. She was a big, stalwart, aggressively healthy girl who looked about twenty though she had just turned seventeen. Easily Otto's superior, physically, she continually bossed him about and made home life for him one long humiliation. Once or twice, goaded beyond endurance, he had retaliated with a slap, but it didn't pay; it only brought his parents to Hilda's aid. It wasn't that they didn't love Otto—age and sex were to be respected, that



ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Otto, to make sure, thrust his flashlight through the twigs and snapped the switch. Then he almost dropped it

was all, and Hilda took full advantage of her role of Older Sister.

Otto came into the kitchen and sat down at the table.

"The prince is ready for his supper," Hilda sarcastically announced.

"Aw, whadda *you* want, ya big—"

"Don't get fresh!" Hilda warningly interrupted. "You think you're a tough guy, but it don't go with me, you know."

It seemed to her that her brother had washed much too sketchily and she hated to let that go without comment, but she was in a hurry to get supper over with and desisted. The family ate lustily, without much speech. Otto too was in a hurry. He bolted his dessert and stood up.

"Where you think you're goin'?" Hilda said.

"Got a date."

"Ha, ha. A 'date.' Look what's got a date!"

"Hey, Pop, tell 'er to lay off, willya?"

Mr. Hofmeister grinned. "That's enough, Hilda," he said.

Otto turned to go, but it was not to be so easy.

"Just a minute!" Hilda said, standing up. "I've got a date too. And I'm late now. Who's gawna do the dishes?"

"Come back here, Otto," Mrs. Hofmeister called. "You'll have to help with the dishes."

Otto hadn't managed to reach the door in time. It was almost eight o'clock. He came back, sulkily. "Aw, can't I ever go anywhere? Dat's a goil's job, anyway!" he complained.

"You heard what Mamma said!" Mr. Hofmeister shouted. "Don't argue!" He turned to his daughter. "And what's this big date of yours?"

Hilda resented having her parents keep check on her doings but they didn't let that influence them. "Oh, a theater date with a coupla girl friends," she said, and went for her hat. Before she left the house she looked into the kitchen and smiled sweetly, too sweetly, at her brother. "G'by. Hope you're not late for your apperntment," she sang. Otto wanted to throw a skillet at her.

The dishes done, at last, he ran out of the house with his flashlight.

IGGY, Nick and Cockeye waited under the poplar. It was a fine, warm evening. Not quite dark yet, but already the wide neighboring green was dotted with spooners. More were coming in a slow, broken stream. Inky blobs against the sky, they floated along the convex edge of the gently upward-bulging silhouette of the meadow and melted down into it, pair by pair, after having found empty spots large enough to afford a measure of privacy. As though to announce the consummation of night, a ukulele twanged tentatively and then broke into a two-chord accompaniment for a nasal kazoo.

"Here comes Otto," Nick said, relieved.

"Whatta hell took so long?" Cockeye asked. "Got duh soichlight?"

"Yeah, I got it," panted Otto. "Hilda wen' out and I got stuck wit' duh dishes."

Iggy laughed. "Dey put an apron on you?"

"Aw, you're funny as a crutch," Otto said. "Y'oughta be glad you ain't got a sister like I got."

"Skip it!" Cockeye said. "C'mon, let's git goin'. We almos' started widoutcha."

"Holdja horses. It ain't dark enough yet," Nick said. He sat down in the grass. "Who's got a butt?"

"I got some," said Otto, taking a little package of brown paper from his pocket. "Swiped 'em fum Hilda's drawer." He opened the paper, spread it on the ground and disclosed two whole cigarettes. He cut them in halves with a pocket knife, carefully. He was sure that Hilda knew that he occasionally stole cigarettes from her and he was confident that she would do nothing about it. It was a secret that she smoked. It had to be, because her parents would have been horrified and very severe with her had they known. Otto understood that his sister allowed this one liberty as the price for silence, and he considered it an easy graft because he would never have snitched, anyway. No guy who wasn't a rat ever squealed to anybody about anything, no matter what.

EACH boy took half a cigarette and lit up. After a few puffs, Nick said, "Too mild for me, dese lady butts," but he continued smoking, as did the others, down to the last half-inch. They chatted a while and finally Nick said it was dark enough. The boys got to their feet, eager for action.

"Folla me an' keep quiet," Nick directed. They knew, now, very well what to do without Nick, but it had been Nick's idea and so he was permitted to act as leader. They located an aloof couple and crept up softly behind them on hands and knees, like cats after a sparrow. When they were almost upon the spooners they stopped, deathly quiet, and listened intently to the indistinct whisperings. Suddenly Otto flashed his light. The boys whooped loudly and were swiftly away by the time the swain had jumped to his feet. He ran a few steps, stopped, then turned back to the girl, angrily muttering. From Nick, somewhere in the near darkness, came a devastating caricature of a kiss; a long-drawn sibilant purr which had proved gratifyingly irritating and had, more than once, on lone-wolf expeditions, earned him a well-placed kick. There were some more angry sounds and the couple stood up and walked away. The boys sent catcalls after them.

They repeated the prank on several more couples, without any of them being caught. The sudden light and noise seemed to paralyze the lovebirds for a few moments—long enough for the boys to vanish. They knew every inch of the park and easily got away, scattering, each time, like buckshot, to

(Continued on page 44)

FAME

Forty dollars in her pocket, Katherine Locke arrived in Hollywood. She waited for the movie moguls to swamp her with contracts. They did—six years later —when she was an overnight stage sensation in New York

IFOR THOMAS

Katherine Locke achieved stardom on the stage in Having Wonderful Time. In the upper left is Katherine Locke in a scene from the play

IT IS possible that Miss Katherine Locke, the subject of this appreciation, will become merely another movie cutie making too much money. She may thread her way through three or four marriages. There is no guarantee, in the fantastic world of the theater, that ever again will she justify the extravagant ravings which greeted her on a night last February. All this is possible. But it is highly improbable —as improbable, in fact, as the events which took place on Saturday night, February 20th.

The setting was a theater off Broadway. It was the first night of a play called Having Wonderful Time, concerning which nobody knew anything. The author was Arthur Kober, a young man who had once been a theatrical press agent and more recently a Hollywood script writer. The cast was quite unknown. So the dramatic critics, who are invariably pessimistic gentlemen, attended the opening with slight expectation that history would be made that night.

History was made, however. The play, which was a simple and poignant story about shopgirls and filing clerks looking for romance at a summer camp, became a hit. Katherine Locke, who had been battering at producers' offices for eight years or so, was hailed as a bright, new star. One critic said that she was "the next decade's Helen Hayes." Another called her performance "the most complete triumph of art and personality since Laurette Taylor in Peg o' My Heart." A third said she was the season's "most agreeable discovery."

The Plaudits of the Great

The most stirring tributes of all came the following week. Among others, Miss Ruth Gordon attended a performance of Having Wonderful Time. She hurried backstage after the final curtain and congratulated Katherine in her dressing room.

"There are only four women on the American stage who could equal your performance tonight!" said Miss Gordon.

"Yes?" murmured Miss Locke, a little dazed that one of America's foremost actresses should thus salute a beginner.

"Yes, darling," continued Miss Gordon. "Only Helen Hayes, Pauline Lord, yourself and myself!"

A night or two later Miss Hayes, too, dropped into the dressing room to offer felicitations. She demanded to know where Miss Locke had been during the dreary years while Broadway had been thirsty for new talent.

"Sitting at home," said Katherine, "where the managers told me to sit."

If she chose to do so, Miss Locke could now strike a triumphant attitude and sneer, "I told you so," at quite a few people. She could say this to her father, who once attended a show in which Katherine was an unpaid performer and assured her afterward that she was "horrible." She could also confound a movie agent in Hollywood. Five or six years ago this unhappy fellow was called upon by a young woman named Catherine Locke—she changed her first name to Katherine for one of those mystical reasons which occur only to actresses. Young Catherine (after this I'll spell it with a "K") said that she wanted roles in the movies. The man looked at her with pity.

"I'd give you the railroad fare back to New York if I could afford to pay your railroad fare," he said.

Two things will, however, keep Katherine Locke from confounding her one-time detractors. The first is that they were undoubtedly sound enough in their criticisms. The second is that she is much too nice a girl to get pleasure out of confounding anybody. As a girl, quite apart from her professional talents, she is warm, friendly and normal, as well as beautiful. This business of raving about Miss Locke seems to be contagious.

The uproar which followed her first night made it imperative to gather a few facts about Broadway's new star. It was known that a lucky Hollywood producer already had her under contract; would she go out there and what type of parts would she play? What had been the training which had enabled her to win such plaudits? So the press agent for Having Wonderful Time arranged an appointment with Miss Locke. He made it for one o'clock, which meant, I assumed, that it would be necessary to take her out to lunch. I stopped at the bank to cash a check and was reconciled to spending seven or eight dollars at some restaurant where actresses congregate to be looked at. But Katherine said that we were having lunch at the small apartment where she lives with her husband.

First, she produced a bottle of excellent sherry. We discussed the Supreme Court, the sit-down strikes, the Spanish War and other subjects of weight. Then we ate liver and bacon. More accurately, I ate. Miss Locke talked so steadily that she did not have a chance. She gave a complete autobiographical account of herself, looking very round-eyed and surprised as she came to certain parts of it. Every once in a while she would stop to apologize that nobody had been curious about her at all for eight years. She was now getting even, she said, by talking incessantly.

Katherine Locke doesn't have to make up much for her current stage role; for the part of Teddy Stern which will, I suspect, find its place among the cherished and not too ephemeral characterizations of the stage. Teddy Stern is a baffled young office worker who has gone to Camp *(Continued on page 62)*

Emergency Wife

By May Edginton

The Story Thus Far:

MAX FAVEREL, an official in a great London engineering firm headed by the powerful Sir Andrew Porter, is in need of a capable young engineer—*someone with a wife*—to send to Roumania, at a good salary. He decides to offer the job to Kenneth Basil (whom he has never met)—*if* he is married.

Basil is *not* married; Linnet March (whom he loves but who, with a job which only a single woman can hold and with several relatives dependent upon her, cannot marry a poor man) has declined to become his wife. Nevertheless, *he gets the Roumanian assignment! He gets* it, thanks to Linnet, who tells Faverel (confidentially) that she and Basil have been married secretly!

Then, while Linnet is in the country with a desperately ill great-aunt, Basil leaves by plane for Roumania. Hero Winter, one of Linnet's suitors, sees him off. Just before the plane roars away, Winter promises to mail a tagged, addressed key (a key to Linnet's flat) for Basil.

But, a thoroughgoing rotter, he does not mail the key; instead, he keeps it. An hour later, having made use of the key, he is making himself at home in Linnet's flat. And an hour and a half later, there in that flat, he is bending over the body of an unexpected caller—*Max Faverel*—whom he has killed while in a drunken rage! . . .

Linnet's great-aunt dies. Linnet returns to London, goes to her flat, finds Faverel's body. She telephones Winter, implores him to come to her. He comes. He sees the key—Basil's key, which Winter had left in a prominent place. He appropriates it. Then, "to protect dear Kenneth Basil," he cleverly convinces the police that a burglar has committed the murder.

But he is not protecting "dear Kenneth" for nothing. His price is: one wife—Linnet March! And Linnet, to save the man she adores, promises to pay the bill, to marry Hero Winter.

A week end which Linnet spends in the country with Sir Andrew and Lady Porter comes as *a welcome relief to her. But before it terminates*, Winter arrives on the scene—and carries her back to London. Insolent, domineering, possessive in his attitude, he announces that they are to be married at once. Then, insisting that she resign her job, he escorts her to her employers' office. She taps, enters. Her employers, Mr. Penley and Mr. Pelham, rise.

Conclusion

"AH, MISS MARCH."

Penley and Pelham glanced urbanely beyond her at the man, perhaps supposing him to be a new client triumphantly brought in by the cleverest business girl in London. She knew wretchedly that they had not the faintest conception of what they were to hear.

Hero assumed the grace of that modesty which he had shown the day before at Greystones; for these were very successful men and there was no knowing when a stroke of business might be done with such. This might be the prelude to a firm connection of value.

He listened urbanely to Linnet, with a docile air of waiting upon her lightest words.

"May I introduce Mr. Winter?"

They were pleasant.

"How do you do, Mr. Winter?"

"How do you do?" Pelham shook hands, following Penley.

Hero's handgrip was immense, taking them slightly aback.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Pelham and Mr. Penley. Afraid you won't be quite so delighted with me."

"Er . . . really? Your usual chair,

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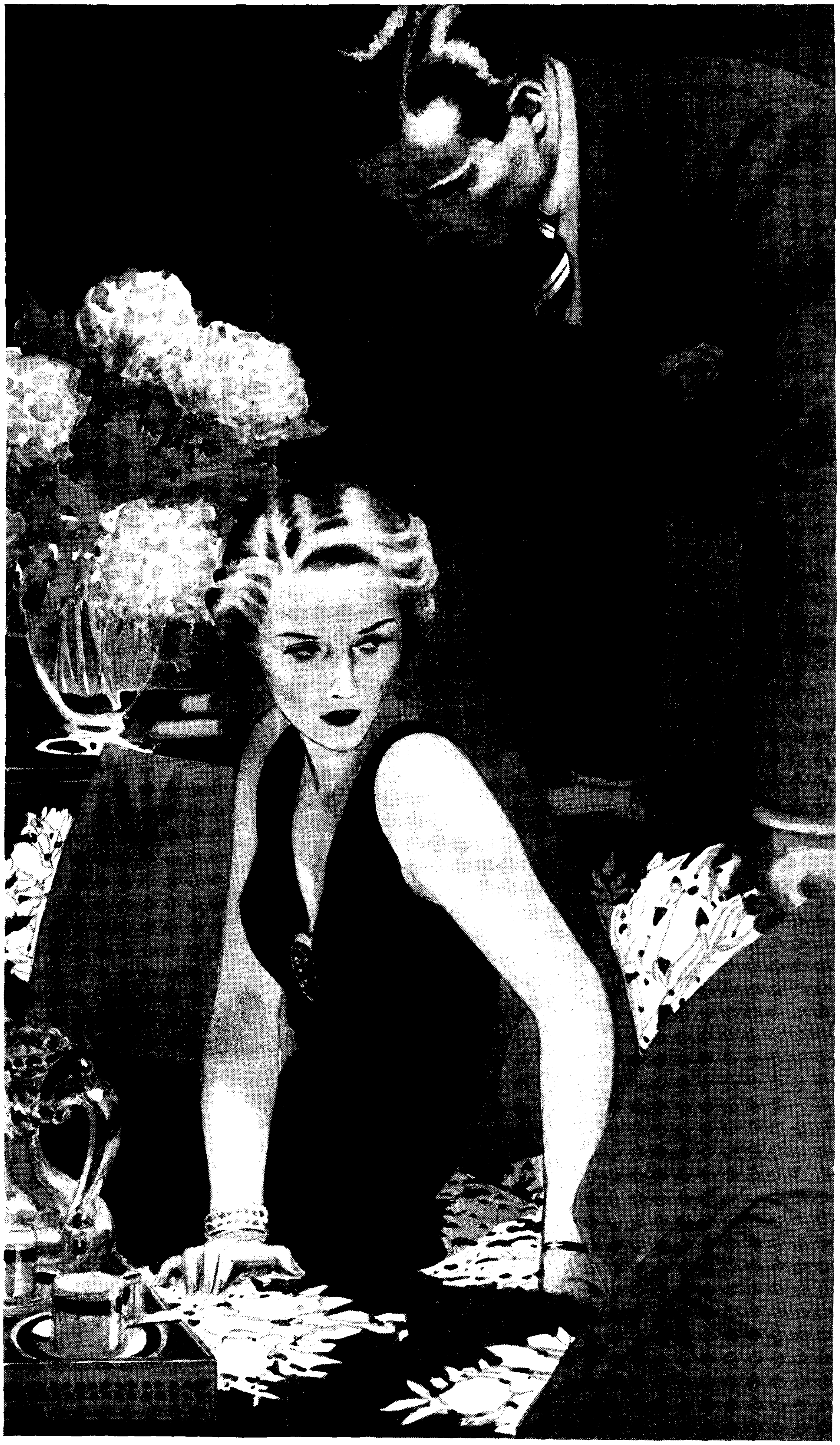


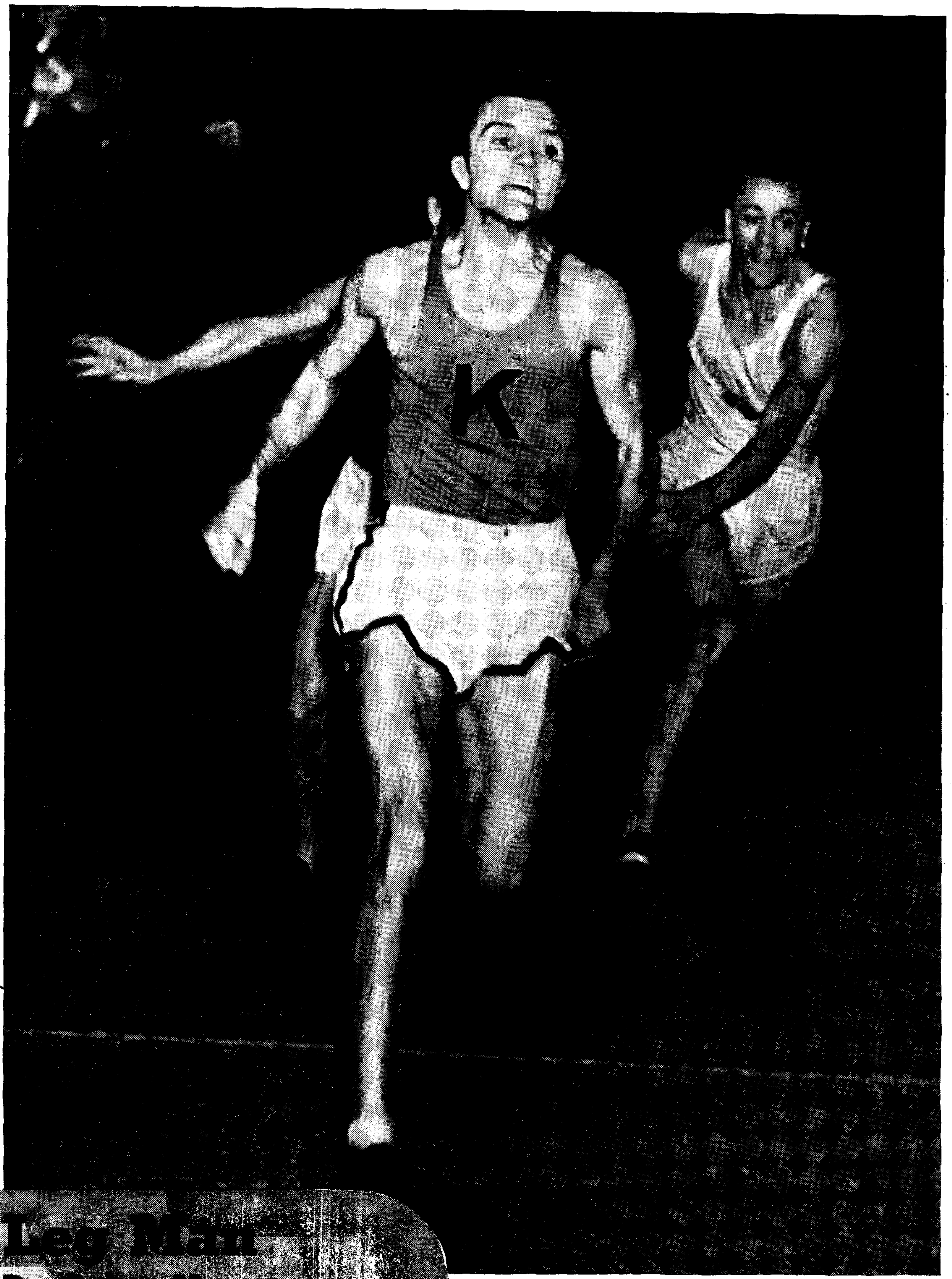
EDWIN GEORGI

"You'll find me fair," she told him. "A bargain's a bargain and I know it"

Leg Man

By [illegible] Mann

Archie San Romani is a Kansas kid who has just learned how to run. His tutoring system must be tops, for he has broken the finish tape ahead of such track burners as Lovelock, Cunningham and speedy Gene Venzke. The San Romani legs are going places



PICTURES, INC.

America's most promising distance runner, Archie San Romani, winning the A. A. U. 1,500-meter indoor event

GENE VENZKE, who is always called upon when they need a fourth in a mile race, once made a very pert observation on Archie San Romani, latest sensation among the American distance runners.

"He will probably break all mile records," said Venzke, "for not only was his leg crushed some years ago, but they were going to amputate!"

Explanation of this cryptic remark is found in the growing superstition among modern milers that you must have had some kind of severe leg injury in order to get down under 4:10 consistently. The hunch germinated when people began to make a fuss over Glenn Cunningham's trick right leg, which bears a ghastly scar of a tragic school fire fifteen years ago. He couldn't walk for a year.

Then Bill Bonthron, Princeton's great miler, came up with the announcement that he, too, had suffered a terrible leg injury as a boy. A high-tension electric wire fell across Bill's leg and just about ruined it. They thought that he would never walk again without the aid of a crutch. But he wound up battling Cunningham to a standstill and setting indoor and outdoor records.

Joe Mangan, of Cornell, happened to be reading his biography one day, and remembered that he had broken his leg many years ago when he tumbled from a wagon and was run over. Straightway he went out and raced to a string of intercollegiate track titles and even the prized Wanamaker Mile in the Millrose games.

But San Romani's injury dwarfs the others. At the age of eight he fell off a milk wagon in Frontenac, Kansas, where he had lived all his life, and his leg was crushed. Gangrene threatened limb and life. The doctors brought out the knife and the story is that Archie's childish plea to spare the leg softened them. They relented, crossed their fingers and the leg healed.

For a long period thereafter the boy's days were filled with care and special exercises for that leg. It wasn't really right again until he reached high school. Seeking steady exercises, he fell into foot-racing competition and won races largely because his fighting spirit had been sharpened to a very high degree.

Whether due to the leg lore or not, most of the country's track coaches have their chips on San Romani. One of the biggest boosters is Lawson Robertson, head Olympic coach and developer of Gene Venzke at the University of Pennsylvania.

"I made no mistake when I first saw San Romani," Robbie has said. "I knew he'd be a great miler, but I never thought a runner could develop so fast."

And the celebrated coach will predict freely that San Romani is not only the greatest of milers but comes closest to the coach's dream of a perfect runner. He is a lightweight powerhouse, packing the greatest kick finish that a miler ever brought to the cinder path. And he can go like sixty when his pulse is hitting only forty-five.

If you were walking around with a forty-five pulse, you would rush to the nearest pulse counter and pay for an explanation. All good distance runners have slow pulses—somewhere around fifty—but San Romani's heart, when idling with the spark retarded, purrs along at forty-five beats to the minute. During a hard race it probably goes no faster than that of the average man after a heavy meal.

Track coaches rejoice over this. They rejoice also over his sustained kick finish, his stamina and the fact that he doesn't take on weight easily. His consistent weight means that he will never be far out of condition, and also that he is a "nerve" runner, rather than a "muscle" runner. A muscle runner tires more suddenly than a nerve runner.

San Romani has a very unusual build for a matured young man of twenty-four. He is unusual from his shock of wavy, black hair to his high-arched feet, which are size 9-E, if you please. Size 9-E feet are not carried very often on a body weighing 130 pounds. His shoulders are square, but his chest is

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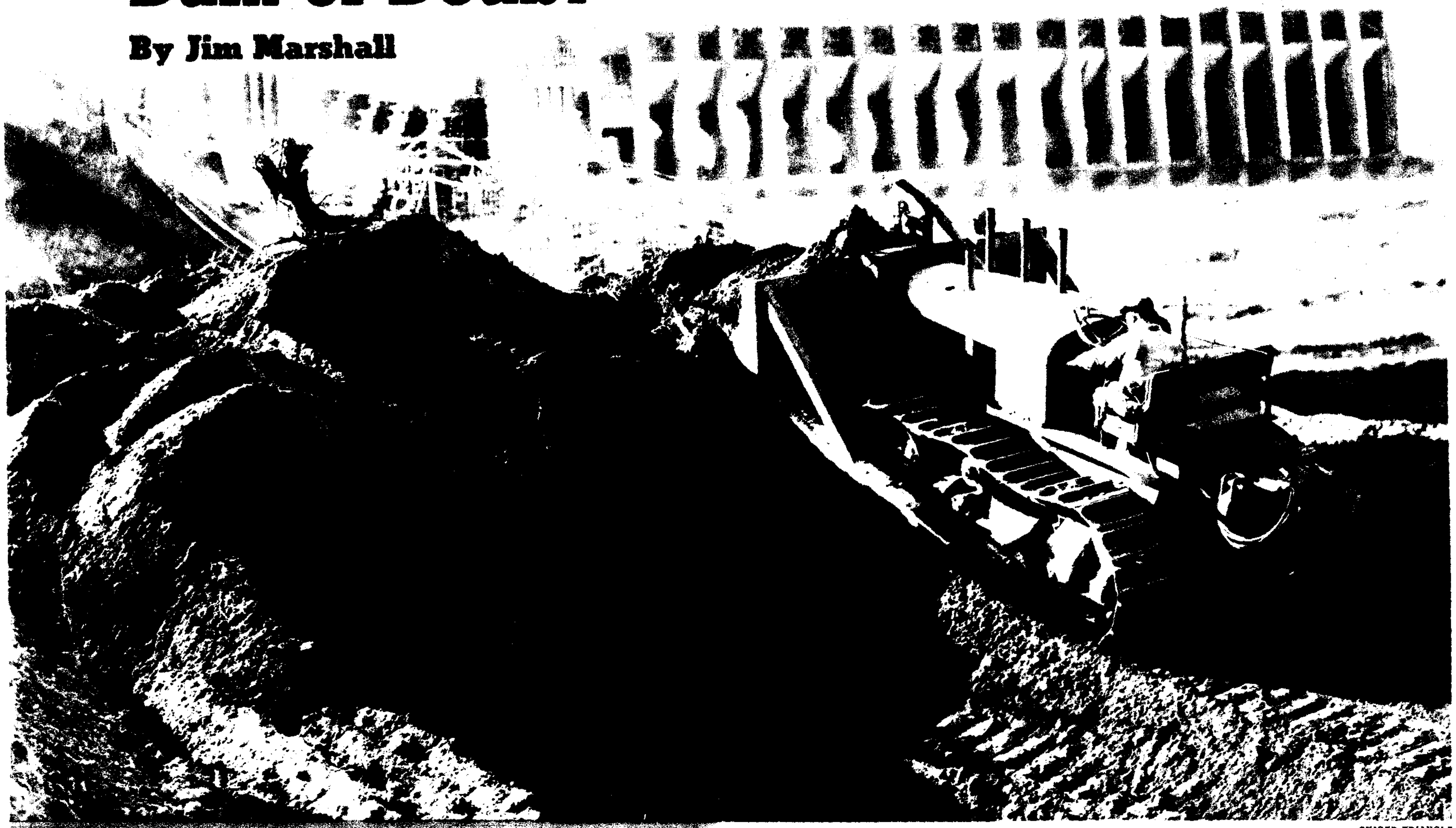
Dam of Doubt

By Jim Marshall



SNIDER-TRIANGLE

Take a look at Bonneville. It's the $31,000,000 dam that turned out to cost $75,000,000. It's the first step in the government's scheme to turn the Columbia River gorge into a Ruhr of industry. When completed the project will be five times as big as the TVA. And how about industry? Where is it coming from? That's what the whole Northwest wonders

BRUBAKER AERIAL SURVEY

Bonneville Dam, key unit in the billion-dollar federal power project planned for the Columbia River. Below, aerial view of work to date

THE' GUV'MENT," said Mr. Ben Clark judicially, "says it's going to give us farmers around here cheap power from this dam. Sure, and why not? The private company'll give me all the cheap power I want. All I've got to do is plant about sixty poles and string three or four miles of wire to the plant and I can buy power for three or four mills a kilowatt-hour. 'Most any private company out here'll sell you juice for that, if you'll pay for the distribution from the bus bars."

We sat on the front porch of Mr. Clark's unpainted log house, two miles up a sloping narrow valley and a thousand feet above the swirling Columbia River, crashing through its 3,000-foot gorge. Down by the river a broad highway swept in curves along the Washington state shore. Across the stream, the Oregon hills rose dark and tree-covered. The wind spoke softly in the firs and pines and hemlocks back of Ben Clark's house. If you listened, you could hear the gurgle of falling water and the soft hum of spinning machinery.

"I've got a power plant, too," said Ben Clark. "Built it m'self. You want to see it?"

Fifty yards back of the house, where the valley narrowed, a rugged little dam of timber, rocks and earth held back the water in a pool. A few lengths of galvanized pipe led into a small stone building. Inside, the water rushed over a wheel. Through gearing, the wheel spun a generator. From the little plant, electric wires led to the house and the barn.

"Neat little rig," boasted Mr. Clark, squirting oil at it. "I ain't had any trouble with it and it costs hardly enough to count. 'Most any farmer can build one, if he's got a creek on his place, and most of them have, in these hills."

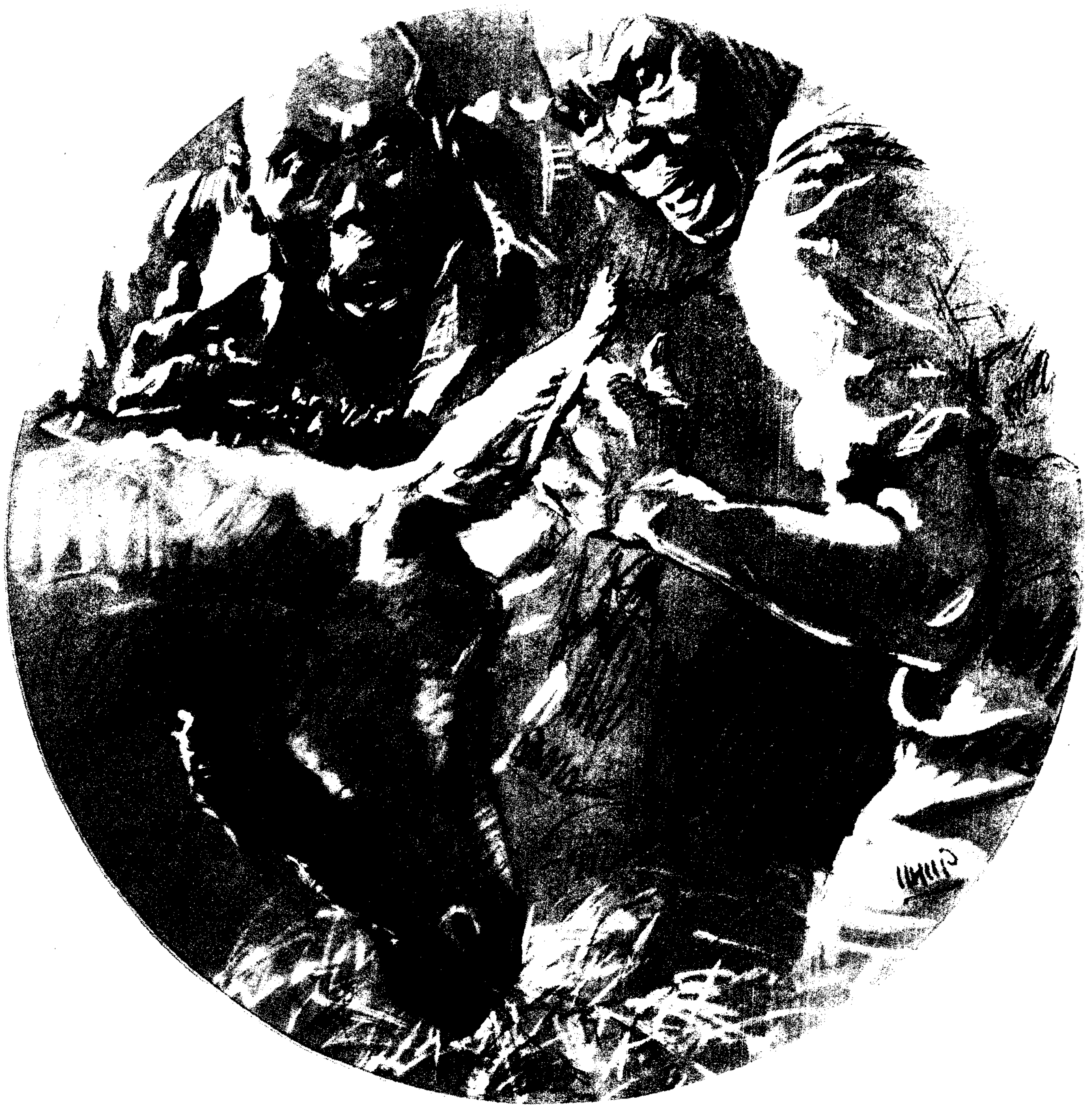
We came out and walked back down the hill to the house.

"The catch in a lot of these power schemes," said Ben, "is the distribution cost. I've got almost none—but if this plant was four miles away over in the next valley, it'd be worthless to me. Couldn't afford to plant poles and string wire and spend half my time maintaining the line."

We sat on the front porch again, looking out over the prune orchard that makes a living for Mr. Clark when the price of prunes is right and there is a good crop, which happens once in a while. Far below, lights twinkled in the twilight of the gorge. Down there, $75,000,000 of your money, transformed into steel and concrete, was finishing the building of Bonneville Dam. The dam, gray in the half-light, set out from the Washington shore, paused on an island near midstream and leaped for the Oregon cliffs on the far side. With a glass, you could see the elaborate lines of three fish ladders, designed to preserve the lower river's $10,000,000 salmon industry by allowing the fish to get upstream to their spawning grounds far in the Canadian Rockies. Toward the Oregon shore a long narrow rectangle marked the ship lock, through which it is hoped ocean carriers will steam forty miles up the river for freight.

Bonneville is the first and key dam of the Columbia River development scheme—which is about five times the size of the TVA project in the South. Second dam finished will be the Grand Coulee bar—a little $400,000,000 job to produce "power in the wilderness," described in Collier's by Walter Davenport in the fall of 1935. Present plans call for eight other dams; the final cost of the whole layout will be nearly a

(Continued on page 82)



ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

"How'd you know us had dat much money?" sputtered Bugaboo. "I read it in yo' mind," said the mule. "I read it in yo' mind"

Bible-Talking Mule

By Roark Bradford

The Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel, with Balaam's co-operation, r'ars back and tosses a miracle that doesn't take

TWO short blasts from the whistle of the steamboat John D. Grace echoed and re-echoed through the cypress swamps along Black River. Immediately, the engine speed was reduced and the boat described a wide arc toward the bank.

Bugaboo Jones sat up, shook the sleep from his eyes and looked toward the land.

"Iron Man," he announced to his companion, "dat's hit, right yonder."

Iron Man took his harmonica from his mouth, tapped it gently in his palm and looked in the direction of Bugaboo's gaze. He saw an incredibly tall black man astride an incredibly bony sorrel mule. Both man and mule were relaxed. The mule rested on three feet, his long shaggy ears flapping a little below the horizontal. The rider was as limp as the meal-sack saddle upon which he sat, and his bare feet, innocent of stirrups, swung freely from long skinny legs.

"What you mean, dat's hit?" asked Iron Man.

Bugaboo chuckled at the joke he was about to make. "You hyared de man say, 'De worst is yit to come,' ain't you?" he countered. "Well, yonder hit is, done got hyar."

Iron Man did not laugh. "Well, I be dog!" he growled. "Hit's ole Sin-Splittin' Samuel! I wonder whar dat ole devil been at?"

"Preachers," Bugaboo remembered, "be's bad luck on de water. I minds de time—"

"De Sin-Splitter," Iron Man announced, "is bad luck on land or water. And dat ole mule er his'n is twice as bad. Dat mule kin pyore tawk, jest like de mule in de Bible."

"Humph!" grunted Bugaboo. "I hyared a preacher speak about dat Bible-tawkin' mule, one time. But I didn't take no stock in hit. F'm de way hit sounded, dat Bible mule wa'n't sayin' a word. Hit was jest de Lawd, th'owin' His voice."

The discussion was cut short as the nose of the steamboat grounded gently into the soft sand near the bank. Bugaboo took his post at the steam winch and began to lower the gangplank, while Iron Man, with a rope in his hand, leaped ashore and made the boat fast to a stump.

As soon as the plank touched the shore, the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel kicked his mount and the mule walked aboard. As the mule stepped foot on the main deck, the rider tipped his hat and bowed toward the hurricane deck.

"Good mawnin', Cap'n Cooley," he greeted. "I'd like to ride up de river wid you a piece."

"Good morning, Samuel," returned the captain. "Where to, now?"

"Don't rightly know, sah," admitted the preacher. "Ole Balaam p'inted his years twarge de landin', hyar, and I figgered us better hail you down and git on boa'd. Maybe us'll run into some sin, up de river, and us'll git off and revive a lick er two. Ole Balaam gittin' ole, but he still kin smell sin."

"Make yourself at home," the skipper offered, "but don't go plaguing any of my men. I'm shorthanded now."

"Yas, sah; thanky, sah," the preacher agreed.

THAT was the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel's manner. He appeared from out of nowhere, tarried for a day or a week, and then disappeared. For forty years he had traveled the hills and bottoms of North Louisiana, and mighty were the tales the people told of him. He knew everybody and everybody knew him. No one liked him, yet no man, white or black, denied him the simple wants of food and shelter, and a few scraps of hay for his mule. The kindly old master of the steamboat had hauled him many a mile, had fed him many a meal and had never charged him one penny for fare.

"Transporting the Sin-Splitter," Captain Cooley explained to his clerk slyly, "comes under the heading of good will, I suppose, although you know as well as I do that hauling him doesn't bring me a copper cent's worth of business."

"Perhaps," suggested the clerk, "you should charge it off to amusement."

"What!" exploded the captain. "He doesn't amuse me! Why, the old fraud—"

"It amuses me," the clerk laughed, "to see an old river man like you get bamboozled out of steamboat fare by the Splitter."

"Oh, it does, does it?" Captain Cooley demanded. "Well, if it amuses you, then you pay his fare. Collect fifty cents a day from him for every day he rides, or pay it yourself."

"Yes, sir."

Captain Cooley frowned. "A preacher," he decided, "even if he is a scoundrel, ought to ride for half fare. Charge him two bits a day. He'll probably get off the boat before it costs you as much as a dollar."

"Yes, sir."

The old skipper contemplated the situation. His stern frown began to melt into wrinkles about his mouth and eyes. "I've got it!" he exclaimed. "What does

Oscar Johnson have to pay for that alfalfa we're hauling for him? How much is a bale of it worth?"

"About twenty dollars a ton," the clerk estimated. "Twenty-five or thirty bales to the ton—say, about six bits a bale."

Captain Cooley roared with laughter. "That's a good one on Oscar! Feed the Splitter's mule a bale of that hay and Oscar will be sore as a boil when I tell him he's been contributing to Samuel's fraud. That will even up with him for the time he mailed me that bluefish from New York. Drat his hide, if I can haul the preacher on my boat, free of charge, he can feed the preacher's mule. I'll be teetotally dad-blamed if I'll bear the whole expense of evangelism in North Louisiana!"

THE order, however, had been filled long before the clerk could relay it to the main deck. For as soon as Iron Man untied the shore line and returned to the steamboat, he had managed to pull a bale of alfalfa from under the tarpaulin and to slide it within eating distance of the Sin-Splitter's mule.

"Chew on dis," Iron man grumbled to Balaam, "and I hopes hit gives you de bellyache."

The steamboat glided along the winding river. The day was hot, but the fresh air from the water was cooling as the boat churned through it. The Splitter stood tall and straight by a stanchion, apparently noticing nothing, but everybody knew that his eyes did not miss one slight detail of what was going on. Even the old sorrel mule, munching hay, appeared to be all-wise.

There was a worried tension among the roustabouts. Bugaboo knew something was wrong with him, because he couldn't sleep. Iron Man breathed on the reeds of his harmonica and to his surprise the tune of "The Old Ship of Zion" came out. Other rousters sat glumly, rolling their eyes.

When the discomfort grew unbearable, one of the younger and less experienced hands broke the spell.

"Aw, who keer about a ole preacher?" he demanded. "I'm gonter turn some 'skin' at a nickel a cyard." He took a deck of cards from his pocket and made a spread. "Any y'all boys feels lucky," he challenged, "drap a nickel and pull a cyard."

The situation eased, but only for a moment. Sin-Splitting Samuel's voice spread over the deck like the rumble of distant thunder. "Spot cyards," he warned oracularly, "is sinful!"

THE youth quickly gathered his cards. There was an embarrassed silence among all hands.

"But," went on the Splitter, "Paul say hit takes grace, grit and greenbacks to spread de Gospel. I got de grace and grit. And efn any y'all boys got any greenbacks, or even some odd change, well, I reckon hit won't be too sinful for me to win hit offn you wid de dices."

"Dices is a sin," Iron Man pointed out piously, "same as spot cyards."

The Splitter glared at Iron Man. "Hit depend," he argued. "Efn de dices is made outn pyore bones, well, dat ain't so bad. Bones is in de Bible. Bones he'ped out old 'Zekiel, one time when he needed he'p bad."

The preacher fished a pair of dice from his pocket and rolled them on the deck. They came to rest with two sixes up. "Now," said the Sin-Splitter, "efn any er y'all sinner boys wants to add some greenbacks to my grace and grit, hop on any part er dis fifteen centses I got."

Standing in awe before a spectacular preacher whose reputation was legendary is one thing. The rattle and click of dice is something else. In no time, a circle of roustabouts had formed.

Iron Man picked up the dice and studied them. He put the three and four together and read them around. "Dey matches," he stated, passing them to Bugaboo.

Bugaboo fingered the cubes, and even his work-gnarled hands were sensitive enough to feel the slightly concave surface on one face of each die. He rattled them in his hand and rolled out a seven.

"Sho' matches," he declared, eying Iron Man significantly. "Efn I had some money, I might fade some er dat fifteen centses."

"You got—" began Iron Man, but Bugaboo stepped on his foot and frowned.

The Sin-Splitter picked up the dice. "Y'all boys seed de seven and you seed de box cars. Whar hit's one box car hit's bound to be some snake eyes, and whar hit's a seven, hit's bound to be a 'leven. So lay hit down, you sinners. Fade dem fifteen centses."

Three roustabouts each risked a nickel. The Splitter rattled the dice near his ear and began to sing to them:

"Oh, de East Wind blowed in de valley,
And de West Wind blowed in de valley.
Wid a bone to a bone
And a j'int to a j'int,
Won't you rise and prophesy—"

BUGABOO withdrew from the circle, dragging Iron Man with him.

"What de matter, fool?" Iron Man wanted to know. "Don't you like craps no mo'?"

"You gonter be a country nigger all yo' life?" countered Bugaboo. "Didn't you feel dem grooves in de dice? Hit was a groove on de five and one on de two. You shakes 'em in yo' hand till yo' fingers sets in de grooves, and den you skeets 'em off in de even roll."

"Like dis?" asked Iron Man, drawing a pair of dice from his own pocket and rolling a nonchalant seven. "Only my dices is got dat yuther deuce and yuther five leaded a little bit, so's you's bound to hit, even efn dey don't roll even."

Bugaboo was flabbergasted. He felt he ought to have some fast talk ready to hide his surprise, but after a minute of study all he could think to say was, "You wouldn't cheat a po' preacher, would you? Not wid loaded dices?"

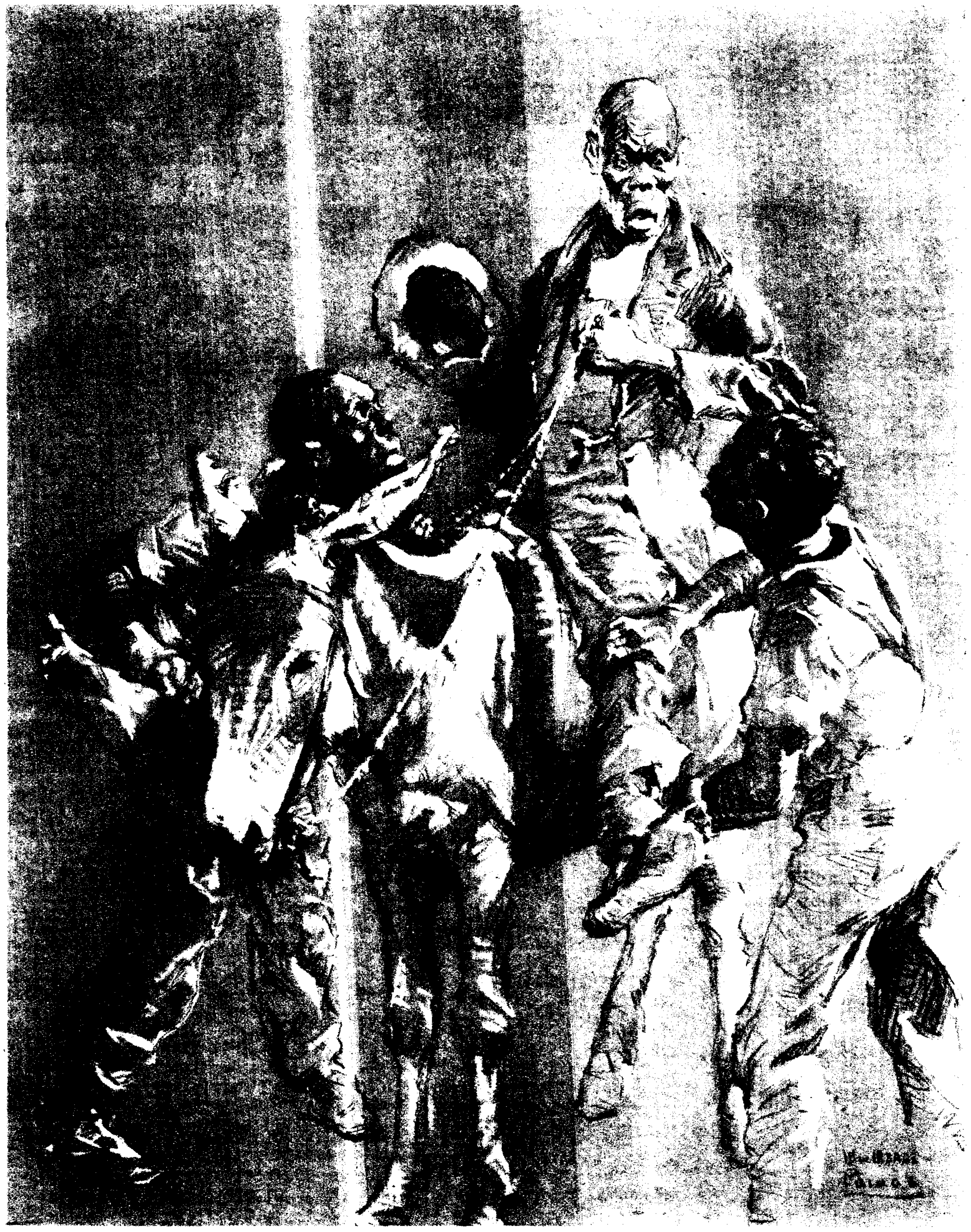
Iron Man dropped his dice in his pocket and took out his harmonica. The tune that came out was like the hopeless wail of a man condemned to slow and certain death.

Bugaboo understood. "De Sin-Splitter," he said, "must got de ole *gree-gree* on you, for sho'."

Iron Man continued to play mournfully as Bugaboo tried to sleep.

After a few minutes of restlessness, Bugaboo got up, connected a big hose to the engine circulation flow and washed

(Continued on page 72)



"Hey!" exclaimed the preacher, surprised. "Hold on hyar!" "I'm holdin' on," Bugaboo told him

THE CAPTAIN HAD A LADY

By Jacland Marmur

"Did I tell you?" he asked. "Mother's got a bride picked out for me, too"

The happy results a ship's master can obtain by listening to a woman. Captain Phil Hargrave breaking all the rules of good seamanship, and the girl who gave him the idea

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

THE beach, though it was a fine night of the fulling moon, was almost deserted. But Philip Hargrave, in swimming trunks, sitting alone in the sand in front of the Outrigger Canoe Club, didn't mind that at all. As a matter of fact, it suited him just right. He was in an ugly mood, clasping his knees and staring grimly seaward. The long rollers lifted leisurely far out on the coral shoal to undulate unhurriedly toward him until they broke in mile-long uneven ribbons of lacy foam and spent themselves, hissing, just short of his toes. Once he kicked at the bubbles, resentful of their approach. But for the most part he just sat there with his lean young face in shadow and his naked back a sleek, satiny brown in moonlight.

The fine old Moana Hotel stood in dignified reticence on one side, with that shaded banyan walk pointed his way. And on the other side, behind the towering royal palms, the rococo Royal Hawaiian with its garish purple pots along the roof ledges captured insolently the moon's bright light. Phil knew what they looked like. They were the first things to hit you between the eyes from the bridge of your ship as you came in past Diamond Head of a morning of blinding sunshine. He wanted none of those places tonight. No. He wanted Geraldine Blagley, because she would understand his trouble.

HE HAD almost given up hope when he finally saw her. Of course, at first he could make out nothing but her darkly moving form. But there was no mistaking it. No one on this earth but Geraldine could walk like that. With her beach cape over one arm and her touseled, short-cut chestnut hair in the warm night wind. She came through the sand as no other woman could, with that undulating movement so distinctly hers, of graceful poise and confident youth. She swung along easily and without pose, with an unconscious full pride in the fitness and beauty of her mature and slimly-rounded body. Then the moonlight caught the glistening stuff of her bathing suit as she walked. It seemed to Phil he had waited too long. He forgot she had no way of knowing he'd be there, and he called her name in eager impatience.

"Jerry!" he cried. "Jerry!"

She stopped short, looking around with a toss of her head. Then, spying the shadow that called her name, she came up to him. Abruptly, small white fists flew to her hips, akimbo. "Phil!" she said, startled. "Phil, you've missed your ship!"

"Sit down, Jerry. Please. Lord, I'm glad you're here."

"But what—"

"I phoned you out at Punahou, and they told me you were coming for a moonlight swim. I had to get hold of you, so I just came along here—and waited. Jerry, I could chew hot nails."

"Well, I should think so." She settled herself beside him and tossed her little head again in that way she had of clearing the bob from her eyes. It didn't do much good, though, but it made her fine gay eyes more charming than ever behind wisps of that silken hair. "Yes; I should think you could chew nails. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Philip Hargrave. The liner Whampoa sailed this afternoon. It seems to me you're her chief officer. Missing ships isn't good for sailor men."

"That's just it, Jerry. I didn't miss her."

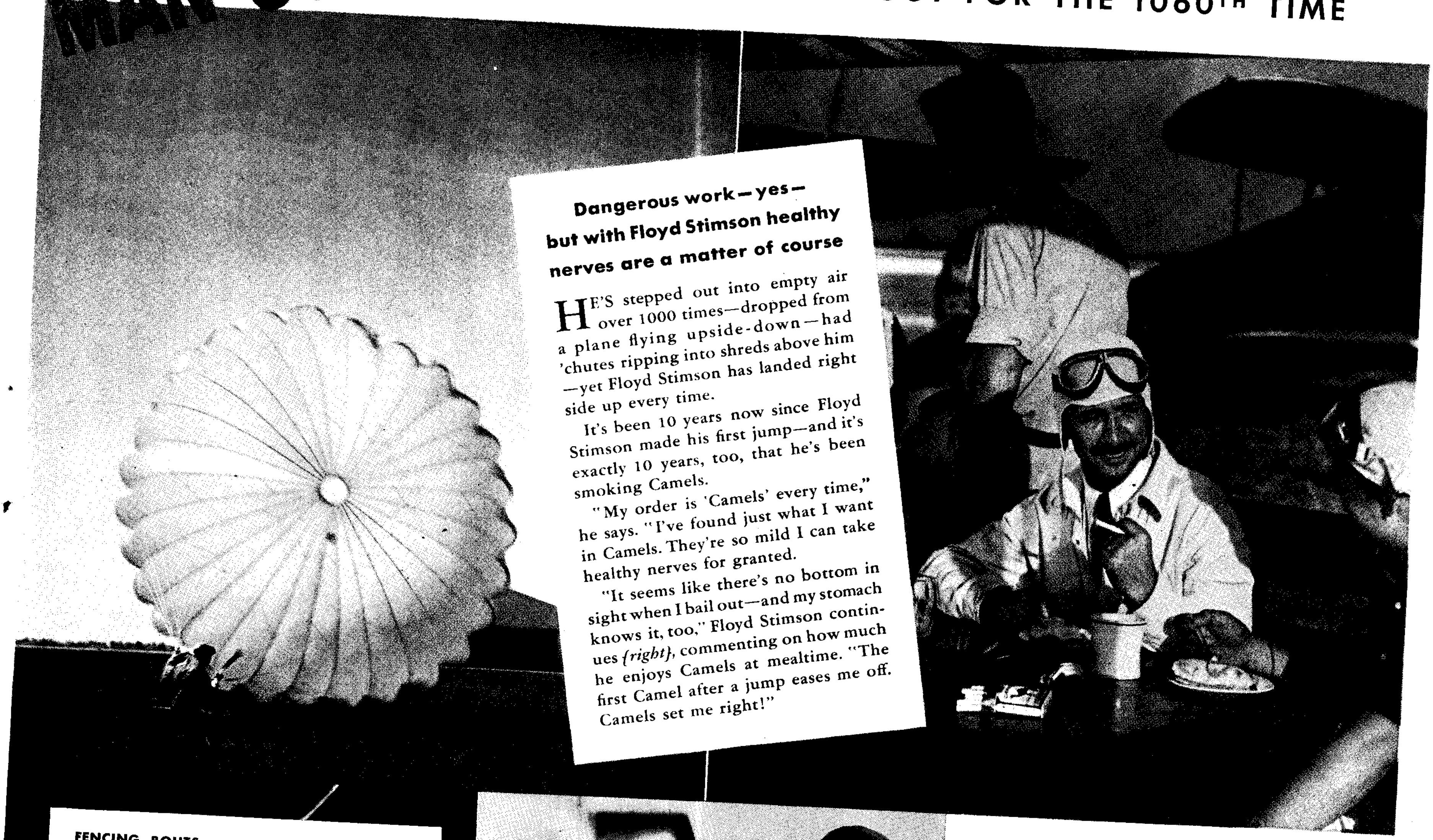
"So?"

"No. They pulled me off at the last minute. The Makena—you know, one of

(Continued on page 56)

MAN OVERBOARD

FLOYD STIMSON—OFFICIAL PARACHUTE TESTER—BAILS OUT FOR THE 1060TH TIME



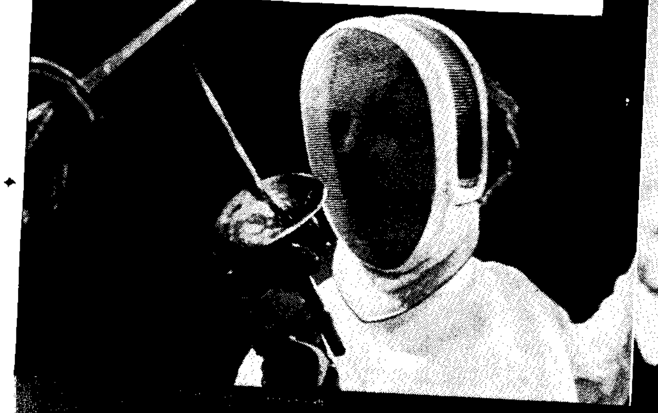
Dangerous work—yes—but with Floyd Stimson healthy nerves are a matter of course

HE'S stepped out into empty air over 1000 times—dropped from a plane flying upside-down—had 'chutes ripping into shreds above him —yet Floyd Stimson has landed right side up every time.

It's been 10 years now since Floyd Stimson made his first jump—and it's exactly 10 years, too, that he's been smoking Camels.

"My order is 'Camels' every time," he says. "I've found just what I want in Camels. They're so mild I can take healthy nerves for granted.

"It seems like there's no bottom in sight when I bail out—and my stomach knows it, too," Floyd Stimson continues *(right)*, commenting on how much he enjoys Camels at mealtime. "The first Camel after a jump eases me off. Camels set me right!"



FENCING BOUTS are won mainly on quick response from nerves. In the words of Joanna de Tuscan, U. S. Women's Foils Champion: "Being on the alert counts in fencing. That's my No. 1 reason for preferring Camels. Camels never jangle my nerves."

LEARNED TO SWIM in a jungle river. Leonard Spence, 5 times breast-stroke champion of the U. S., smokes steadily. "What cigarette?" he says. "You've guessed it, Camels. When I'm tired, I turn to Camels and get an invigorating 'lift' in energy."

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Camels are made
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MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS...
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Domestic...than
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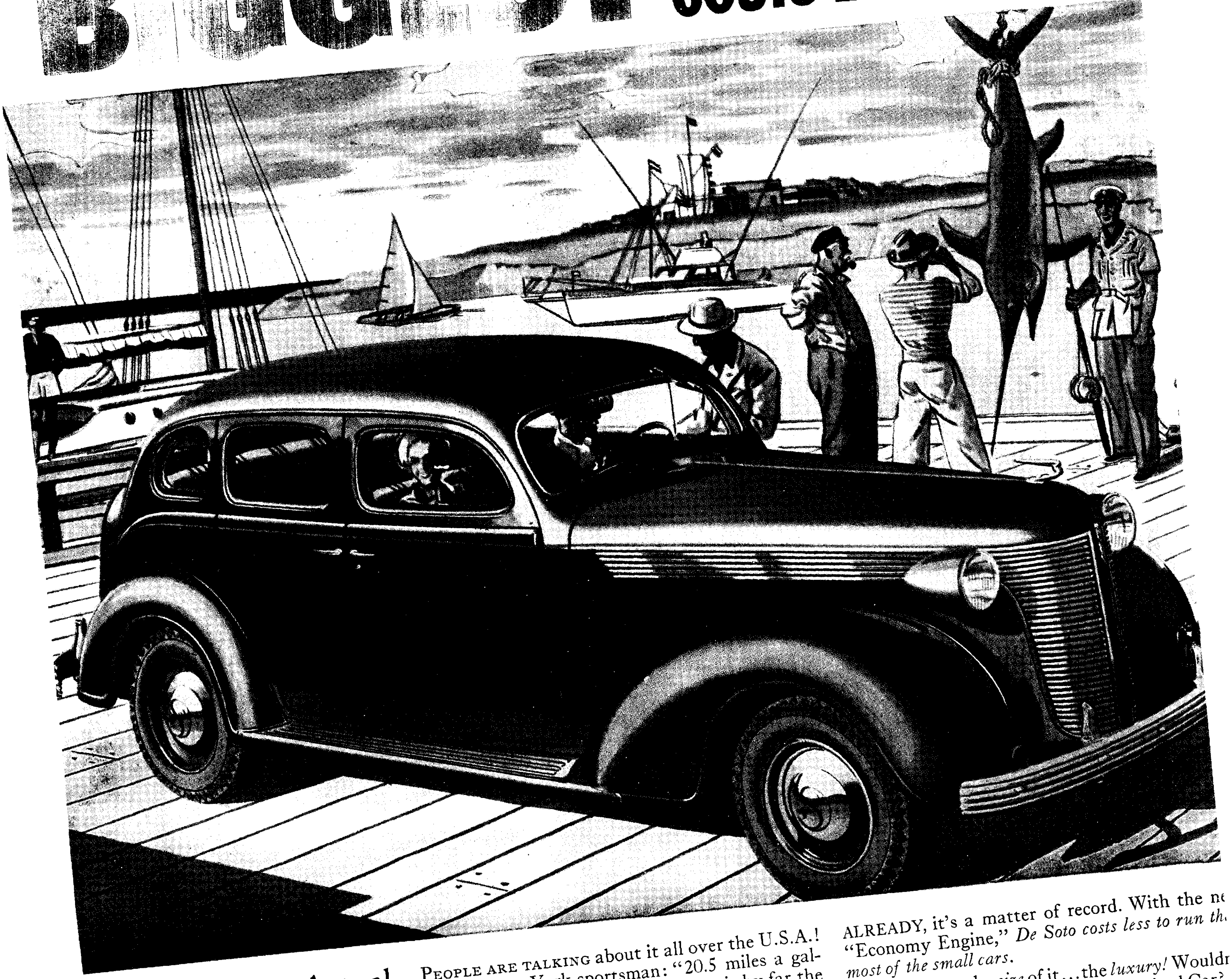
CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

BIGGEST DE SOTO EVER BUILT COSTS LESS TO OWN



Read these Actual Facts and Figures ..Maybe You're Missing Something

PEOPLE ARE TALKING about it all over the U.S.A.! From a New York sportsman: "20.5 miles a gallon. Have had 39 new cars—De Soto is by far the most economical."

A hard-driving Utah rancher writes: "This big De Soto beats anything I ever saw—averaging 19 miles a gallon on mountain roads."

From a California doctor: "Getting 21 right along, city and country. Sweetest riding car ever built!"

ALREADY, it's a matter of record. With the ne "Economy Engine," *De Soto costs less to run th most of the small cars.*

Look at it...the *size* of it...the *luxury!* Wouldn you prefer America's Smartest Low-priced Car?

Now, with De Soto's new low prices, the differen is only a few dollars. And you get hundreds of dol *extra value* for your money! DE SOTO DIVISION CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

WHAT! IS THAT ALL A DE SOTO COSTS?
YES, IT'S NOW PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!

"HEARD ABOUT DE SOTO? IT'S NOW PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!"

HIGH-LIGHT FEATURES: 1. New 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. New ride...with 14 "Float" Body Mountings and "Airplane-type" Shock-absorbers. 3. First complete Sound-Proofing. 4. Safety-Steel Body, one-piece steel top. 5. Genuine Hydraulic Brakes. Ask for Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p.m., E.D.S.T.

DESOTO

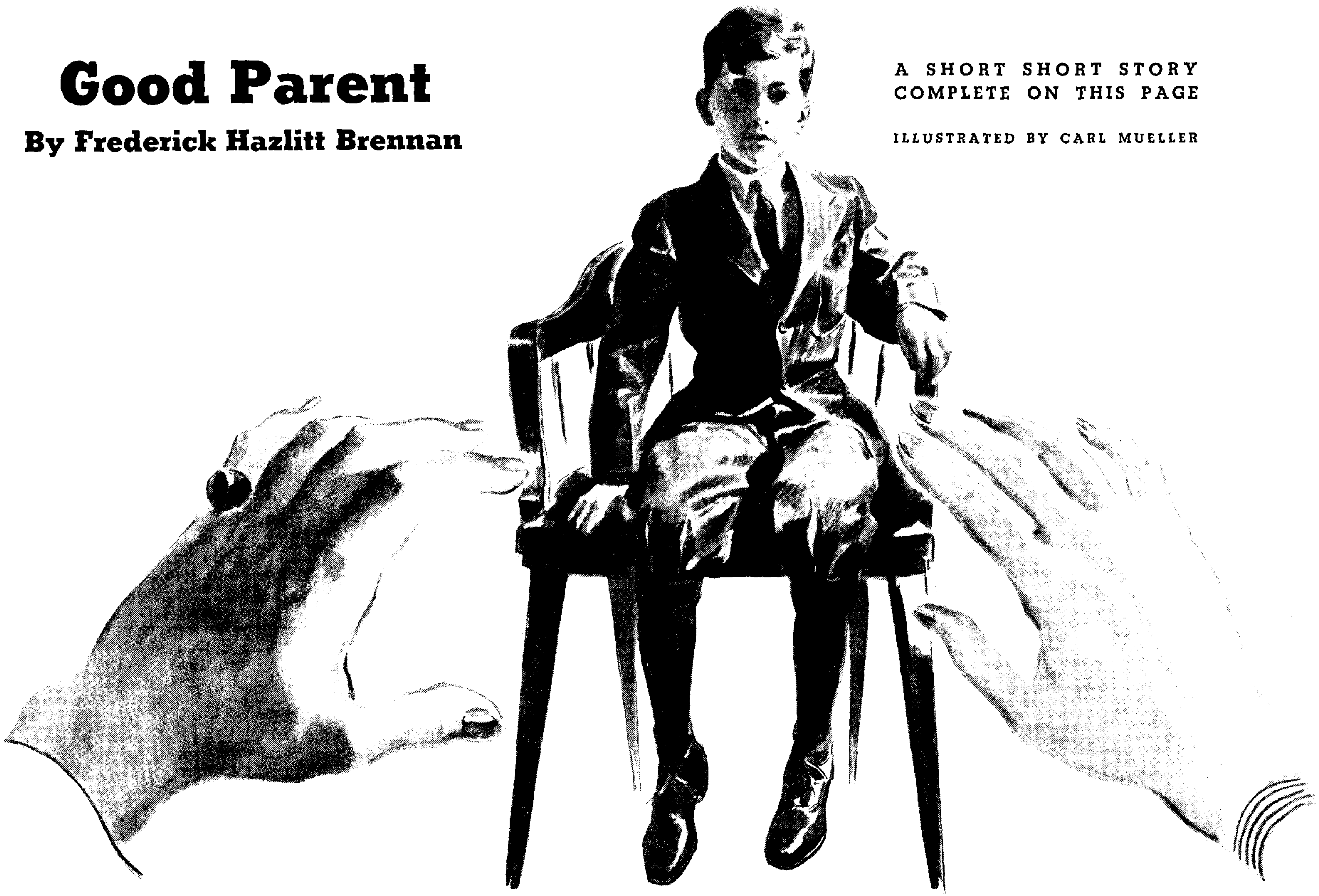
America's Smartest Low-Priced Car!

Good Parent

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



"It's about my custardy. That man over there doesn't think my mamma should have my custardy"

THE two women sat at the defense counsel table watching a small boy slide onto the grown-up chair on the witness stand. One of the women was about thirty years old, wore a five-thousand-dollar mink coat and looked like a society belle a little the worse for wear. The other was obviously a governess.

At the plaintiff's table sat a well-dressed man in middle life, whose attitude, unlike the strained tenseness of the women, was one of cynically amused detachment. He glanced at the child on the witness stand as the judge turned to question him, then looked out a window.

"So you are Neddie?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you, Neddie?"

"I'm going on eight."

"Do you know why I had you come here today, Neddie?"

"It's about my custardy. That man over there doesn't think my mamma should have my custardy."

"You're a smart little boy. Can you tell me what the word 'custody' means?"

"It's all about whether I can stay with my mamma in her house. That man over there is my father. He lives in Boston and—"

"That's fine, Neddie. Now, tell me—do you want to stay with your mamma?"

"Sure I do."

"Is your mamma good to you?"

"Sure. She brings me surprises. She bought me a puppy. His name is Benny. He's a black cocker spaniel and—"

"Now, Neddie, a lot of people have come here and told me that your mother neglects you, that she's mean to you and makes you cry. Is that the truth?"

"My mamma never made me cry, only once when I got a splinter taking it out. It's a big ol' lie."

"How often do you get to see your mamma, Neddie?"

"You mean *see* her?"

"Yes."

"Huh—every day."

"I see. Now, Neddie, do you know what swearing is?"

"You mean taking His name in vain?"

"Yes. Did you ever hear your mother swear?"

"My mamma? Huh, that's jest goofy!"

"Your mamma never struck you?"

"Only with her hairbrush and then *she* cried. She cried all day."

"Why did she strike you?"

"I burned up the curtain."

"I see. Now, Neddie, do you know what liquor is?"

"You mean *whisky?* Sure. Arthur—he's the chauffeur—drinks it."

"DID you ever see your mamma drink any whisky?"

"Huh, that's jest *goofy.* Whisky is deadly poison and will rot your stomick out unless you got an iron bottom to it like Arthur."

"Did your mamma teach you that?"

"*Arthur* told me he had an iron bottom in his stomick and you can ask Joe—he's Arthur's boy."

"Never mind. Now, Neddie, a lot of people have come here and told me that your mother brings strange men to your house. Have you ever seen any men you didn't know at your house?"

"Trina has boy friends in the kitchen."

"But you never saw any man with your mamma?"

"Only Doctor Vashon came to see her when she had the headache."

"Does your mamma ever take you to places of amusement?"

"Huh?"

"I mean—does she take you to circuses and picture shows and to the park?"

"Sure she does. We have a swell time."

"I see. Then, you have no complaints to make against your mamma? You think she is a good, kind, loving mamma?"

"Oh, sure."

"H'm . . . your story is at wide variance with the testimony of plaintiff's witnesses— Ah—by the way, Neddie, did your mother tell you what you should say when you came to court?"

"*Say?* You mean how I should *act?*"

"What *did* she tell you this morning? Do you remember?"

"Oh, sure. She asked me did I love her and was I her little boy and did I want to stay with her—and that woman over there—and she said—"

"One moment, Neddie. There are two ladies seated at the defense table. Which one of them talked to you before you started for court?"

"My *mamma.* The one that's sitting next to the lady in the fur coat!"

"Why, Neddie, the lady in the fur coat is your mamma."

"Oh, no, she isn't. Not my *real* mamma. That's my real mamma that they call Miss Denlinger and is supposed to be jest my governess. Those goofy, stupid angels made a mistake and told that woman over there she was my mamma. At the hospital. So my real mamma jest let her think so 'cause my mamma didn't want to hurt her feelings—"

"Oh, I see."

"Huh, *she* thinks she's my mamma but we jest fool her all the time. She comes to our house about once a month and she's so drunk Joe says she's got an iron bottom in *her* stomick—"

"Your Honor, we object—"

"Overruled! Go on, Neddie—how long have you and Miss Denlinger been fooling Mrs. Pryskins?"

"Huh! Years an' years—ever since I can remember. We sure played plenty of tricks on *her.* She's got a career and doesn't like little boys and tells me not to make such a noise around there, but my mamma says *she's* got me and is happy and doesn't want a career that sings on the radio and acts up in New York and raises high jinks—"

"IF YOUR Honor *please!* This child is not a competent witness—"

"Overruled. One last question, Neddie. Do you know anything about your father—that man over there?"

"Oh, sure. He's got married again and has three little punks in Boston, Joe says, and he doesn't want my custardy but only doesn't want that woman to have my custardy and I want my real mamma—"

"We object, your Honor—"

"Overruled. This court has heard sufficient testimony in this case. In the court's opinion neither parent, judging by the testimony adduced by competent adult witnesses, is a fit person to take care of this child. The court therefore appoints Miss Denlinger guardian, if she is willing to serve—"

"Oh, *yes,* your Honor!"

"We object—the child is not competent—"

"Competent? Whut does *that* mean? Whut's wrong? Whut does not competent mean—whut does it *mean?*"

"It doesn't mean *you,* Neddie! Court will now recess."

"Misfit Blades Made My Face And Neck Sore" — says Detroit Man

Now Uses Only Gillette Blades in His Gillette Razor

"After shaving, my face and neck would be quite irritated. Then I found that the trouble was MISFIT blades. Now since I've been using genuine Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor I get a clean shave and my face and neck don't smart or burn."
S. J. Reardon, 10004 Sussex Ave., Detroit, Mich.

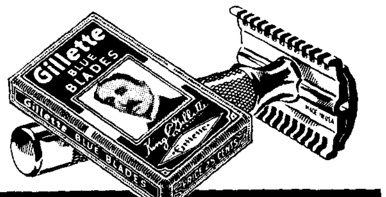
RETURNS TO GILLETTE BLADES

"After using misfit blades in my razor I switched back to Gillette for cool, clean and comfortable shaves. Now I'm a regular user of Gillette Blades. I find them to be the best."
J. Herbert Hyde, Elmwood, Conn.

THROUGH WITH BARGAIN BLADES!

"I don't believe any claims I hear any more for misfit blades. You can't get a good shave with them. Only genuine Gillette Blades fit the Gillette Razor properly." *Alfred C. Lewis, 220 N. Fulton St., Allentown, Pa.*

WHEN you use a misfit blade in your Gillette Razor there is likely to be too much or too little exposure of shaving edge. The result is a scratchy, painful shave—or a "spotty" shave which leaves unsightly stubble behind. But why risk these discomforts? Play safe by always using a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other. Designed and produced by the same engineers, they fit and work as smoothly together as the parts of a fine watch. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today!



Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Emergency Wife

Continued from page 17

Miss March? Won't you sit down, sir?"

"Well, thanks." Then they were seated; and he noted the suddenly guarded faces; two hardheaded men guarding themselves against the stranger's suspicious effusiveness.

"A cigarette, Miss March . . . Mr.—er—Winter?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Penley." Linnet turned from that familiar shagreen box in one of whose compartments her favorite cigarettes were always kept. "I have to tell you that I can't take up my new position after all. I—I—I've nullified the contract. I've married Mr. Winter this morning at a registrar's office. We—we're sailing for New York on Thursday."

FOR a time that was only a few seconds but which seemed much longer, there was silence in the room. It fell heavily, charged with consternation. Stern and quick disapproval surmounted the consternation and quickened the air, and Hero rose and stood behind Linnet, very protective and husbandly, his hand on her chair back.

"Er. . . ." Pelham began stiffly; and subsided.

Then Penley said very quietly for them both: "We're sorry to hear it. It comes as a very disagreeable surprise indeed. We hoped you were satisfied and happy."

Pelham added, as quietly and stiffly: "We must wish you very well." He stared up at the intrusive Hero—a small man but important; with a capacity for judgment. "It's a shock to us. I think I may say we're both rather puzzled that you could not give us some warning."

She spoke with difficulty, offering no defense: "It's inconvenient, I know. And inconsiderate. I've nothing to say—explanations wouldn't help—but I put everything quite straight this morning. As you know, I've had to be out of London owing to family illness; or during the last few days I would have tried to discuss things with you. . . ."

"As it was," Hero took it up, very straight and manly, "she had no chance. We're in a great rush and difficulty ourselves. I'm suddenly called away to the United States, and I've rushed her. Blame everything on me, please."

"Your wife," said Penley, looking straight at him, "has always been a lady to shoulder her own liabilities."

"I still take responsibility for everything I do," Linnet answered recklessly, and she set her slim shoulders and lifted her head in the way they knew, when any kind of battle was waging in the office. But today there was no battle. They were too offended, hurt, displeased, to fight.

"You have no responsibilities, my dear," Hero said promptly. "Marriage dissolves all contracts." He looked with what he hoped was a winning smile at Pelham and Penley. "And what man could deny that, sirs? With marriage a man takes *on* responsibilities. The women have the best of it all ways!"

Now they were looking at him very uncompromisingly indeed; and from him to Linnet.

"If your visit to America is a short one, sir," Penley suggested suddenly, "is it possible your wife might remain behind till your return?"

"Not faintly possible, my dear sir! And we'll be away a year at least."

"I see," Penley said. Time hung again on the charged air; till Pelham added:

"Then we must wish you both a pleasant voyage. And I suppose, most regretfully, that that is all?"

Not a word of reproach; only regret and concern! How wonderful they've been to me, Linnet thought.

"Well, that's not quite all. There's just one more thing, dear," Hero said, bending down to her, touching her shoulder. "You wanted to recommend your secretary for the vacant job."

Both partners stared at him dubiously.

"Miss Lent? Do you really, Miss March . . . or rather, Mrs. Winter?"

She felt Hero's touch on her shoulder. Oh! placate him in all the little things, and perhaps the big things that loomed before her might be more tolerable!

For a moment she hesitated in loyalty and duty to the firm, on whom she must not foist a useless manager of the Copy and Art Departments.

Hero's fingers pressed her shoulder.

"Yes, Mr. Penley. I do think that if you give Miss Lent a little time, she might do well."

"She won't be *you*," Pelham said; and he smiled at her sadly. Penley looked at her and smiled too, sadly, shaking his head.

Linnet hurried: "I hope she'll be much better. More reliable, anyway. And she knows the clients and the business and how to approach it all. She has my methods to go by—you've been kind enough to approve them—though she will soon have better methods of her own—"

Clare Lent in my job; my office; my place. . . !

She could bear no more, and rose blindly, utterly unaware of how her white face, her despairing eyes, gave her away. The nonplused partners saw an unhappy bride; but must let her go.

"Goodby, Mr. Penley," she faltered. "Goodby, Mr. Pelham. Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness."

"Thank *you* for your brilliant help, Mrs. Winter."

Her hand was limp; their hands warmly cordial; Hero's clasp was still effusive. He said heartily:

"We do *hope* you'll give the secretary a chance."

"On your wife's recommendation, we shall certainly try her."

Linnet and Hero were at the door, courteously ushered out.

"I shall hope to put some business in your way, sirs," Hero breezed, turning on the threshold.

They looked at him. Damn them for their looks, he thought wrathfully.

THEY journeyed at leisure back to the flat.

She feared that the rest of the day was going to be terrible; and poised herself; very quiet and careful. They had tea domestically, Hero straddling before the fire. And it was he who presently telephoned the butcher for rump steak and the grocer for ale.

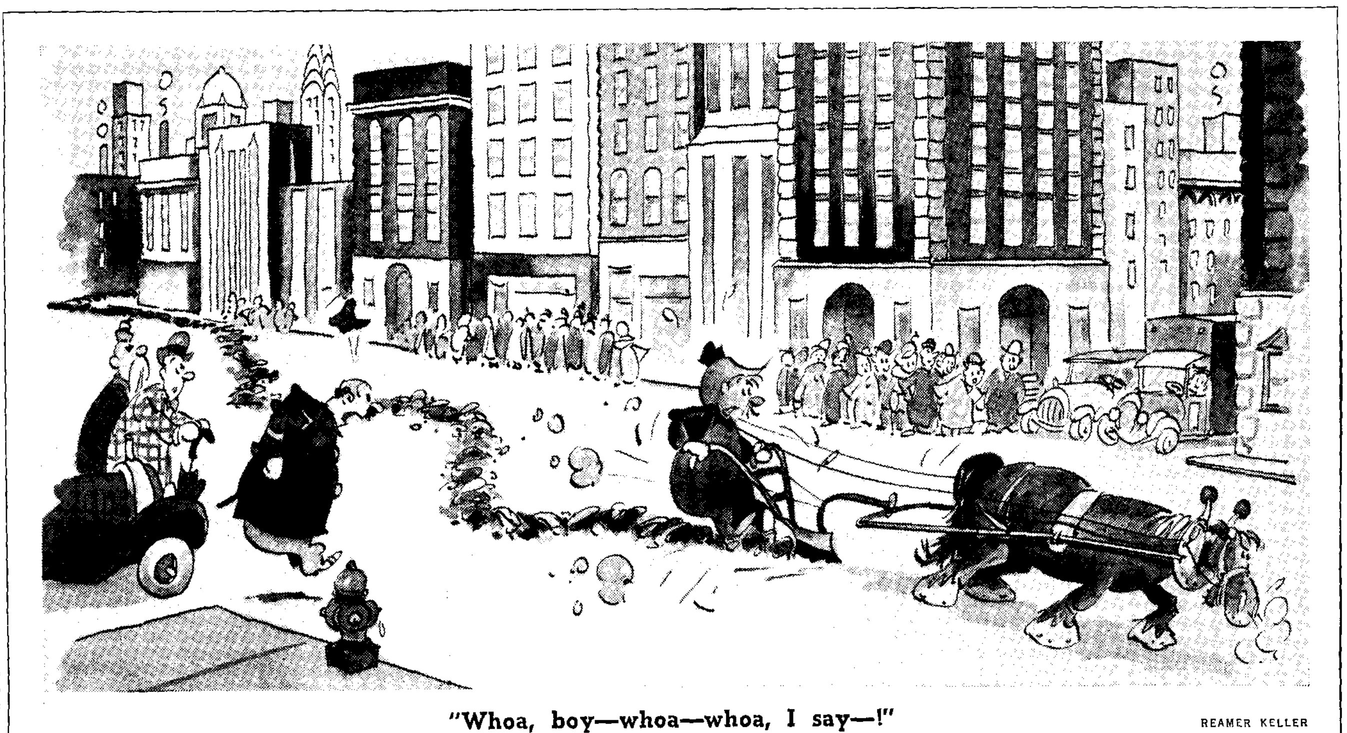
The place was his.

Her beautiful curtains—bought with her first savings; her sparse bits of period furniture, lovingly sought for; her delicate tea set—a present from Penley and Pelham for the first Christmas she had spent in the flat—all her dearly won home—all his.

"Put on that dress with the big sleeves, dear."

"My sister Gwennie has it now, I'm afraid."

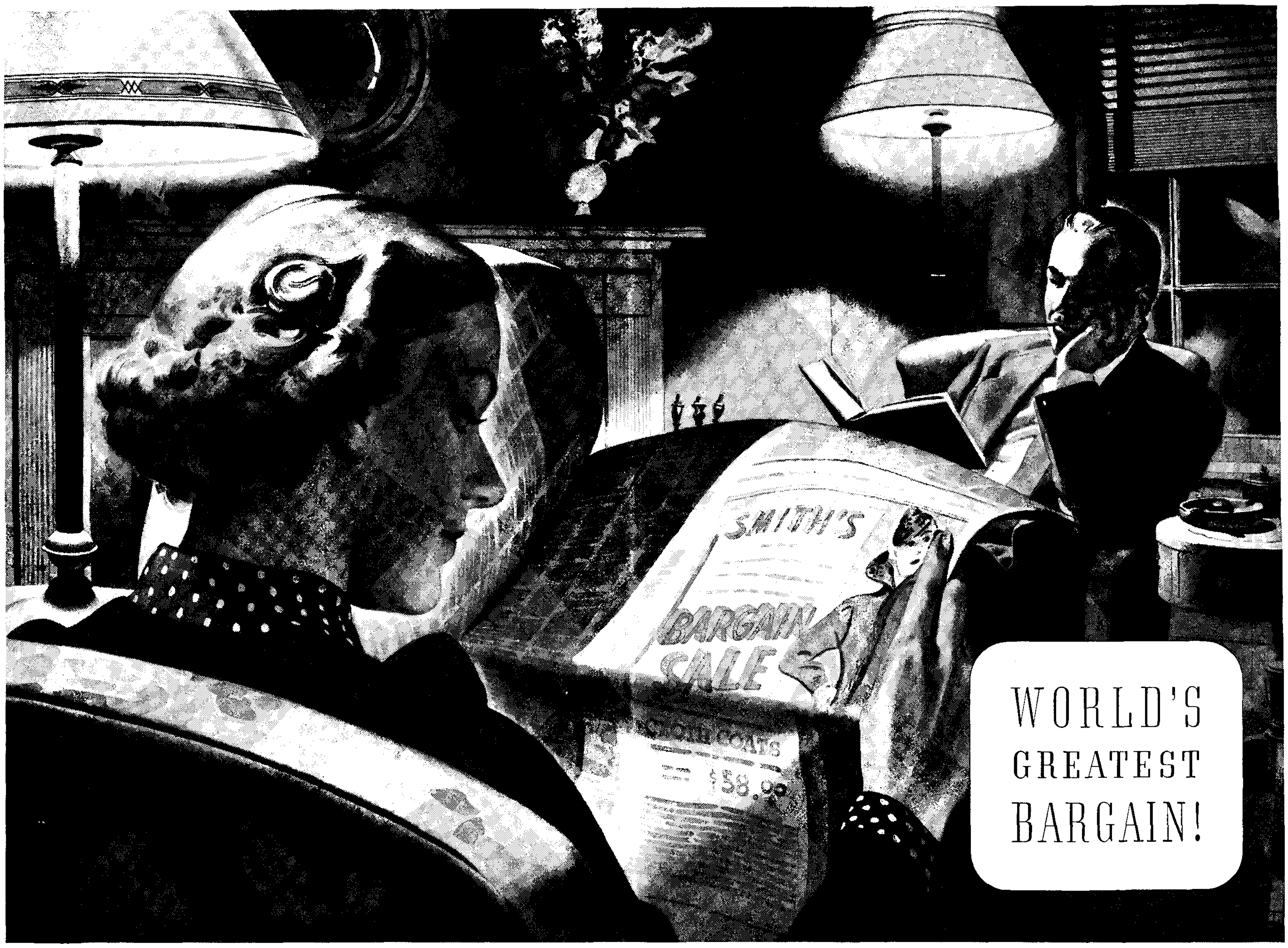
"More fool you, giving a dress like that away. You won't do it again, Mrs. Winter! Put on that other thing then—black velvet, isn't it?—I saw you in when



"Whoa, boy—whoa—whoa, I say—!"

REAMER KELLER

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY • EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



Today's most remarkable story of great value at low price is found, not in the newspaper advertisements you read, but in the light under which you read them.

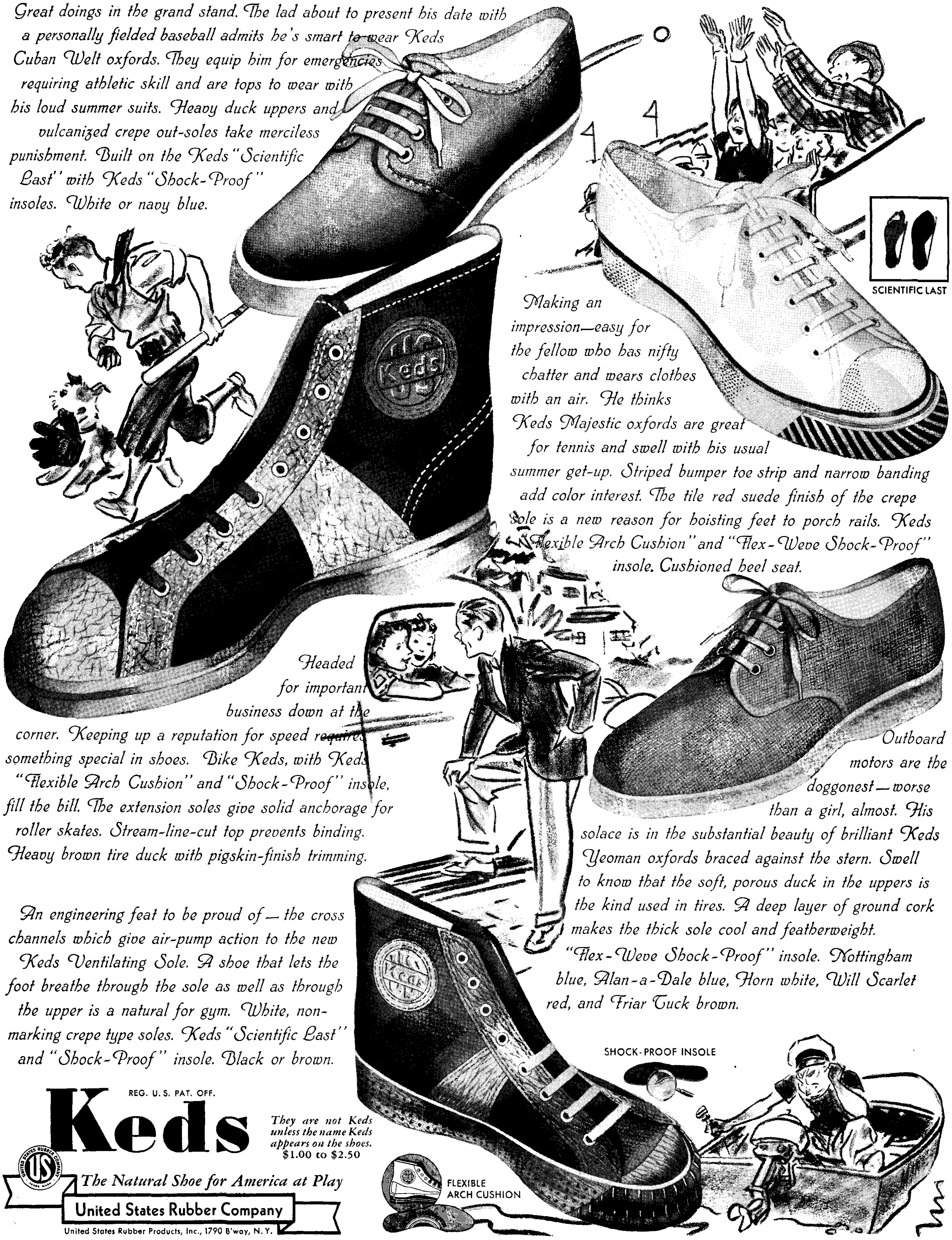
BARGAINS? Certainly. The advertising columns of your daily newspaper are full of them. Silk stockings at 59c. Men's suits at $22.50. Tires for $9.75 that will outrun their expensive ancestors by ten to one. Better automobiles at $500 than twenty times that sum could have bought in 1916.

But the greatest bargain of all is none of these. It is the sight-saving, time-saving, labor-saving commodity we call electricity. Despite wide fluctuations in the cost of manufacturing and delivering electric current, its cost to the user has moved year after year in only one direction... downward. The "light bill" of the average home is not appreciably higher today than it was ten years ago. Yet that home is now using brighter lights and more of them... now has, at the very least, a radio, an electric iron, and one or more other useful appliances.

Best of all, electricity's value increases as it takes over more and more work... the preservation and cooking of food... the washing of clothes and dishes... the cleaning and the hot water supply. Westinghouse research and apparatus help your power company to supply you cheap electricity for these tasks. Westinghouse appliances help you use it most effectively.

Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity



Great doings in the grand stand. The lad about to present his date with a personally fielded baseball admits he's smart to wear Keds Cuban Welt oxfords. They equip him for emergencies requiring athletic skill and are tops to wear with his loud summer suits. Heavy duck uppers and vulcanized crepe out-soles take merciless punishment. Built on the Keds "Scientific Last" with Keds "Shock-Proof" insoles. White or navy blue.

Making an impression—easy for the fellow who has nifty chatter and wears clothes with an air. He thinks Keds Majestic oxfords are great for tennis and swell with his usual summer get-up. Striped bumper toe strip and narrow banding add color interest. The tile red suede finish of the crepe sole is a new reason for hoisting feet to porch rails. Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion" and "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insole. Cushioned heel seat.

Headed for important business down at the corner. Keeping up a reputation for speed requires something special in shoes. Bike Keds, with Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion" and "Shock-Proof" insole, fill the bill. The extension soles give solid anchorage for roller skates. Stream-line-cut top prevents binding. Heavy brown tire duck with pigskin-finish trimming.

Outboard motors are the doggonest—worse than a girl, almost. His solace is in the substantial beauty of brilliant Keds Yeoman oxfords braced against the stern. Swell to know that the soft, porous duck in the uppers is the kind used in tires. A deep layer of ground cork makes the thick sole cool and featherweight. "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insole. Nottingham blue, Alan-a-Dale blue, Horn white, Will Scarlet red, and Friar Tuck brown.

An engineering feat to be proud of—the cross channels which give air-pump action to the new Keds Ventilating Sole. A shoe that lets the foot breathe through the sole as well as through the upper is a natural for gym. White, non-marking crepe type soles. Keds "Scientific Last" and "Shock-Proof" insole. Black or brown.

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Keds

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$1.00 to $2.50

The Natural Shoe for America at Play

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 B'way, N. Y.

you had a party here one Sunday night."

Equably she dressed herself in the black velvet which she had worn at Greystones.

While she dressed, to her great surprise and almost intolerable relief, he did not intrude. And when she emerged again the steak had been sent, and Hero had humorously stretched a bath towel around his middle and was playing cook, filling up the kitchenette.

"You clear off and be a fine lady."

There were queer things warring in his eyes, which he kept turned from her.

She hovered a moment, trying to guess him.

A silly question came to her; and she asked: "Why were you called Hero?"

"Because my mother married a coward and wanted to make sure of me."

She didn't know whether to try to laugh or not; gave it up; shut herself in the sitting room.

Hero brought in a perfectly cooked dinner; and after it he made the greatest gesture of his life.

THE gesture was blind; a groping through the mystery which, really, she presented to him. He wanted to be magnificent and tender, delicate and chivalrous; to appeal to her gratitude and coax the caution out of her. She was at once the most brittle and precious of his few possessions, and he sought to hold her safely.

He had cleared the dinner table; washed up; again making Linnet sit idly by the fire. And when he came back into the room, and stood looking down upon her, he said very quietly: "You're afraid of me. But, y'know I'm not so tough as I look and sound."

She made no attempt at misunderstanding him, aware that they were at a crucial point of the whole nightmare. She answered: "And I'm not so silly as I seem. You'll find me fair. I never cry off. A bargain's a bargain and I know it."

"Yes. A bargain's a bargain. But it needn't be driven too hard, or in too much of a hurry. Where d'you keep the sheets?"

"Sheets?"

"Yes. I've still to make up my bunk, in that bit of a hole where you keep the boxes."

She looked up at him steadily; but with an audible catch in her breath.

He leaned down and took her hand.

"I'm not a savage."

"No," she agreed faintly.

"And I'm not a cad or a swine; I'm a ʒentleman," he stated absurdly.

"Yes," she said.

"I may be your husband; but I don't xpect anything you don't want to give. y and by, you'll care for me, because *ll make you*." He shared the common ·lief of all men in their powers. "But til you love me, I'll promise you mething; we'll be what the storybooks l married in name only."

There was a silence of huge propor- ı; portentous caliber; while he gazed ıer wistfully. "Here's my hand on it, ding your hand. I want to make you py."

ow he saw only the top of her down- head.

E did not want to understand the ıstful hunger in his eyes. But she ust controlled herself from sobbing with the promised relief of what d.

ank you, Hero. You're very con- te. I'd like—more time—than given me."

ı shall have it. I don't want to ıu against me. I *must* make you how highly I think of you. I *re-* ou."

ndled her hand.

ı arrange on the ship too, unless solutely full up. I know these –I'll get round 'em. You'll see; you'll have a fine little cabin all to yourself. I shall say I'm a bad sailor; and as a bridegroom don't want you to see me revoltingly sick. Or . . . oh, I'll tell some tale."

"You'll make me really like you soon," she faltered.

Never, never, could she do otherwise than hate him.

"Ha! Thought so! But I must go the right way about it, mustn't I? Will three months be long enough for you to think me over?"

"As you needn't give me three days, I suppose three months will be long enough. Awfully . . . reasonable and considerate."

"Let's say—a pact between us—three months. There's a special little reason for it," he added, turning abruptly away, "a very special little reason; I'm a sentimental chap, where you're concerned, and if you'll once get that into your head, you'll understand everything, *when* I tell you, by and by, about this reason."

Groth
DIAMOND
MINING

"I made a bet, dollars to doughnuts, and I won!"

GEORGE WOLFE

"Need we have married in such a hurry—considering this arrangement?"

"Yes! Because I won't leave you behind. See?"

I wish I saw into his mind, she thought.

"Couldn't you tell me the 'little reason' now?"

"I couldn't! You'll know soon enough; but we'll be nearly four thousand miles away from here before I let you into my secret."

"I've married a man of mysteries," she said futilely.

"Well, my life has been pretty varied. As for mysteries—they'll straighten out. We're going to get along grandly; in time. Now—those sheets?"

He pressed her hand and dropped it.

"Pretty hands you have."

"The linen cupboard is in the bathroom," she said hastily.

"Okay. Don't move. I'll be back."

He went out, with that strange mixture of emotions in his face. She heard him whistling softly: "Boots and Saddles," though he made no noise about the flat tonight except this undertoned whistling. There were a haste and furtiveness over all.

Three nights here, she counted; and then we sail!

IN THE morning Hero was up early, very quietly and alertly getting breakfast. All the rest of the day he was very busy taking all her affairs into his hands, without what was evidently to him the farce of asking permission.

His resourcefulness, his capacity for worrying and bullying others to do what he wanted, were in full play, and by nightfall he had sublet her flat. "Sailing on Thursday at noon. Agreement must be signed tomorrow; all valuations made; and a quarter's rent paid in advance," he barked. He sold the incoming tenants by sheer salesmanship her fixtures and carpets, haggling industriously over every sixpence. "We shall never come back here, Lin. We'll stay at hotels wherever we go. I'd rather not be in the directories and telphone books and all that. I like to keep free; you see?"

The day passed raggedly. That evening, tireless, he began their packing; he seemed to own little in the way of baggage, and some of his shirts were to be crammed in with her things. "I'll do it all. I'll do it," he kept saying. He loved handling and admiring and laughing over her clothes, and she grudged him none of such minor satisfactions as might keep him appeased. So she sat by and watched him, shirt-sleeved, red, perspiring, tousled, working away with an air of urgency about it all.

She realized that she had married a man with no roots, no belongings; and that soon she would have to become like him.

And more and more, as she sat watching idly, she was definitely aware that all this haste, this urgency, had reasons, which she wished she knew. Man of mysteries! He was fretting to get away.

"There's only tomorrow," he would say, pausing to wipe his sweaty brow. "Gosh! I'll be pleased to be at sea!"

He seemed suspicious of inquisition, and didn't want the caretaker to come up to do her usual work about the flat.

"No need, when we're both here, idling about. I can do all she does with the broom held in my teeth and both hands tied, m'dear. . . . Do we owe you anything, Mrs. Grey? Paid last week, were you? Well, that's fine. We won't trouble you. G'day."

LINNET came to him, and put her hand on his arm: "I'll be glad to be at sea too."

"Eh? What? Glad to be away with me! You will *really?*" He was delighted till she said:

"Because I want that key."

"You shall have it when we've left Cherbourg."

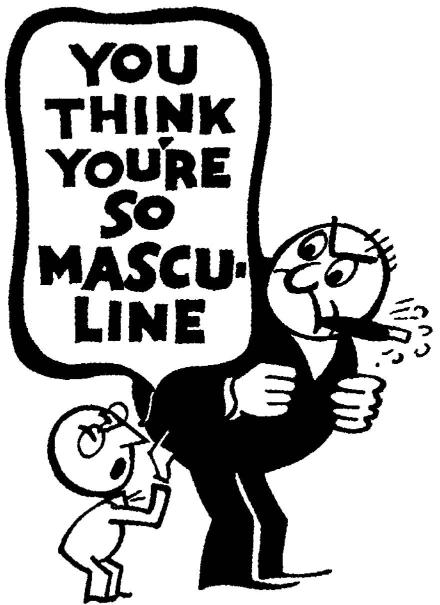
"You'll keep your promise?"

"To you. Yes," he said soberly. "I daren't do otherwise. I'm too crazy about you not to try to please. Listen. We've got a stranglehold on each other, Lin. I with this key; and you with all that I want. But when I give you the key after Cherbourg, you'll give me nothing, eh?"

"I shall be in your hands, shan't I?" she said.

He muttered: "Three months."

When the second night went by, the unfamiliar-looking flat was no more her beloved first home. Hero ravaged it. At ten o'clock that morning a dealer


YOU THINK YOU'RE SO MASCULINE

Don Herold Says:

Maybe you're just a big coward

We men sometimes make me laugh.

We're such little boys about some things.

We'll brag more, fight more, drink more and swear more than we want to, just to be big, strong MALES.

We're still scared stiff that somebody will think we're sissy. THAT is perhaps our biggest cowardice.

And that is how some of us still are about Mum. We think that to use Mum might be too "dainty." Goodness knows, no man really wants to give the offense that Mum is made to prevent (perspiration odor, my hearties).

Mum is a pleasant, harmless cream which kills perspiration odor *all day* without interfering with perspiration itself. Two dabs underarm each morning will do the trick.

"Two dabs, huh?" All right, put it on with a jackknife, if you want to!

Women have used Mum for years. Perhaps you think *that's* against it from our angle.

I'LL USE IT IF I WANT TO—AND I WANT TO

But think with your head. Is there any reason why we men should have the exclusive right to give off a perspiration aura? 1000 times no.

Thousands of men now use Mum. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.)

Don't be a scaredy-cat. Take a try at this Mum thing. Be brave and start by sending for a free sample to Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. M2-67, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City. Nobody will know if you do; many may know if you don't.

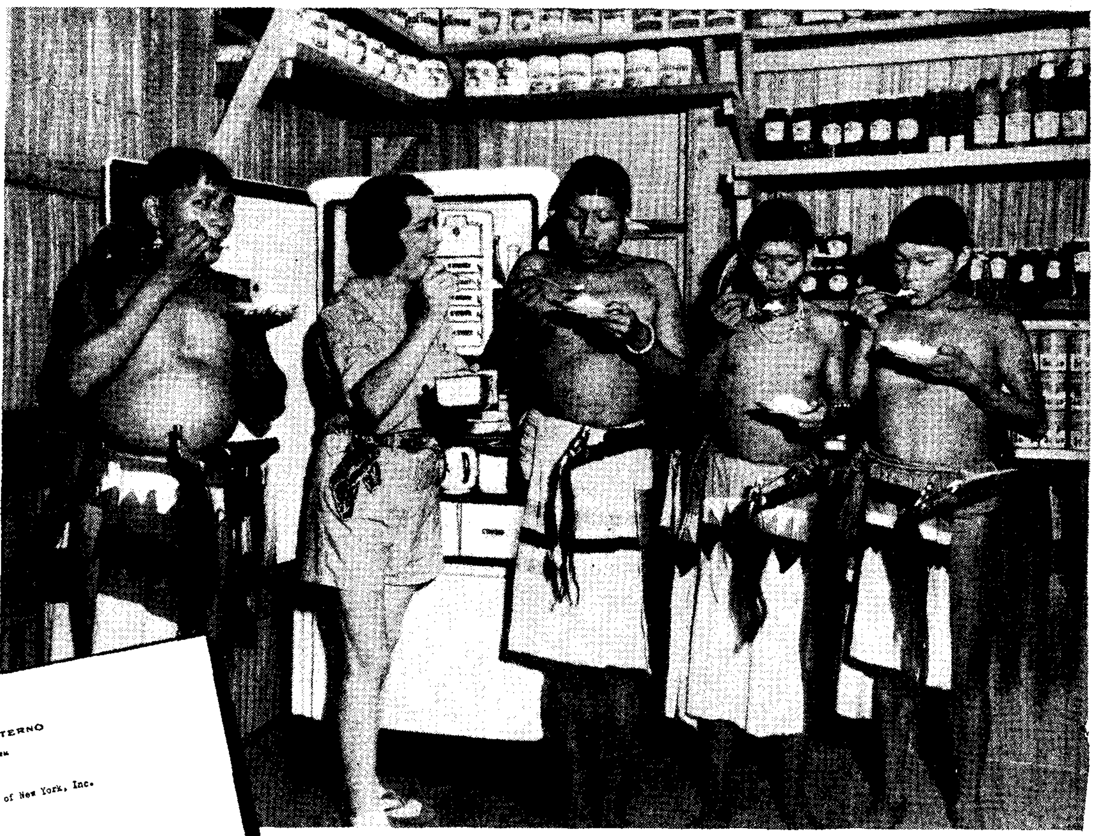
MUM

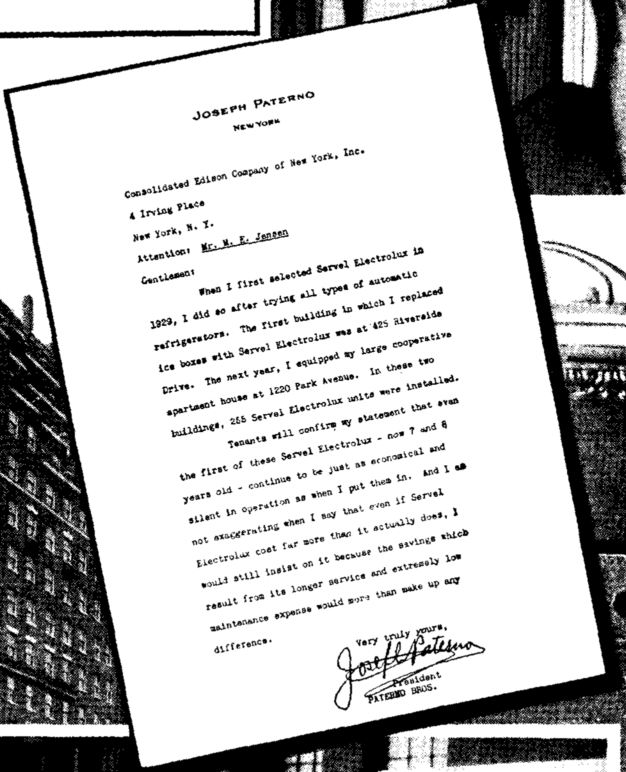
MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

M HOLLYWOOD TO BORNEO

MOVIELAND KNOWS IT'S SILENT—Here is lovely Una Merkel with the Servel Electrolux refrigerator which she chose for her delightful West Coast home. Miss Merkel is currently appearing in the picture "Salt of the Earth," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, starring Wallace Beery.

"TEMPERATURE 90°—REFRIGERATION PERFECT" says Mrs. Martin Johnson, noted explorer, who took two Servel Electrolux with her into the hot, humid jungles of North Borneo. One of these refrigerators was used to guard the expedition's foodstuffs; the other to protect precious photographic supplies. Kerosene replaced gas as the fuel in both refrigerators.





JOSEPH PATERNO
NEW YORK

Consolidated Edison Company of New York, Inc.
4 Irving Place
New York, N. Y.
Attention: Mr. M. E. Jansen

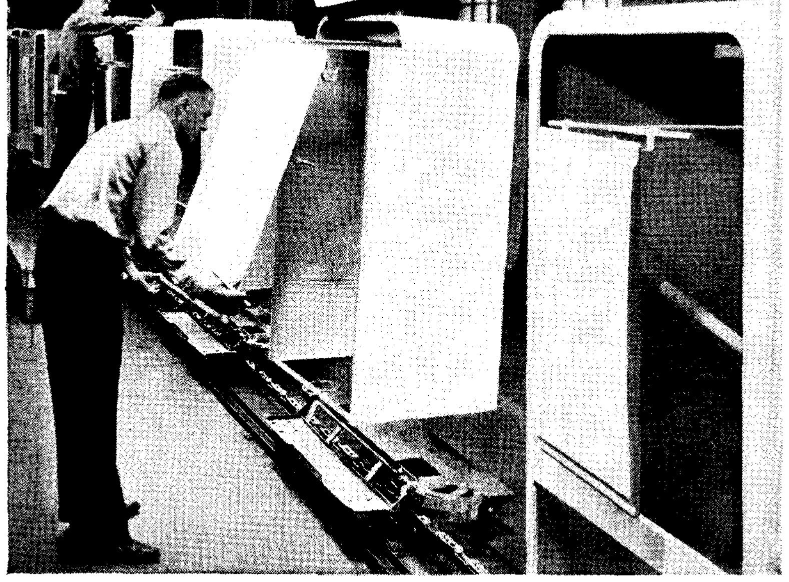
Gentlemen:

When I first selected Servel Electrolux in 1929, I did so after trying all types of automatic refrigerators. The first building in which I replaced ice boxes with Servel Electrolux was at 425 Riverside Drive. The next year, I equipped my large cooperative apartment house at 1220 Park Avenue. In these two buildings, 255 Servel Electrolux units were installed.

Tenants will confirm my statement that even the first of these Servel Electrolux - now 7 and 8 years old - continue to be just as economical and silent in operation as when I put them in. And I am not exaggerating when I say that even if Servel Electrolux cost far more than it actually does, I would still insist on it because the savings which result from its longer service and extremely low maintenance expense would more than make up any difference.

Very truly yours,
Joseph Paterno
President
PATERNO BROS.

(above) **"8 YEARS' AMAZING ECONOMY"** reports Mr. Joseph Paterno, prominent New York City builder, of the Servel Electrolux refrigerators installed in this fashionable Park Avenue apartment building in 1929. Tenants enjoy the same silence and low operating cost as when the units were new. And longer service and low maintenance have meant continued savings for the management.



(left) **FREE FROM NOISE**—Tra
fic Policeman F. B. Cox of L
Angeles, California, gets plen
of noise all day. No wonder
says, "Servel Electrolux is
idea of the perfect refrigerat
It's free from trouble, free fr
noise." This modern refriger
is silent and dependable,
cause its freezing sys
has no moving par
cause noise or w

(left) **"FINISH O. K. FOR LASTING SERVICE"**—After the third and last coat of lustrous, durable *Newtone* finish is baked on, Servel Electrolux cabinets are carefully examined by skilled inspectors. This is but one of the many check-ups in the making of this gas refrigerator that assures you of longer, more satisfying service—both inside and out. Today, nearly a million families enjoy the lasting silence and savings of Servel Electrolux.

"I RECOMMEND IT to all my frie
economy and its silence," says
Brown, who lives at 1037 N. M
nue, Baltimore, Maryland. "I h
Servel Electrolux gas refrigerat
two and one half years, and h
service trouble whatever in
Owners everywhere have had
experience.

ITS SILENCE SAVES MONEY!

SERVEL ELECTROLUX

owners acclaim the thrifty, dependable performance of this modern refrigerator whose freezing system

HAS NO MOVING PARTS

EVERYWHERE—the silent, different operation of Servel Electrolux wins friends. For it means freedom from noise. And it means, also, savings on running cost, food bills and upkeep—*year after year.*

This remarkable refrigerator has no moving parts in its entire freezing system. A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant—without friction or wear, without loss of efficiency due to moving, wearing parts.

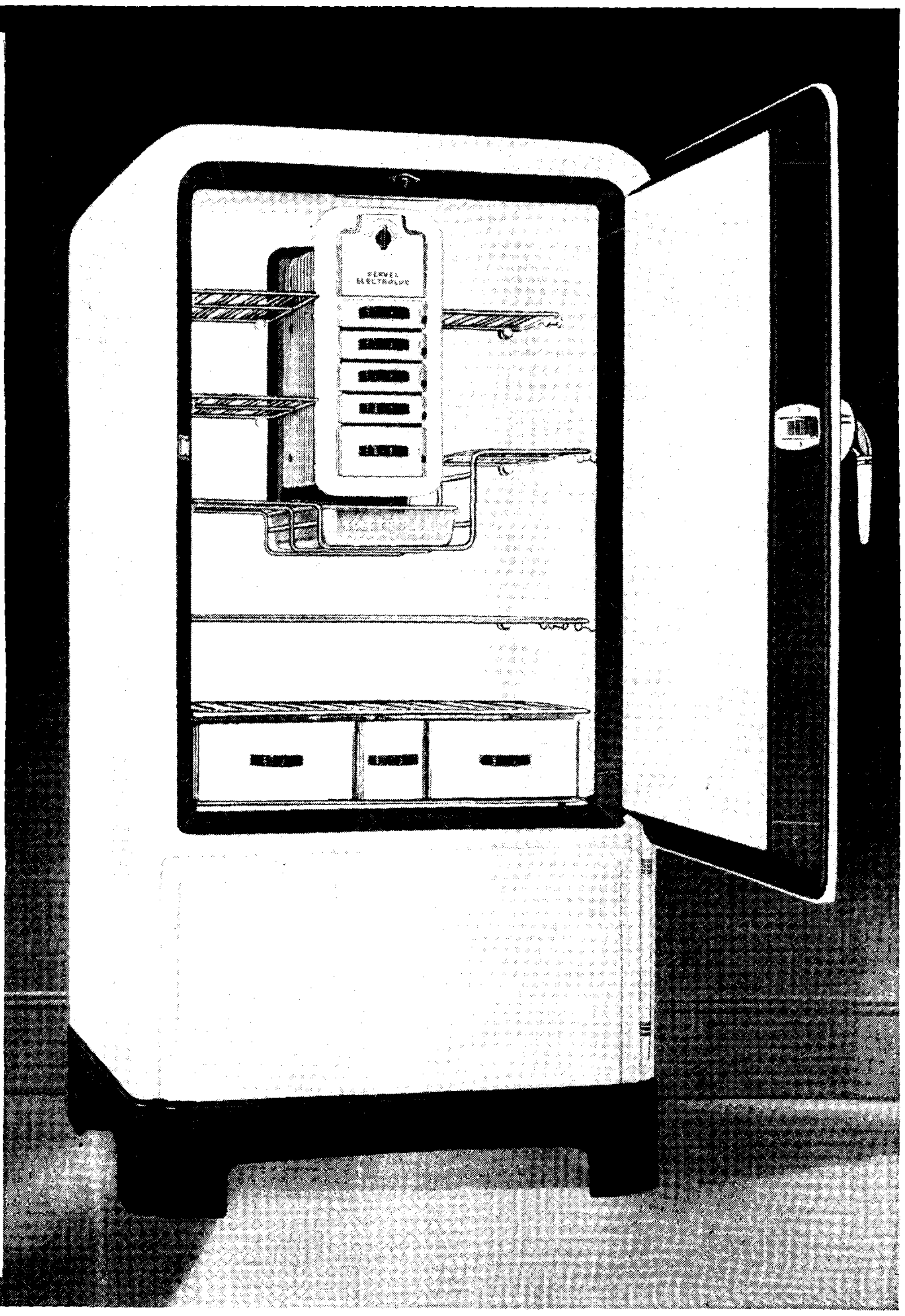
See the beautiful 1937 Servel Electrolux models at your gas company or neighborhood dealer showroom. Remember, your gas company backs and services every one it installs.

• • •

For farm and country homes, Servel Electrolux runs on kerosene or bottled gas. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Servel Electrolux Sales Div., Evansville, Ind. (Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada, Central and South America.)

Tune in "THE MARCH OF TIME"—Columbia network, Thursday evenings—10:30 P. M., E. D. T.

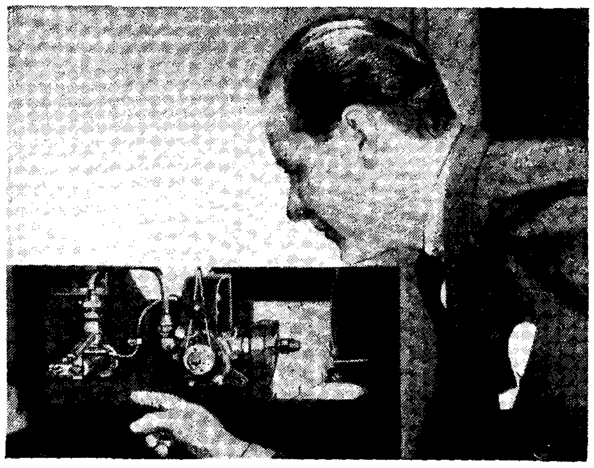
SERVEL ELECTROLUX
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



SILENT, ECONOMICAL—"I appreciate my Servel Electrolux more and more the longer I have it," says Mrs. G. Andries, 2523 N. Maplewood Ave., Chicago, Ill. "It is just as silent and economical as the day I bought it." This long-life satisfaction is one of the big reasons why the gas refrigerator is the choice for an ever-increasing number of American homes.

(above) **FOR FUTURE AIRMEN** — safe food protection! Here, at the Army Air Corps Training Center, Randolph Field, near San Antonio, Texas, Servel Electrolux refrigerators stand guard over the food and health of America's future flyers. Servel Electrolux assures constant food-preserving cold, year after year, at amazingly low cost. Besides, it provides plenty of ice cubes—makes possible delicious salads and frozen desserts.

NO WEAR . . . BECAUSE NO MOVING PARTS in the freezing system of a Servel Electrolux. And for the same reason, no increase in running cost through loss of efficiency—even after long service. A tiny gas flame does the work in this remarkable refrigerator. It circulates the refrigerant, which produces constant cold and ice.



2
Easy Steps
to painting satisfaction

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2 Depend on Lowe Brothers Quality When You Paint.

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Take no chances—and when you see your dealer ask him for Lowe Brothers free book, "Practical Hints on Painting and Decorating." The Lowe Brothers Co., 448 E. Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Lowe Brothers
PAINTS & VARNISHES
QUALITY UNSURPASSED SINCE 1869

came in and bought her furniture. At midday it was taken away.

She made no protest whatever, letting him do as he would, accepting any explanation.

"I altered my mind about storage, Lin. Eats money; and what's the use when you're not going to set up house again? We want every penny we can lay hands on to start off well in New York. Besides, there's *something else*. . . . I told you there was."

"I wish you'd tell me more."

"You'll know in good time."

When her pretty table, her glass and her silver, her cushions, her Jacobean chairs had gone, Hero put sixty pounds into his pocket with relish.

She did not contest the appropriation.

"We've got the rugs left to walk on anyway," said Hero at seven o'clock, with satisfaction, "since the new tenant's taking those. And we've got the cooker and the electric fire and when we've cooked ourselves what's left in the larder, we'll just take a bus to the other side of the park, and stay in the little Swan House Hotel where they know me. You remember it pretty well, I've no doubt."

"I'll never forget it," she said in a low voice.

"Best to forget it after tonight," he answered with a quick look at her.

"Shan't we dine there too, Hero?"

"What! With bacon rashers and eggs and stuff left here? Not on your life! We'll eat straight off the stove, and what matter?"

He began his cooking again.

"For the last time, little girl. Tomorrow night we'll be getting through a long menu in the ship. And I'll be looking round sizing up the fellows for the poker game."

"I think I'll write to Lady Porter tonight, Hero."

"And let me see that letter, too. Well, go," he said amiably, "and *I'll holler* when the grub's ready."

In the empty sitting room Linnet propped a writing pad on the shelf over the fire, and standing, because there was no chair, wrote:

"Dear Lady Porter:

"It is impossible to tell you how very happy you and Sir Andrew made me last week end. Apart from the rest and peace, and the pleasure of seeing your beautiful home, what you both said comforted me tremendously; and swept away all the difficulties."

These lies had to be written; not for her own so much as for Kenneth's sake.

"When Sir Andrew told me that Kenneth Basil would go on from Roumania to China, I did not know what I know now—" not true; but it served well. "I myself have to go to the United States on business. It is very sudden; and I am sailing tomorrow at noon. . . ."

The front doorbell rang.

From the kitchenette, invisible, Hero called masterfully: "May be the new tenant called back about something, dear. Answer, will you?"

She left her unfinished letter, and went to open the door.

Kenneth walked in.

LINNET fell back against the wall. Kenneth closed the door, and stood looking at her—great, grim young man with his overcoat collar turned up almost to the brim of his hat, which was pulled down.

She had not spoken a word by the time he had cast a quick comprehensive look around; seen, through the open door, the denuded sitting room; seen the trunks in the hall; heard the sizzlings from the kitchenette, together with a brisk whistling.

"Kenneth!" Linnet whispered.

And her first conscious sensation was of fear for him; fear for his peril. He must go quickly. She put a hand up over his mouth, so that he should not speak and bring Hero to them; but he caught her wrist and pulled it away. He was listening to everything and seeing everything; and only the fear and caution in her face kept him silent.

The whistling ceased for a moment to accompany the sizzling from the kitchenette, and Hero called: "What is it?"

SHE called back, sharply: "Nothing!" and closed the sitting-room door upon herself and Kenneth.

"Who's that in there? Winter?"

"Don't speak so loud! Yes."

"What's he doing?"

"Never mind! Never mind! Oh, Ken, why have you come back here?"

"To look after you," Kenneth said as sharply as she had answered Hero. "And by Jove! You seem to need it! I came back by plane as soon as I heard about Faverel being found dead in *your* flat."

"It's all over," she whispered urgently. "The verdict was manslaughter by a person unknown; a cat burglar, the police said. We—we staged it all for you, Kenneth. *And now you come back!*"

"I don't know what you mean," he said, holding her by the arms. "I only heard the whole thing yesterday. One of our fellows was sent out after I left; and he had a London newspaper he'd kept because he wanted to show me about Faverel. Otherwise I'd have seen and heard nothing at all. Your name was kept out, I saw, but . . . 22 November Gardens! Well, I know 22 November Gardens, don't I? I left the other fellow in charge; came ten miles by muleback, and fifty by car to the nearest air field; and had delay getting off; but here I am."

"Why? Oh, why? Why? Why?"

"I tell you, to see if you're all right. To see for myself exactly what's happened. A business like that means something to a girl. I've come to look *after you*; and you'll just tell me everything quick."

"I'm all right. It's you—*you*. Don't lie," she urged. "I know it all. Go back!"

"I'm not stirring even from here till you tell me how did Faverel get into your empty flat? Did you give him a key as well as me?"

His primitive jealousy simply glanced off her.

"Ken, darling, don't bluff. Oh, you shouldn't have come. . . . The key? You *know* you were the only one to have a key—and you left it in the flat yourself that night."

"I did not."

"Ken, darling, *we found it*."

" 'We?' "

"Hero and I."

"What's Hero got to do with it, or with you, Lin?" he demanded, but still as undertoned as she was.

"I married *him* on Monday."

Kenneth literally held her up by his grasp of her arms.

"*You* married Hero!"

"For you, you fool," she whispered, "*for you!* I came up from the country from nursing Great-Aunt, and found Faverel dead on the floor here. And you'd gone without a word—and I rang Hero, and he came, and saw it all; and he understood it all; and staged everything; all about the key. *Everything.* He helped me to keep my head. He told me what to say. He put my key by Faverel and told me how to say I'd lent it to him because he was to look over the flat while I was away. Then he got the police. Are you listening?"

"Listening? Gosh! I'm listening!"

"Hero looked after me. And he promised to keep quiet about you being in the flat with Faverel, if I'd marry him. And I've done it. *And now you come back!*"

Her voice stopped; but she drove it on: "We're sailing for New York tomorrow."

"You and he? *Oh no, you're not.*"

"Lin, sweetheart!" Hero called. "All ready!" He strode out of the kitchenette into the hall, and flung open the sitting-room door, shirt-sleeved. There he stopped with his mouth falling open. He turned a grayish chalky white; and stepped in and shut the door and stood against it, breathing heavily.

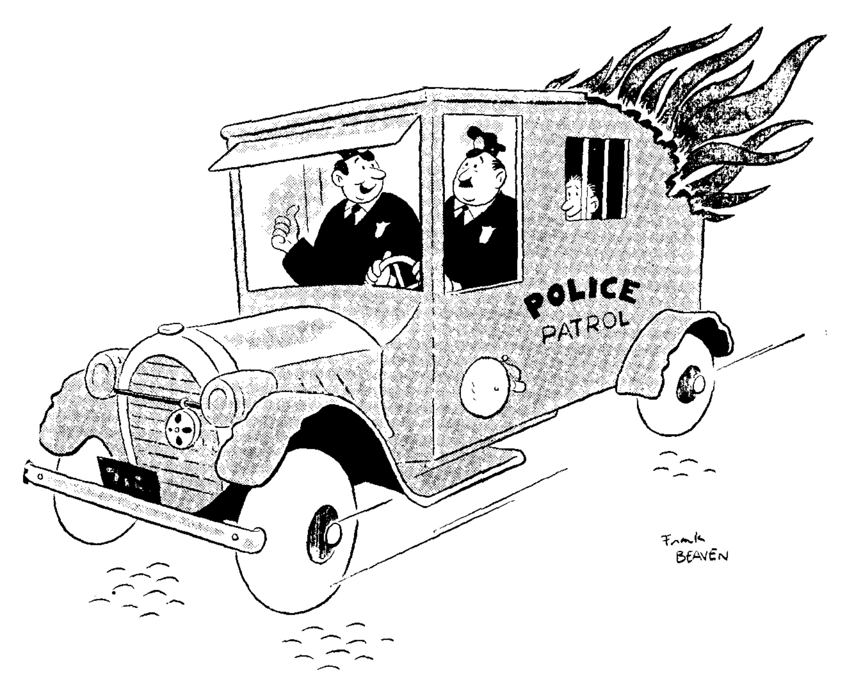
FOR a moment the other two stared at him, waiting for him to speak. No words came; and Kenneth was the first:

"Well, Winter? I'm hearing you've been busy."

Hero's gaze fastened on Linnet. He tried to read *her face, her mind* toward him; and to assess what might have been said between them already; and what his own chances still were. He was torn with fear, scared of danger suddenly shifted from Kenneth's shoulders to his own; in the first flash of seeing them there together, he was sick, scared and tremulous with the foregone knowledge of defeat. Yet it was second nature with him to grab at his chance; and to spring his bluff straightway.

"Ken, you mad fool! Tell him to go, Lin. Tell him to run for his life if he ever ran; run hard."

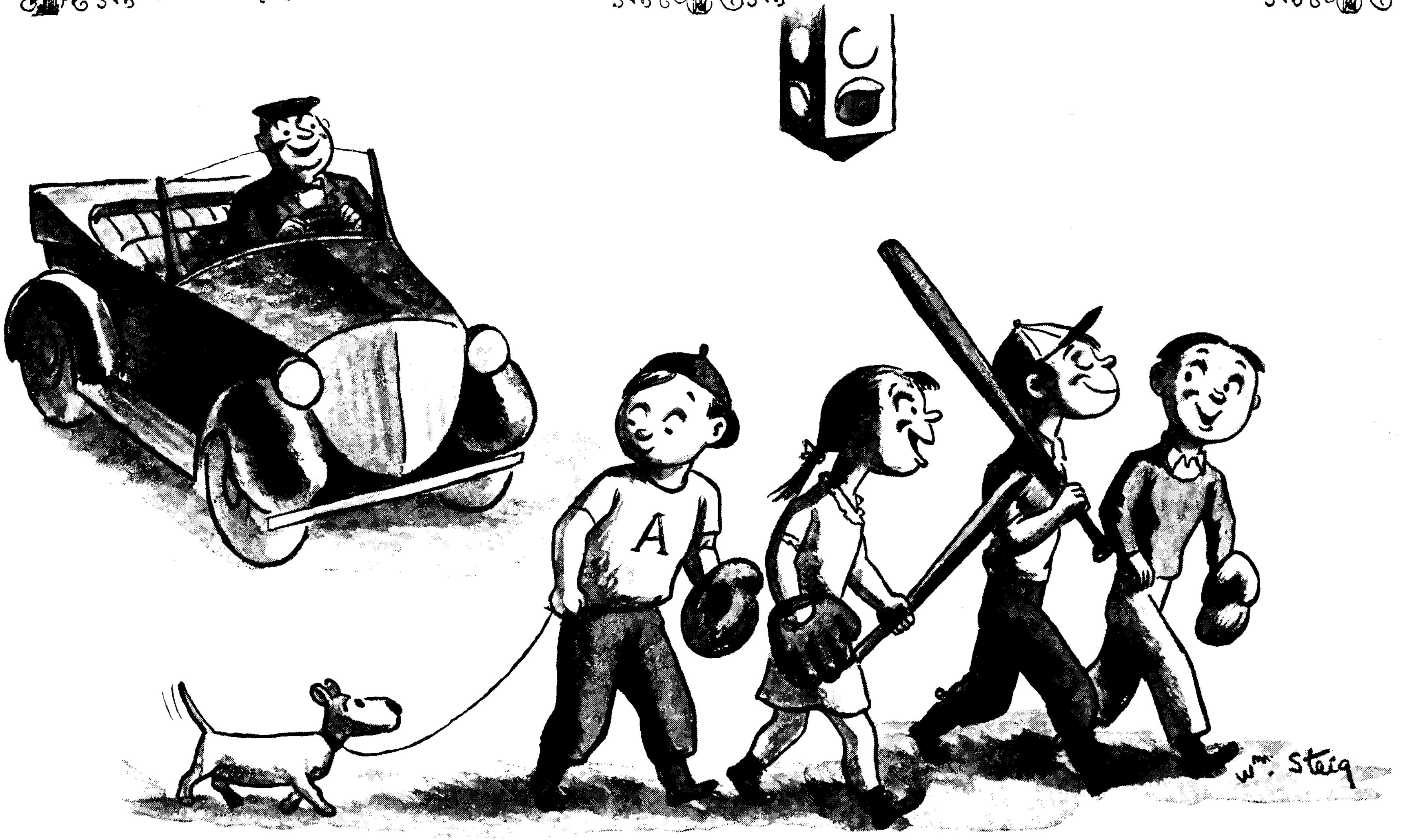
A shaking hand lifted and pointed



"I'm glad we finally got that fire bug!"

FRANK BEAVEN

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME



. . . and **all year round, 4** miles out of **5** are **Stop** and **Go**

IT'S great to go out riding, now that summer's here again!

But remember, stop and go is just as costly in June as it is in January.

Shifting through gears after only one stop can waste enough gasoline to drive your car a third of a mile!

To cut down the high cost of stop and go, Shell engineers have developed a way to "balance" gasoline. This balancing process, by rearranging its chemical structure, makes Super-Shell "digestible" for your motor, just as cooking makes food digestible for you.

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For the sake of economy, next time try this "motor-digestible" gasoline. Super-Shell is on sale at the Shell dealer in your neighborhood.

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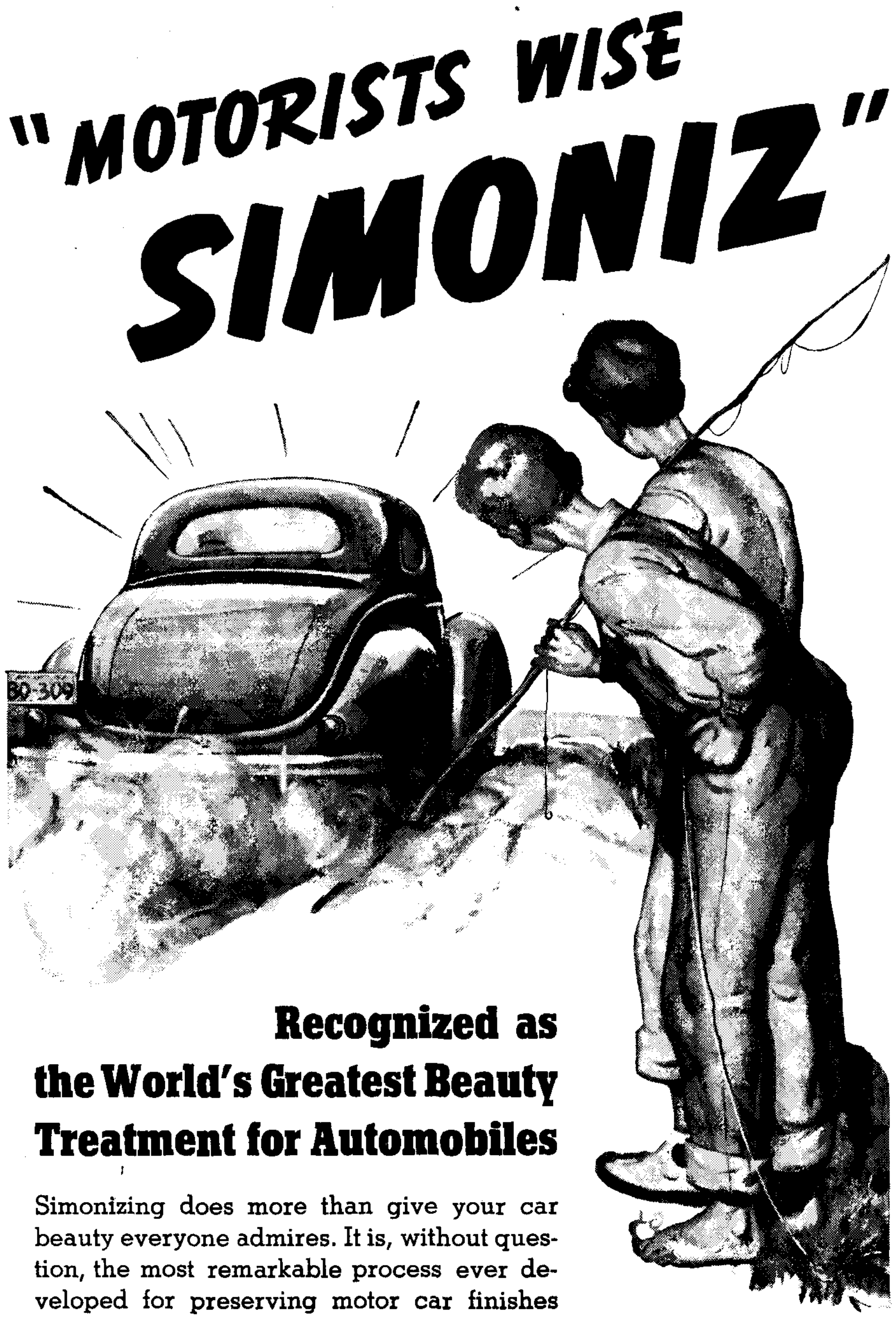

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a dramatic command out to the hall.

But Linnet was faltering slowly: "No, Hero. *You've* got to explain," when Kenneth took her strongly within a hard-muscled arm, and put her aside like a child. "Keep quiet, Linnet. You can listen and learn. But this is just between Winter and me."

And now Winter was somehow—placating and fearful—away from the door, wobbling here and there, large and gray-white and irresolute; and Kenneth had his own back against it.

"You stand still, Winter."

Hero began, his mind making muddled leaps for escape:

"I've been playing your game for you as well as I could, old boy."

Would Kenneth believe it?

"I've cheated the law for you and connived at your getaway; connived and—and—condoned. Serious offenses—Lin can tell you all I did—"

"She's told me about enough."

"Well," said Hero, "Well . . . then." Then he sagged. It cost him an effort to pull himself together, to try to play the man before this appalled girl. He turned to her: "Honey. Whatever Ken's been saying, remember what a man does for the sake of love he's not to be judged for. Thousands of women would be flattered. So if I've not been as straight as you think I might have been over this, you'll forgive me. . . ."

"She'll not forgive you," Kenneth said. "Will you tell her the facts or shall I? I've said nothing yet."

"I've nothing to tell her; except what *she* knows."

"All right. You're dumb. Linnet, Winter came to my rooms to see me off. We drove from my rooms to the Airways Office in a taxi together. I hadn't been near your flat—I was too bitter with you for running off into the country for my last few days. I'd forgotten to return your key—I'd been expecting to have been able to give it back to you."

"Yes," she gasped. "Yes?"

Hero eyed the door; inassailably barricaded.

"I labeled the key—as you saw—and meant to post it. In the taxi I remembered and fished it out of my pocket. We were passing a pillar box, on *his* side of the cab—and he jumped out to post it for me. *You didn't post it,*" Kenneth shouted.

"No," Linnet said in a small, horrified, fainting voice. "He kept it; and used it to come here."

"You came here, and when Faverel turned up, you let him in."

"You killed him!" Linnet cried. And she wrung her hands together. I'm his wife, she thought; I'm his wife!

THEY stood, Kenneth before the door, Linnet leaning against the opposite wall, and stared at Hero wobbling between them.

"It was like a play," Linnet gasped. "The way he staged it all."

"All right, you can tell me the details presently," Kenneth said, staring at Hero. "Because I'm staying a while."

Hero spoke, achieving at least bravado.

"Ken, if you hadn't turned up tonight, if you'd been twelve hours later, you'd have been too late. We'd have been away." He lifted his arms in a gesture of amazement at the derision of fate; and dropped them again—flop!—by his side.

"You'd never even have known about it," he said limply. "Not a word would have come out. My God!—if you'd have been *half an hour* later we'd have been gone—to the hotel. You wouldn't have found us because you'd have been too sore to look for her. Oh, my God! My God! Just to think of it! Half an hour!"

He spread his large hands over his face.

"Well," Kenneth said, "all that goes without saying. But there's one thing that doesn't. . . . You married her. You blackmailed her into marrying you to save me." He turned upon Linnet. "Why did you want to pay a price like that to save *me?*"

"Because I love you," she said, and broke into a storm of crying.

"And I love you! And I love you!"

"I don't know if it's been my fault or yours . . ."

"Get out anyway; and let me kill him."

She ran between them.

"No. No. Save—save whatever's left to us. Ken, don't let me have done all this for nothing."

" '*All this,*' " he repeated, looking at her.

She was Hero's.

AND there was Hero, broken, begging, pleading: "Let me go. Let me go, you two. Just let me go."

"No," Kenneth said.

"God! You must let me go."

"And you her husband! Grand husband!"

"Ken," Hero said, "let her tell you. I've respected her, and treated her as well as I know how. She can tell you. Tell him, Lin. We've been through the marriage service and that's all."

"That's all?"

"That's all," Linnet whispered.

"I'll tell you both why, now. Now it's all up. You see, why I was so keen to get across the herring pond was not only because of what's happened—about Faverel and so on—but because of something I'd got to do. Please listen, you two. *Please.*"

He begged them; drawing the back of a hand across his streaming brow.

"I wanted to get over quick and get my divorce. I was married ten years ago in Kansas. We—we've just traced each other again and we both want to quit. It'd have been easy. And I'd have told Linnet afterward; and by then she wouldn't have minded marrying me. Well, seeing her reasons, there'd have been nothing much else for her to do."

"Linnet, will you let me get at him a minute?"

"No. *No.*"

Hero dodged behind her nimbly enough. There must be no noise, no fracas, if he were to get away.

"Ken, if I prove the marriage, will you let me go?"

"No. You can hang."

"Lin. M'dear. If I prove the marriage, will you make Ken let me go?"

"Will it mean I'm not married to you, even just—legally?"

"It will. You're not married to me at all."

"Oh, please, Ken," she cried.

"Where are his proofs?"

"I'm going to bargain," Hero said cunningly. "If I produce proofs here and now, I go."

"What do we care about your proofs? If you hang, she'll be a widow."

"I shan't hang. It was an accident; just an accident. I hit him and he hit me, and I hit again; and . . . manslaughter at the worst. Lin'll be a grass widow for—maybe five years, till I can claim her again. It's no use trying to revenge yourself on me. It's just stupid. You'll hurt yourselves most." He perspired and mopped; but the perspiration kept rolling down his face.

Oh life, so sweet! Oh liberty! Not a woman in the world is worth my life and liberty!

"Where are your proofs?"

"Packed into my bag out there."

He waved a hand at the closed door.

"Stay where you are, Linnet," Kenneth said.

He opened the door and motioned Hero out.

Hero unstrapped the bag, and dived

down into the contents and brought up a long envelope. "Check it all yourself. It's all there."

And he subsided onto the bench.

His mind ran on tomorrow; the train; the ship; the open sea.

My life! My liberty! he thought.

"Yes, it's all here," Kenneth said. "And the marriage was never dissolved?"

"No. Not so far. We took care to lose each other pretty damn' quick. It didn't work too well. She was a liability. . . . Now she wants to marry again herself. Her letter asking me to come over and arrange—that's there too. That clinches things."

"Yes. I have it."

"You can keep it."

"That's what I propose to do."

Then Hero asked more steadily: "Now will you let me go?"

Linnet came from the sitting room. "You can go." But he looked only at Kenneth.

"Where's your furniture?" Kenneth asked.

"He sold it."

BUT Hero had already whipped out his pocketbook from a deep hip pocket. The loss of that money was bitter, but he counted out the notes and put them down.

"Anything else, Linnet?"

"No. *Please,* Kenneth. Nothing else. Let him go."

"There's just," Hero stammered apologetically, "a couple of my shirts in Lin's cabin trunk. A bit intimate of me—but I hadn't the space."

"Get your shirts."

Never had they seen Hero move with such deft and silent celerity from room to room. His shirts were crammed into the already bursting bag; his jacket and his overcoat dragged on with fugitive speed; and he stood, hat in hand, recovering his color, lingeringly looking his last look at Linnet, so still there in the hall beside Kenneth.

Lovely, irreplaceable thing! And so nearly his!

Half an hour would have done it. Just that half hour in which he cooked eggs and bacon and fried potatoes, grudging the money needed to eat in a restaurant.

Always he blundered.

"Can I kiss your hand, Lin?"

"You'll get out," Kenneth said. He flung open the door, and Hero slipped by.

Kenneth shut the door.

"My dear!"

Linnet flung herself for the first time into his arms. She had been there before, cautiously; disciplining his one and only kiss; but she did not discipline him now.

She was only just taking in the whole of the revelation of his return; and in triumph she clung to him. "You really rushed back like this just to look after me. Risking your job and everything—to look after me?"

"I've told you."

"It's too much to believe."

"Well, I shan't tell you again."

That was like him! She burst out laughing. "Laugh, darling, laugh! You've always been too grim! Laugh."

They stood hugging each other, laughing; and it was difficult to stop either laughing or hugging.

"But I've got to get back to Roumania now as fast as I can. The first plane going."

"Taking me. . . . I'd follow anyway."

"Pelham and Penley?"

"Given up, on marriage."

"To Hero? Well, then you're all ready for me."

"All ready for you. . . . Oh! there's a lot to tell . . . the Porters . . . Gwennie . . . Dorothy . . . all of it. Things have happened so fast. . . . Come into the kitchen."

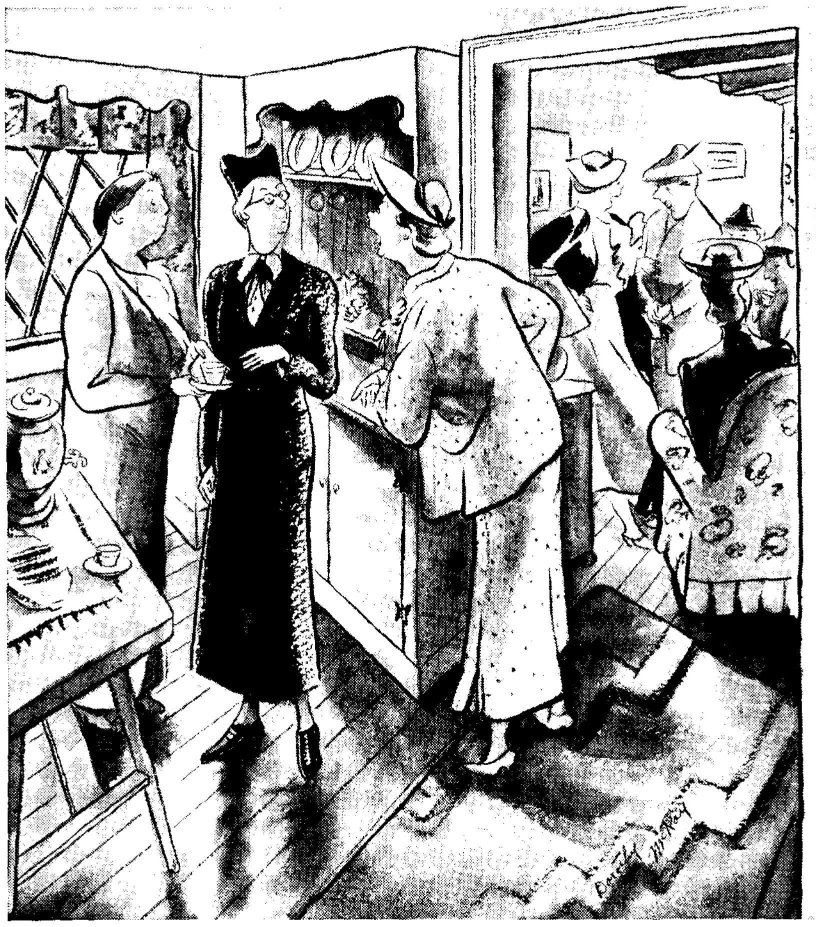
"What was he cooking?"

"Our supper."

"I'm a bit jealous right away. The swine could cook better than I could? Look after you better than I can?"

"Come and try again, my grim young man!"

THE END



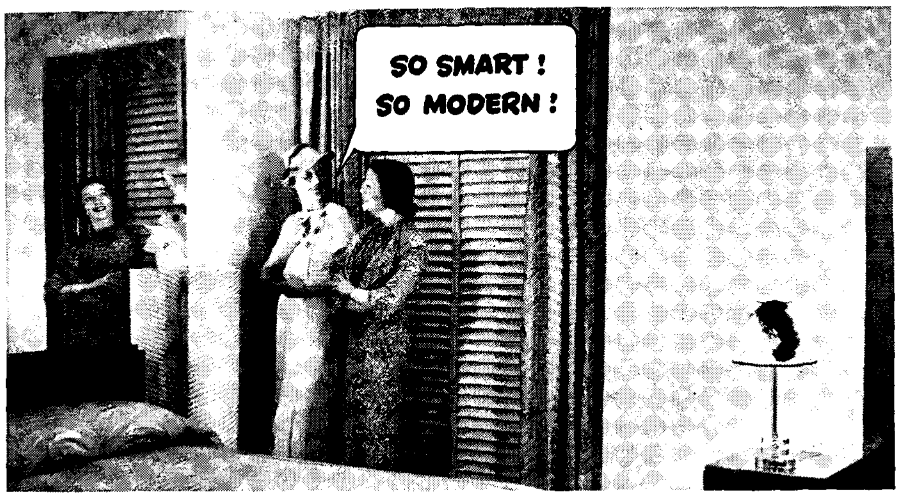
"I've been dying to meet you. I've heard so little about you!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

HERE'S WHY MARY'S HOME IS SO CHARMING

YOUR HOME IS SIMPLY LOVELY, MARY!

Mary and Ted have just moved into their new home. Every day people come to call—and admire. And every day Mary and Ted appreciate more and more the beautiful, unusual effects that were achieved by using Genuine MASONITE on walls and ceilings.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THANKS TO OUR MASONITE WALLS AND CEILINGS, MY DEAR!

Photos courtesy Spear & Co., New York

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Done to a Turn

By Hannah Lees

Beer produced the singing waiter; it took artificial fever to introduce the singing nurse. Patients need every distraction they can get while undergoing this modern version of the ordeal by fire. It's even tougher, though, on the germs—they can't take it but you can

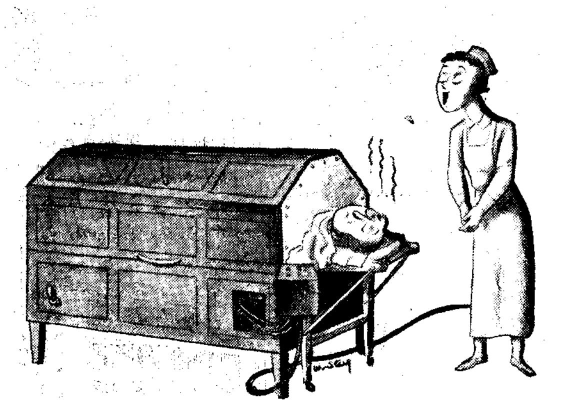
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

IT WAS a new department in the hospital, this Fever Therapy, so new that people phoning to it were always being connected with Physiotherapy by mistake, so new the Superintendent of Nurses hadn't even visited it so far. But two of her best girls had been taken off other duty to work down there, so it seemed time to look into it.

She was frowning as she walked down the corridor, for from the wing where the new department was supposed to be came unmistakable sounds of song. "Pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and start all over again." Yes, unmistakable. She opened the door and frowned harder.

What she saw was two large oblong boxes, they might almost have been iceboxes except that they were battleship gray instead of white, and were lying on their sides propped up on legs. Besides, a head was sticking out of the end of each box, with an electric fan blowing directly on it, and her two best nurses were standing by, tenderly rubbing the heads with ice. One of the nurses was talking to her head in low, soothing tones, and the other, supposedly the oldest and wisest, was singing.

"Pick yourself up, dust yourself off," she caroled, "a drink of water? That's right. . . . and start all over again."



"Miss Blank," said the superintendent gently, "this is scarcely professional conduct."

"Oh, good morning, Miss Dash." In flushed, respectful silence the nurse listened to a little lecture on nursing ethics and etiquette.

But the heads sticking out of the cabinets didn't seem much interested in etiquette. They began to twist and toss. One of them began to moan and was still moaning when the superintendent had left. It was a good thing the doctor in charge came back about then, for the moaner had begun to shout to be let out of his box.

"Let out?" said the doctor calmly. "Nonsense. This is going to cure you if you're man enough to take it. What's his temperature been—steady 106½? That's fine. Don't let it drop below that."

He smiled when Miss Blank told him of the su- tendent's visit. "Well," he said. "I hate to go Training School Office, but when they told to 'em out at the Miami Valley Hospital, hat they were doing. Miss Blank, you eak to the superintendent."

hines bright in my old Kentucky rse, going back to her ice rub- utes the restless heads were not the beginning of a doctor- ient love story, but something that really happened in a large city hospital not so long ago. And if you don't understand it now, you will in a minute.

You'd probably need music too, if your temperature were over a hundred and six and going to stay that way for a good many hours. In fact if your temperature were that high for that long and had gone there of its own accord you'd be more likely to need slow music and flowers. You know how serious it sounds when you hear of a relative or friend being sick with a temperature of even a hundred and four or five. But that's the incredible thing about this Fever Therapy. Doctors have discovered that people can stand a lot higher temperature, artificially created, than they possibly could if it were the result of illness. And they have discovered, what's more, that high temperatures like this, though they make you feel pretty terrible while they're going on, can do almost miraculous things when it comes to curing disease.

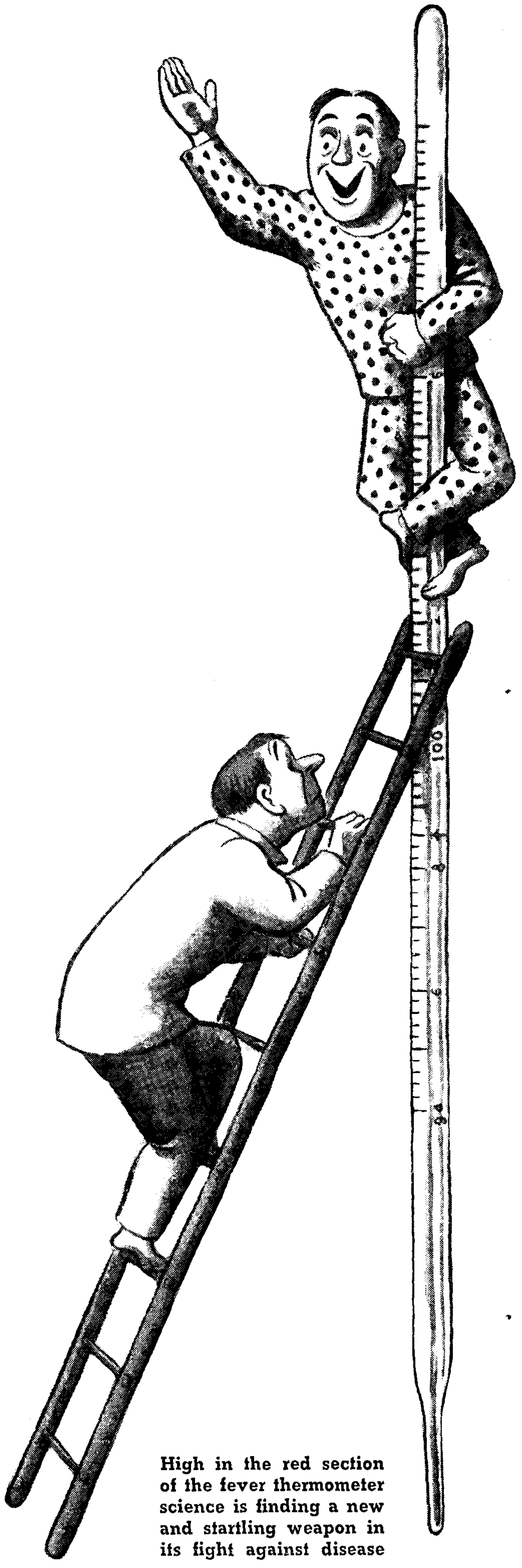
It's a new discovery in a way, so new that those boxes on legs aren't even being sold yet, but just lent to certain hospitals for research purposes, so new that five years ago those boxes weren't even invented. Yet the idea behind it goes back fifty years to a Viennese psychiatrist by the name of Wagner Jauregg. Going the rounds of the mental hospital he was working in he came across a funny coincidence. Every once in a while a crazy person who got malaria or typhoid or pneumonia—apparently anything that gave him a high fever—came out of it, if he came out at all, sane.

Prodding Your Body's Defenders

Up to that time everyone had thought of fever as a menace, something to be brought down to normal as quickly as possible. In fact most people still do. But Wagner Jauregg wasn't one to take anything for granted. He set to work to study the connection between those fevers and the occasional returns to sanity. He worked on his idea for thirty years, and the idea kept growing, and along with him and after him worked a lot of other inquisitive clear-thinking scientists, and out of their work came a brand-new idea.

Fever isn't a menace at all, not in itself. Instead, it is probably one of the most important safety devices in our bodies. If you've ever studied chemistry you know that sometimes you can have the quietest, most inactive-looking substance sitting in a bottle on a shelf. You put it in a test tube with something else and still nothing happens. But then just heat it over a flame and it fizzes up and goes to work like mad. Well, that in a way is what most doctors now think the fever you get in pneumonia or appendicitis is for; to make certain elements in the body fight faster by just getting them hot enough. The fever is a danger signal all right, but only because it shows there is some pretty serious enemy there for your body to fight against.

But what is even more interesting, that fever, along with helping to fight the original enemy (such as the pneumonia germ, say) that caused it, can sometimes do a fighting job on the side against some other germs a person might have in his body. And that's what Wagner Jauregg found out. At first he thought the fever just mysteriously brought people back to sanity at random. But gradually he discovered it was only people with a certain kind of insanity that were cured—a kind that only came when a certain definite germ got to work inside the brain, the spirochete, in fact, that causes syphilis. What the fever seemed to do was kill or at least



High in the red section of the fever thermometer science is finding a new and startling weapon in its fight against disease

No bright sunshine
all day... but look at
these snapshots
KODAK FILM
VERICHROME
8 EX.
2¼ x 3¼ IN.
KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM
V620
Kodak
VERICHROME FILM

"SEEMS like the sun never shines when I want to take some snaps!"

Sounds familiar, doesn't it? A few short years ago it was quite a common complaint. But it doesn't apply any more.

Nothing could be done about the weather, but plenty has been done with the film. The 1937 film—Kodak Verichrome—can see as well on cloudy days as you yourself. Let the sun hide its face. You'll bring back your snapshots—good ones—just the same.

Not only that. Your snapshooting day is longer with Verichrome. You'll get excellent snapshots earlier in the morning, and later in the evening, than before.

When the sun is shining, that's fine. But with Verichrome, you can snap pictures in the shade. Or snap people when they're not facing the sun—their expressions natural, not "squinty."

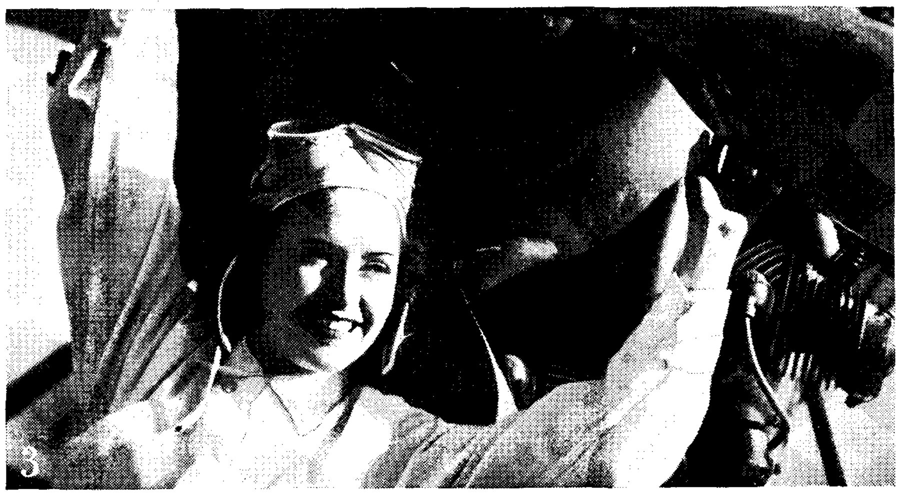
Any camera, in any light, is a better camera loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Don't wait for the bright sun—try it out and see... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film . . . which only Eastman makes.

KODAK *Verichrome* FILM

Ray Corrigan and Ralph Byrd (in sidecar), enact a thrilling scene in the Republic Picture, "Dick Tracy". Other exciting action takes place on . . .

. . . an airplane. For airplane engine rocker arms Sinclair engineers have developed a special . . .



. . . lubricant that has increased flying time between overhauls from 15 hours to more than 400 hours. You also benefit . . .

4
SINCLAIR H-C GASOLINE
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. . . from the skill of Sinclair engineers when you have your car lubricated by your nearby Sinclair dealer. For safe driving this summer, keep your car Sinclair-lubricated.

help the body kill that spirochete.

Syphilis is too big a subject to get started on just as a side issue to fever, but this much is definite. Even though fever is now only one part of the treatment of syphilis, and syphilis only one of the diseases that is successfully treated by raising a patient's temperature, if it hadn't been for those people insane with brain syphilis some fifty years ago we might not know now how valuable fever can be. Because Wagner Jauregg, seeing what miracles accidental fever could occasionally work, went a step farther and began deliberately giving fever to people with brain syphilis. He took blood from people with malaria and injected it into these hopelessly insane people, and deliberately gave them malaria. It was dangerous. It still is. It made the patients terribly sick and was often difficult to control, but just the same it usually made such definite progress against the hopeless insanity of paresis—for that is what they call the stage of syphilis when the spirochete has begun to attack the brain—that it couldn't help seeming worth the risk and agony.

Benefit of Radio

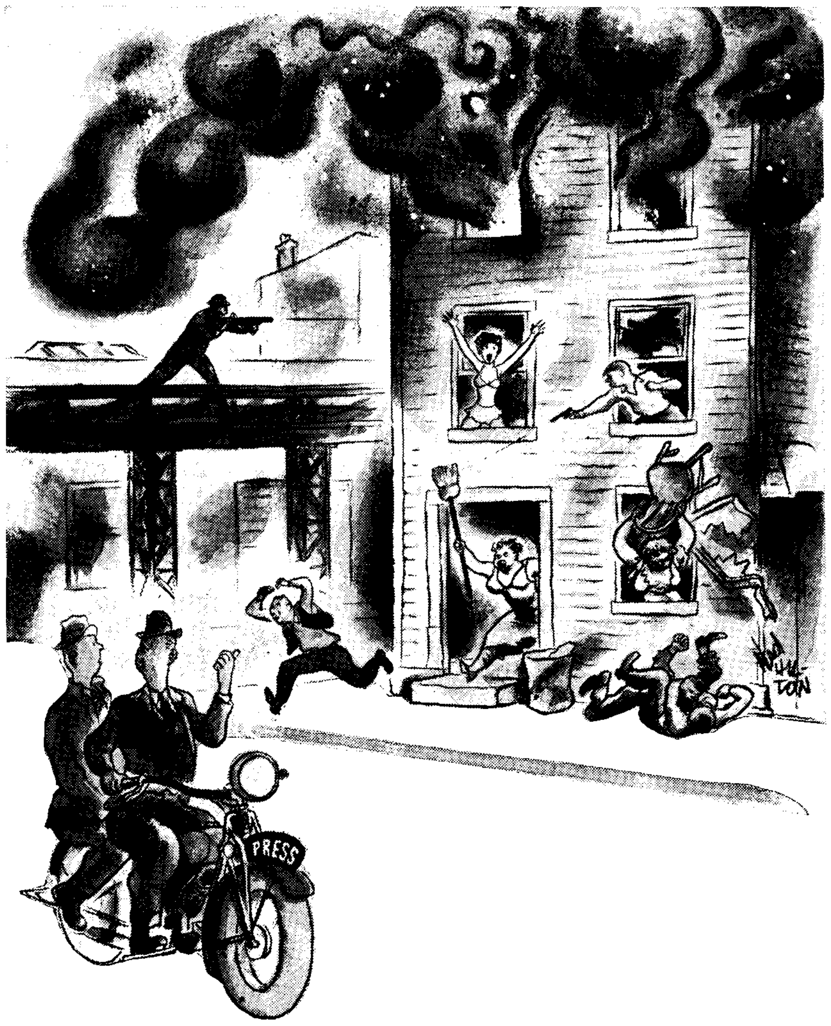
Of course it inevitably occurred to doctors as the years went on, and malaria kept on bringing people back to sanity, that if they could find some other way to raise a person's temperature besides deliberately giving him a serious disease it would be all to the good. But they couldn't seem to. They tried hot baths, and they raised the temperatures all right, but you couldn't leave a patient in a hot bath long enough to do any good without his collapsing.

It was by the merest accident that something else that would work as well as malaria was discovered, as recently as 1929 and in a place about as remote from a hospital as the north pole from the equator. Some young electrical engineers were working on radio transmission in the General Electric laboratories in Schenectady and they discovered that every time the current was turned on whoever was in the room with those high-frequency radio waves soon began to feel pretty sick. The engineer in charge, Willis Rodney Whitney, wondered what could be doing it and tried taking their temperatures. And it was a good hunch. What was making those boys feel sick was fever.

Whitney wasn't a doctor but he'd heard of giving people malaria to raise their temperatures, to help them fight paresis. He began to believe that these radio waves could do the same job better, and he was right. Just put a person in the way of those waves and up went his temperature, higher if you dared let it than it ever went with malaria. Take him away again, and the temperature went down. As simple as that.

The only trouble was that although these radio waves might be safer and easier to control than malaria, they made the patients more uncomfortable, if anything. The patients sweated terrifically, of course, while their temperatures were rising, and sometimes this sweat would make a short circuit, just the way water does when it gets on an electric cord, and a spark would jump across the patient's skin and burn him. Besides, the temperature had to stay up for a good many hours if it was going to do any good, and you couldn't keep shooting those radio waves through a person for five or six hours in a row. His temperature would keep right on rising if you did. So he had to be wrapped up beforehand in a blanket and a rubber sheet like a mummy. He couldn't move. He usually thought he was going to die, and often hoped he would.

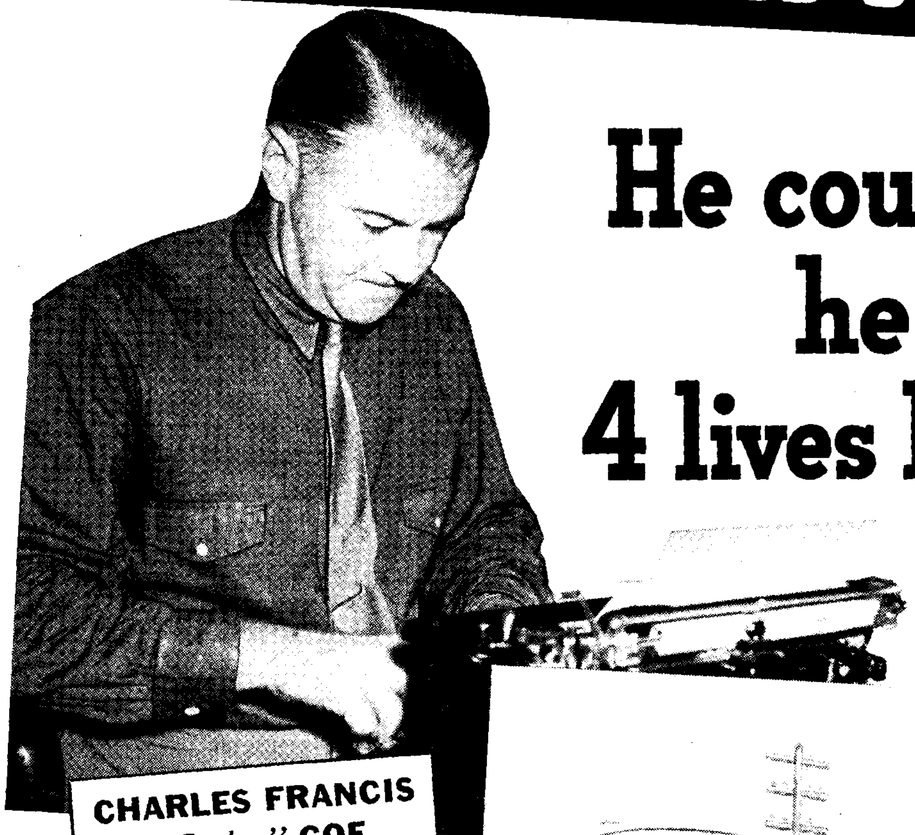
Then another engineer, Charles F. Kettering, began to wonder why you couldn't put the poor sweltering patient in an air-conditioned box while you were



"Think there's a story in this?"

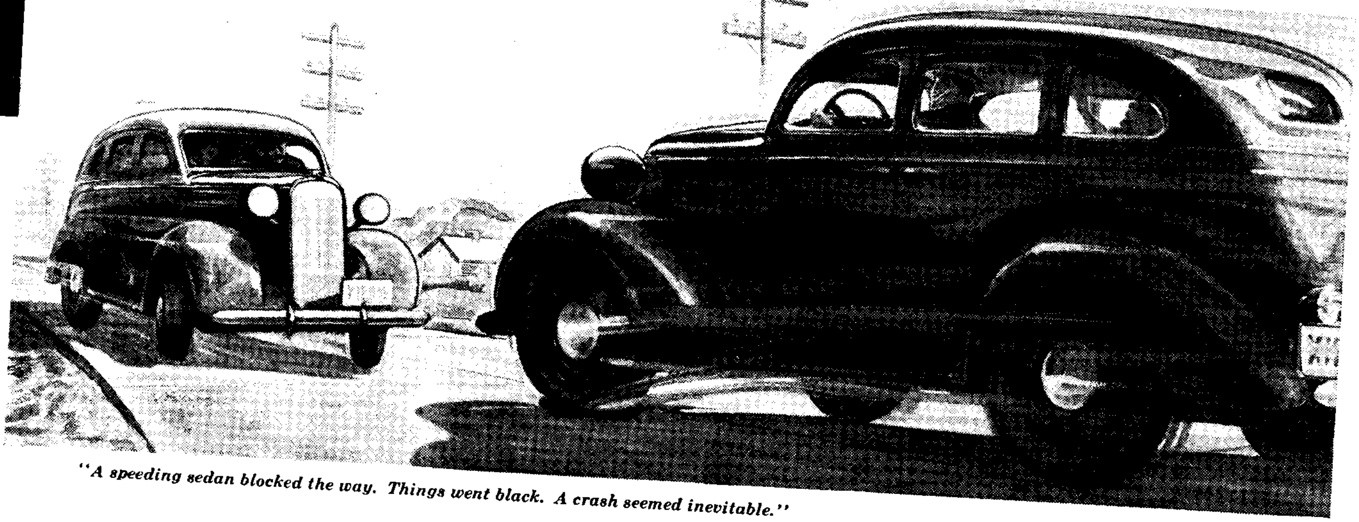
NED HILTON

CHARLES FRANCIS COE WRITES A THRILLER



CHARLES FRANCIS
"Socker" **COE**
Well-known, two-fisted
Sports Writer, Novelist

He couldn't steer.... he couldn't stop.... 4 lives hung in the balance!



"A speeding sedan blocked the way. Things went black. A crash seemed inevitable."

"HOP IN, children—first stop Kentland." Mr. Harry Folkerth of Chicago, Ill., beamed as he gave his newly overhauled car a final tune-up before the long jaunt to Indianapolis.

The three tiny tots, who had been entrusted to his care, needed no second invitation. "Let's go," piped the older boy, as they scampered with their little bags into the back of the car. "We want to see the cows and chickens."

"We're off," said driver Folkerth as he stepped on the gas. "And," he added with confidence, "your mother won't have to worry about your safety—not with me at the wheel. You don't catch me taking chances—life's too sweet."

No doubt about it, as a driver, Harry Folkerth was as careful as they come. But little did he know that at this moment he was riding on dynamite—that there was trouble ahead—trouble that was destined to teach him a lesson in motoring safety that would last a lifetime.

And, sadly enough, it happened when they were out on the main through highway, less than two miles from Kentland. No warning—nothing but an ear-splitting BANG that rocked the car like a toy horse!

Danger Ahead!

As the three children let out a pitiful shriek, the car streaked to the left. Mr. Folkerth might just as well have been in a strait-jacket. He couldn't steer! He couldn't stop! A speeding sedan blocked the way. Things went black. A crash seemed inevitable. But by some stroke of fortune the oncoming car swerved, missed their uncontrollable car by inches. A split second's difference might have meant tragedy instead of safety.

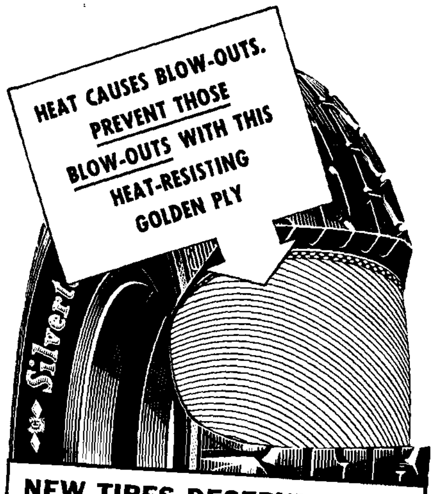
I should think with thousands of people being killed or injured every year in blow-out accidents—with thousands more having "close shaves" like Mr. Folkerth that no life-loving motorist would dare to start out on a trip, short or long, without being pretty sure of the condition of his tires.

Because how any weak, flimsy, tread-worn tire can stand up under modern mile-a-minute driving conditions is beyond me. That's why my hat goes off to Goodrich engineers. They did something about this blow-out menace. Starting from scratch they scrapped old-time, ordinary construction methods. They experimented, tested, until finally they literally struck gold—yes, they discovered the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

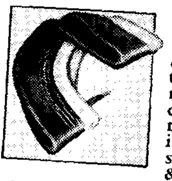
As I understand it, this revolutionary discovery is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the intense blowout-causing heat which is generated inside *all* tires by today's higher speeds. By resisting this *invisible, internal heat,* the Golden Ply licks the great unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs.

Play Safe with Goodrich

Fight blow-out dangers the way Mr. Harry Folkerth of Chicago and thousands of other "play safe" motorists are now doing. Ride on Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns. They're *safer*—they're *sturdier*—they put *real* protection between your car and the road. Drive in and get your set of Silvertowns from any Goodrich Silvertown Store or Goodrich Dealer. *There's no price premium to pay.*


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Silvert

NEW TIRES DESERVE THESE SAFE, EXTRA-TOUGH TUBES

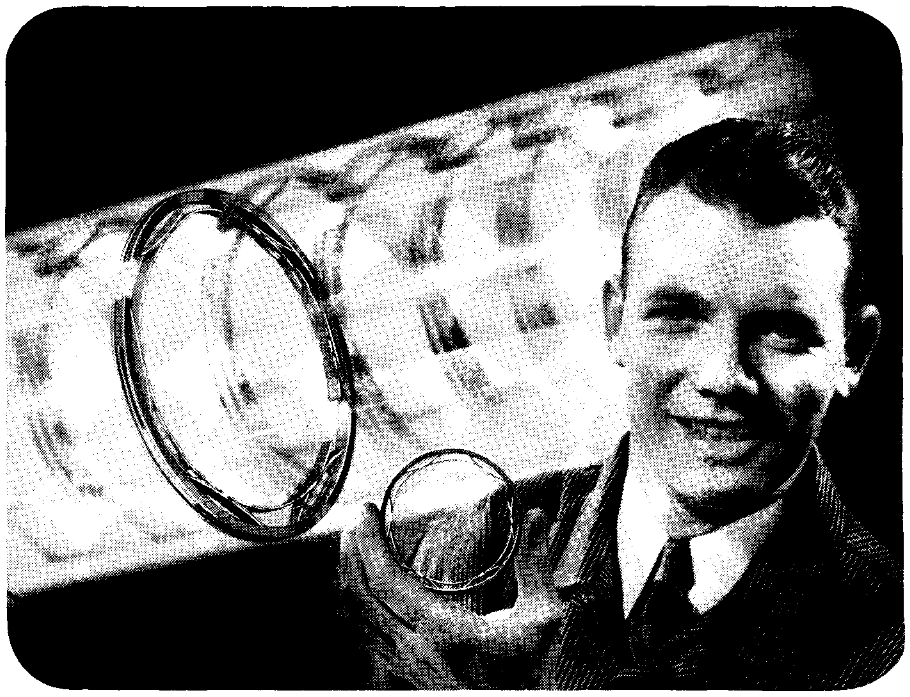


Imagine! *Two* kinds of rubber are used in the construction of Goodrich Gold & Black Tubes—1. A tougher, black rubber to resist tearing and 2. A special re-enforcement of gold rubber to resist rim chafing. No wonder this tube saves you money. Get Gold & Black Tubes today.

Goodrich GOLD & BLACK TUBES

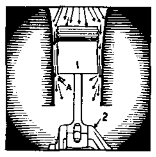
Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

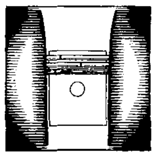


"I'll stop oil and power leaks 50 times a second with this piston ring"

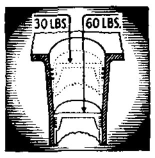
AFTER 20,000 TO 25,000 MILES the cylinders in your engine become worn—larger at the top than at the bottom. (For illustration purposes, the diagram showing the taper is exaggerated.)



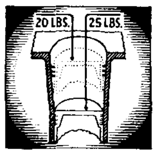
AT 60 MILES AN HOUR each piston flashes up and down *50 times a second!* Ordinary piston rings lack the flexibility to change in diameter that fast. Oil escapes. Power is lost.



IN AN ATTEMPT TO SEAL tapered cylinders, expander piston rings were developed that exerted high pressure in cylinders. But they caused piston drag. Cut power. Paralyzed at high speeds.



AT LAST, the Perfect Circle X-90 Piston Ring solved the problem. Utterly different, it is a *low-pressure* ring that *cuts in half* the pressure needed to force the piston through the cylinder.



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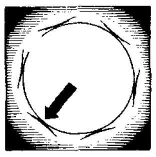

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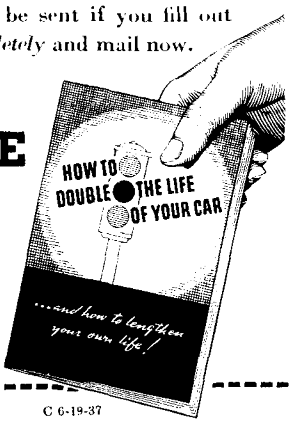
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heating him up. He'd feel better because he could move around a little, and if the box was made right it would keep his temperature up afterward. Air conditioned, remember, doesn't necessarily mean cool like the movies in summer. To Kettering it meant hot, hot as an oven, but with the air circulating and the humidity and temperature properly regulated. They tried it and it worked marvelously.

But then came another accident. One day about four years ago they were giving fever to a poor little girl with congenital syphilis. Her mother had had it and she was born with it. They were treating her in a Research Institute that Mr. Kettering, being comfortably off, had presented to the Miami Valley Hospital in Dayton, Ohio, so that they could find out just what artificial fever could do. She was in the air-conditioned box and attached to it was the short-wave radio apparatus that was going to raise her temperature. Well, they kept watching her and taking her temperature every ten minutes or so, and in the usual time, about fifty minutes, she had a fever of a hundred and six—just what it ought to have been. Only then someone noticed that the nurse in charge had forgotten to turn on the high-frequency current. The little girl hadn't been getting any radio waves at all. The air-conditioned box had sent her temperature up all by itself.

Choose Your Method

And that brings us at last back to our singing nurse, because they began right away, of course, to make air-conditioned boxes that would raise temperatures without any outside help, and it was two of those boxes that the restless heads that found music so soothing were sticking out of.

Doctors still use malaria for treating paresis. In fact a good many of them think there is something special about malarial fever that gives the spirochetes in the brain a harder knock even than artificial fever. They still use the principle of the radio waves, too, in a good many places. And, since this idea of giving artificial fever has got about, a lot of other ways have been evolved, such as boxes that heat by high-powered electric lights, boxes that heat by coils like a toaster, boxes that heat the patient with a fine spray of hot water, and electrically heated sleeping bags. Dr. Walter Simpson, who is in charge of the research at the Miami Valley Hospital, is too clear-headed to let his enthusiasm for one apparatus make him scorn all others. He says it doesn't matter nearly so much what machine you use to get the fever up as it does how skillfully and accurately you control it. After all it is the fever that is important and that does the curing, not the malaria or the radio waves, or the air conditioning.

As for what you can cure with this artificial fever—well, there are quite a number of diseases those people whose heads were sticking out of the big boxes might have had. The most probable, and strangely enough the most hopeful ones too, are either this frightful condition called paresis, or an almost equally frightful kind of arthritis that comes from gonorrhea and can cripple a man for life. Those diseases, serious as they are, seem to be the only two so far that a high fever can actually and completely knock out of a man.

The way they found out about paresis and fever you already know, but the way they found out about what fever could do to gonorrheal arthritis was pretty amazing too, just another accident at this same Miami Valley Hospital where they seem to go in for lucky ones. There, about five years ago, they were treating a man for syphilis who happened also to have gonorrheal arthritis, and after three sessions of fever they discovered to their amazement that, though the syphilis was only just beginning to respond, the arthritis was entirely cured. Well, that was all that had to happen. They tried it again and again, and it worked every time, so they've been trying it ever since with almost miraculous results.

There is something rather special about the way fever cures these two particular diseases—by a sort of double-barreled shotgun really. Scientists have discovered that both the spirochete that causes syphilis and the gonococcus that causes gonorrhea are pretty fragile beasts for all the damage they can do. They can't stand nearly as much heat as a human being. So if you raise a man's temperature, up to a hundred and five for the spirochete and a hundred and six and a half for the gonococcus, the fever not only encourages the defenses of the body to get to work and fight the enemy, as I've already explained, but actually kills the enemies, burns them up in fact, though leaving the person they were attacking unharmed.

You'd naturally think from this that giving people fevers would from now on be the logical cure for all kinds of gonorrhea and syphilis, but nothing is ever quite as simple as that, somehow. In the first place our bodies aren't a bit logical. The spirochete and gonococcus die all right in test tubes, at temperatures of a hundred and five and a hundred and six and a half respectively, but they don't seem to be quite so easy to kill inside the human body. You can always burn some of them up with those artificial fevers, but it is only sometimes, apparently, that you can burn up all of them, and you have to burn up every single one if you're going to have a complete cure.

Dr. Simpson and a lot of other people are working on ways to make those fevers effective in all stages of gonorrhea and syphilis and they seem to be getting some pretty dramatic results, but it's too early yet to know how final they are, and so far the only stages at which those two vicious germs seem certain to be killed and all killed by fever are those last terrible stages of insanity and arthritis. It doesn't seem logical, does it? But that's the way it has worked.

Besides, even if they do discover ways for fever to kill those germs early, before they get started, the real problem is to get the millions of people going about their work with those germs inside of them to take treatment. If fever could be given to any patient in any clinic or doctor's office over lunch hour, say, it would be the biggest discovery of the age. But it can't. It is a pretty serious treatment. It takes time and costs money. Valuable as it is, it simply isn't practical so far for mass treatment of syphilis and gonorrhea, though Dr. Simpson and a good many other scientists are working night and day to find a way to make it so.

Attacking St. Vitus' Dance

A quite different ailment that fever seems to have a pretty amazing effect on is St. Vitus' dance, that tragic disease that sends little children about their lives twitching and wobbling. And here doctors are faced with the same lack of logic that they are in paresis and gonorrheal arthritis. They know St. Vitus' dance—chorea they call it scientifically—is caused by the same germ that causes rheumatic heart disease, the germ in one attacking the nervous system and in the other the heart. Yet fever seems to work in St. Vitus' dance, and not on rheumatic heart disease, at least not so far. They don't know much yet about the germ that does the damage, but they do know that it belongs to a strain too tough to be killed directly by any temperature the body can stand. So fever must help chorea by that roundabout way of stirring up the body's defenses to fight. At all events it does help.

One little twelve-year-old I know of had been having an attack of this chorea so violent that she had to be tied down so as not to hurt herself. She was a pretty miserable child about the time the doctors decided to try fever on her. They put her into the box and raised her temperature to a hundred and five and kept it there for three hours. Well, if she'd felt wretched in her hospital bed she felt a lot worse in that box. It is pretty bad, doctors who have tried it tell me, and out at the Miami Valley Hospital where they train them they make every doctor and nurse take a short treatment just so they'll know exactly how bad it is. But she stood it, that little girl, and after one treatment she twitched so much less that she noticed it herself and actually begged to have as many more treatments as were necessary to make her well.

You Have to Take It

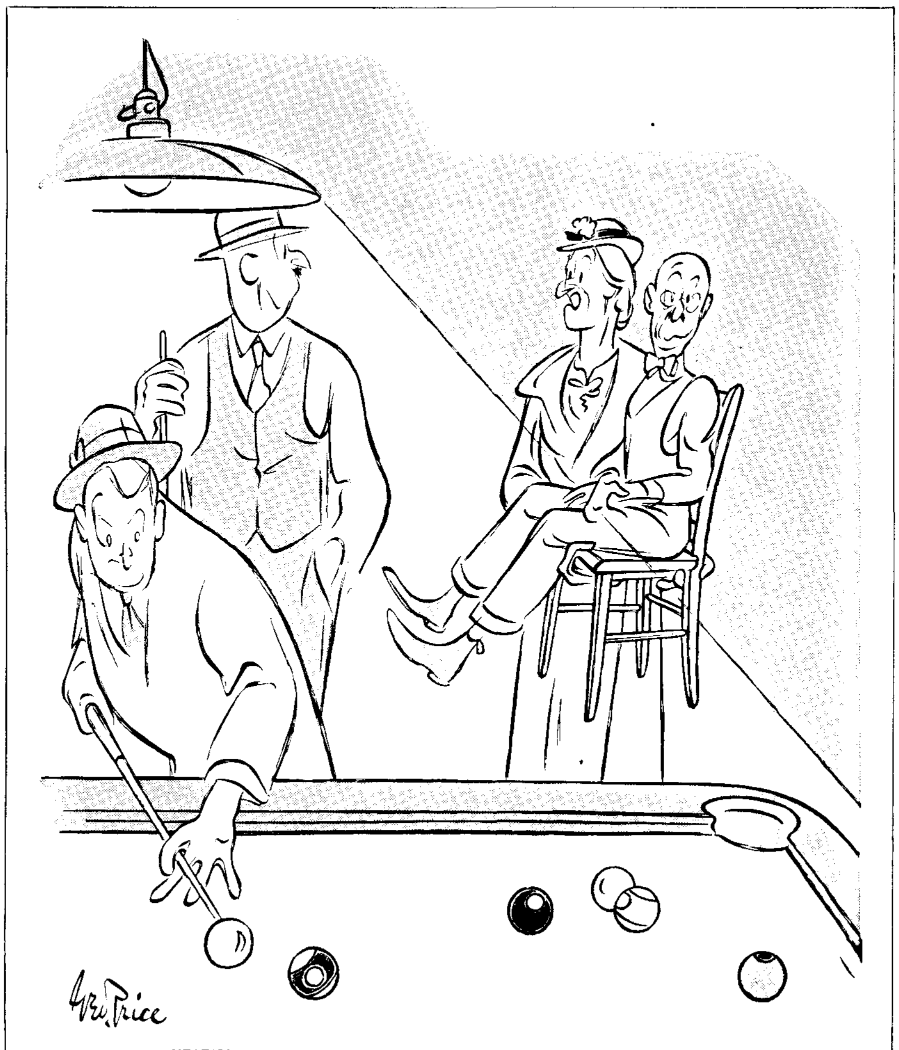
Of course with anything as uncomfortable as this, a sort of modern version of the medieval trial by fire, a patient has to have the courage to stand it . . . just plain old-fashioned guts is what my doctor friends say it takes. And there are always one or two out of every dozen or so patients who shout to be taken out before the fever has a chance to do its stuff. Disgracefully enough for the sterner sex, doctors tell me these shouters are much more likely to be grown men than either children or hysterical women. The doctors sympathize with them. It is so that they will sympathize that they are made to try it themselves. But if a patient just won't co-operate, out he goes. There are too many other sick people who need fever just as badly.

Not that doctors think these fevers are things to be given lightly. The more scientific of them stress the fact that a fever session is as serious as a major operation, and no patient is allowed the highly disagreeable privilege of climbing into one of those boxes without first being studied from all angles—medical, understand me, not artistic—and found to have a sound heart and lungs and kidneys. And after he is once in and the heat turned on he is watched like a hawk by both the doctor and nurse. If he reacts abnormally in even the smallest way, out he comes. You simply can't fool when you're giving people temperatures up to a hundred and seven.

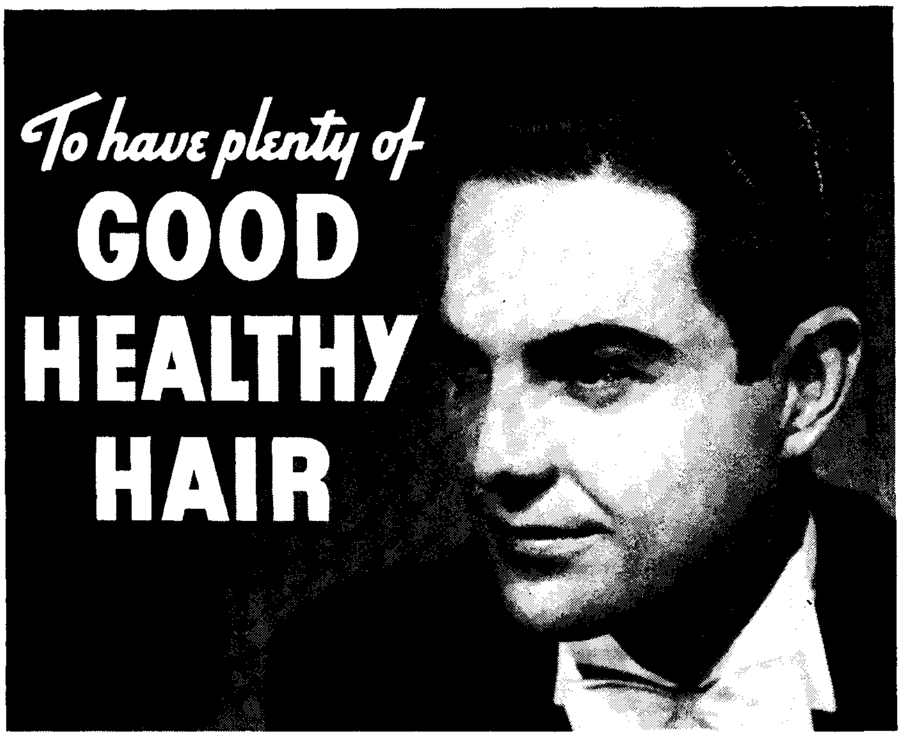
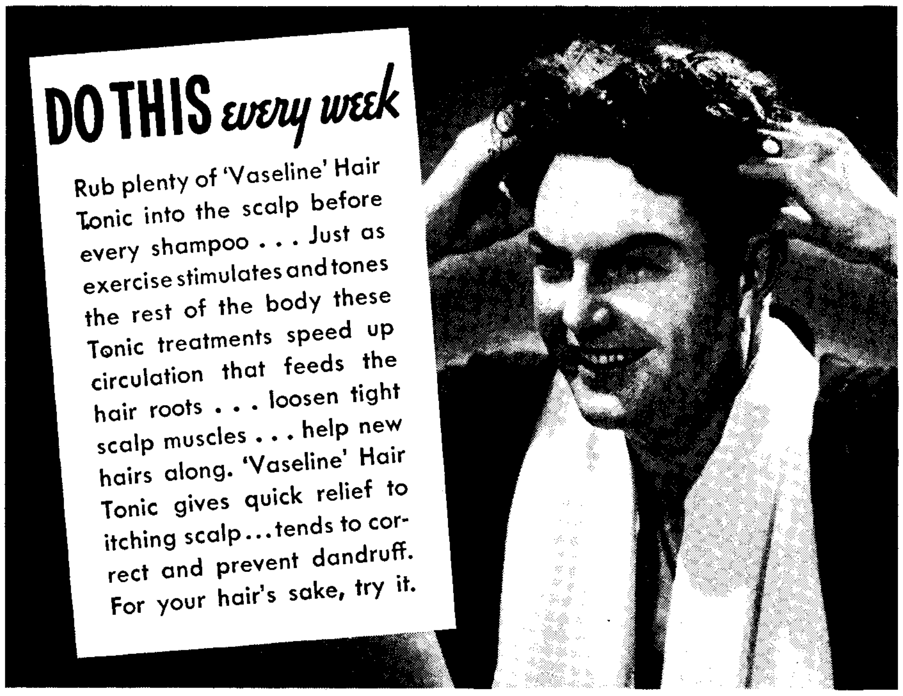
Naturally, finding that fever did such spectacular good to some diseases they had thought were incurable, it was logical for doctors to begin trying fever on all sorts of things, and they have. They hoped it was going to do great things for chronic arthritis, and in a few cases it has. But as an arthritic cure-all it has been pretty disappointing. And they have tried it on other diseases of the nervous system, such as the terrible sequels of sleeping sickness, with not much more success.

On the other hand, one session of only moderately high fever, they have found, will quite often stop a violent attack of asthma that nothing else has been able to touch. They don't know why because asthma isn't caused by a germ, but it does, though an attack would have to be pretty bad to be worth the fever. Fever has been tried too on a number of pretty serious skin diseases that doctors knew neither the cause nor cure of, and in quite a few cases has had remarkably good effects.

Naturally, they're trying fever now in a sort of hit-or-miss fashion, trying to find out its exact scope and limitations. It's so new that nobody so far can know what they're going to discover. But if it never does any more than cure the minds and bodies of the thousands of people made invalids by paresis or gonorrheal arthritis, and relieve the attacks of children made miserable by St. Vitus' dance, it will still be one of our better modern miracles.



"Will you direct me to the eight ball, please?" GEORGE PRICE

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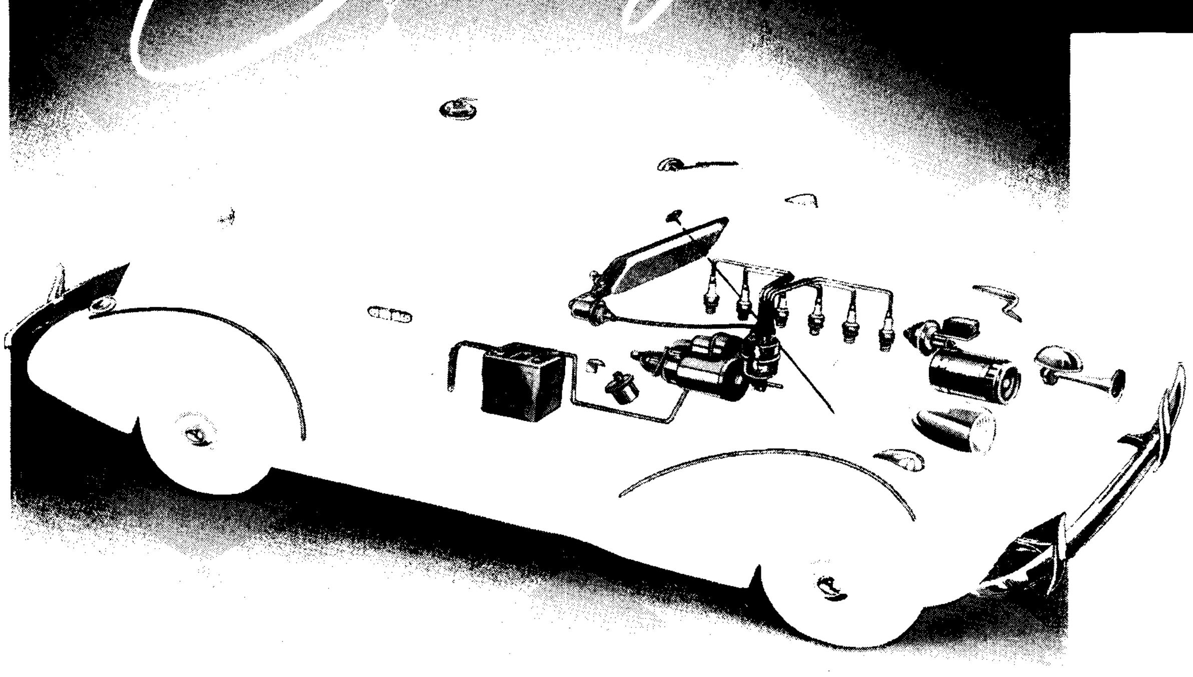

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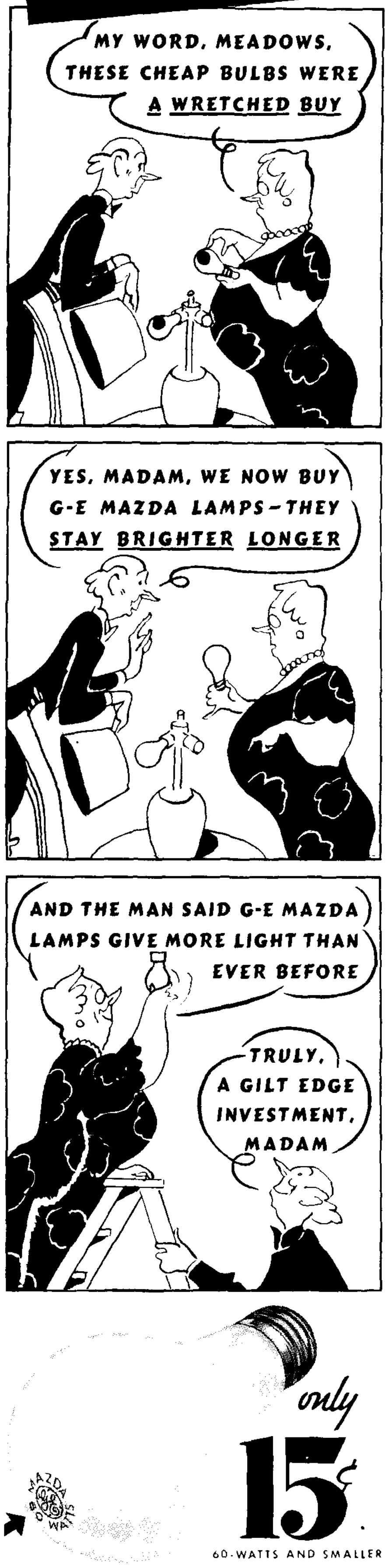
"A GILT EDGE INVESTMENT"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June Spoon

Continued from page 15

meet, a minute later, by the poplar. But then, unknowingly, they came again upon the first couple, who had moved to a different spot. Twice was too much. The furious swain acted quickly this time and caught Otto, who had grown too bold and careless. The big fellow held Otto by the collar and slapped his face, hard. Otto kicked him in the shins and yelled, "Ee-yaw-kee!" That was the gang's war cry and quickly his friends were at his side.

"Dis guy wantsa get messed up, it looks like," Otto said, taking the offensive. He held on to the man's jacket with one hand and lit his flashlight with the other. Iggy had a large stone in his hand. He and Nick and Cockeye looked very pugnacious. The young man lost his nerve. He jerked himself free and went back to the girl. Otto saw her worried, embarrassed face in the beam of light and said, "Aw, let 'em alone, fellas!" The girl took her beau's arm and drew him away. "Yaah!" the boys shouted.

"Let's try de odder side of duh meadow," Nick said.

The boys crossed the meadow and began stealthily to approach a clump of large forsythias whose drooping branches formed a tentlike structure. They separated and stationed themselves at four points around the shrubs, peering into them. They could see nothing in the solid blackness. Nor could they hear anything, and Nick was about to suggest that they search elsewhere when Otto, to make sure, thrust his flashlight through the twigs and snapped the switch. Then he almost dropped it. With a sudden, short intake of breath, he voiced a startled "Oooh!" turned tail, and fled. The momentary illumination had revealed the frightened, wide-eyed faces of Hilda and a strange young man who were sitting on the grass with their arms about one another. The remaining three boys dispersed.

Otto kept running, with his flashlight tightly clutched in one hand. He didn't know why he was running, but he just had to. When he had reached the other end of the park, he sat down in the cool grass and waited for his heart to stop trying to break through his ribs and for his breath to come back. The fear that perhaps Hilda had recognized his voice or guessed his presence and that she would somehow make him pay for it was a minor one. It was the gang he was thinking of. His own sister! He was disgraced, forever. They'd tease him mercilessly, he knew.

"Hey, Otto-o-o!" he heard in the distance. He flattened himself out on the ground. He lay that way, miserably, for what seemed a long, long time. Then he got up, suddenly, and hurried toward home. He wished he had another cigarette.

It was aften ten when he got into the house. Hilda wasn't there, he was glad to learn. He felt that he could never again look her in the face.

"Did you do your homework?" his mother asked.

"Yeah," Otto lied, and went right to bed.

HE DIDN'T want to get up the next morning, but it was a school day and his father roused him out of bed. He dressed and went timidly to the kitchen. Hilda worked in a factory and he hoped that she had already gone, but she hadn't. She had her hat and her make-up on and was at the table, having breakfast. She looked at him over her coffee. Otto averted his eyes.

"Good morning, kid," Hilda said. "There's some toast left, if you want it."

Otto, wondering at her affability, sat down at the table.

"Won't you be late for woik?" he said, after an awkward minute.

"Yeah, guess I better get started." Hilda went to the door. She turned back and looked queerly at Otto. Just like with the cigarettes, it was going to be, Otto said to himself, only this was a thousand times more important to her. He forced himself to look at her. His lip curled deliberately. He'd scare her a little, this time, make it worth while. "G'by," Hilda quickly said and went away.

Otto got up from the table. It would be best to get to school ahead of the other guys. He slipped out of the house, looked uneasily around him in the street, and went to school by a new route, like a hunted criminal.

He left the house during the next few days only to run errands on which his mother insisted and to slink to and from school. He kept far away from the gang and was wary even of acquaintances, for fear that his shame had been made public. One day, on the way out of school, Iggy called to him. Otto ran home as fast as he could.

"What's wrong with you?" his mother asked. "I could never keep you in the house for a minute, and now I can't get you to go out!"

"Nuttin's wrong. I just feel like stayin' home," Otto said. "Got a lotta homewoik to do, and a lotta readin'."

He didn't seem ill, just worried, and his mother thought it best to let him alone.

THE Barracudas, a score of them, were holding a meeting in Cockeye Potter's flat. Cockeye stood behind a table, talking.

"We got a big game on wit duh Hawks, day after tomorra, and we ain't got no pitcher and dere's two bucks on duh game—almos' duh whole treasury."

"Whatsamadda wit Otto?" someone asked.

"He's still scared we're gawna kid 'im, you know about what, an' we gotta do sump'n about it."

Iggy jumped up. "I make a motion dat anybody who gets gay wid Otto gets a paste onna nose."

"I secon' duh motion," Nick said.

"Waid a minute, waid a minute!" Hymie Aarons, secretary of the club, shouted in disgust. "Dat ain' no motion. How would it look in duh book, heh? 'A paste onna nose!' Make it dat anybody who fails to treat Otto Hofmeister like a fellow brother is gawna be fined or expulled."

"Okay," Iggy said. The motion was passed unanimously.

"An' we oughta wise up duh guys outside of duh club dat dey'll git smacked aroun' if dey kid aroun' wid our star pitcher."

"If you and Iggy din' go shootin' yuh yaps off, we wouldna hadda do dat," Cockeye said.

"But dere ain' supposed to be no secrets between members of duh Barracudas," Nick protested.

"Yeah, but secrets ain' supposed to go outside of duh club, eeder. But it's too late to talk about dat."

"Den whadaya squawkin' about?" There was a sudden uproar. Cockeye pounded his gavel and when it had quieted, he said. "How 'bout gettin' a committee togedda to go see Otto?"

"You mean a *delegation*," Hymie said.

"Oh, awright, a delegation."

THAT evening, when Otto answered the doorbell, he found Iggy, Nick and Cockeye outside the door. He didn't want to let them in but, looking at their faces, he was reassured and he stepped back from the door.

He was shy, for a while, but the boys tactfully avoided mention of the shameful incident and he guessed, with great joy, that they had decided to forget it. He was easily persuaded to quit his seclusion and he cheerfully promised to contribute his unique talents to the baseball team in the coming important contest with the Hawks. "Hope you hol' on to 'em," he said to Iggy.

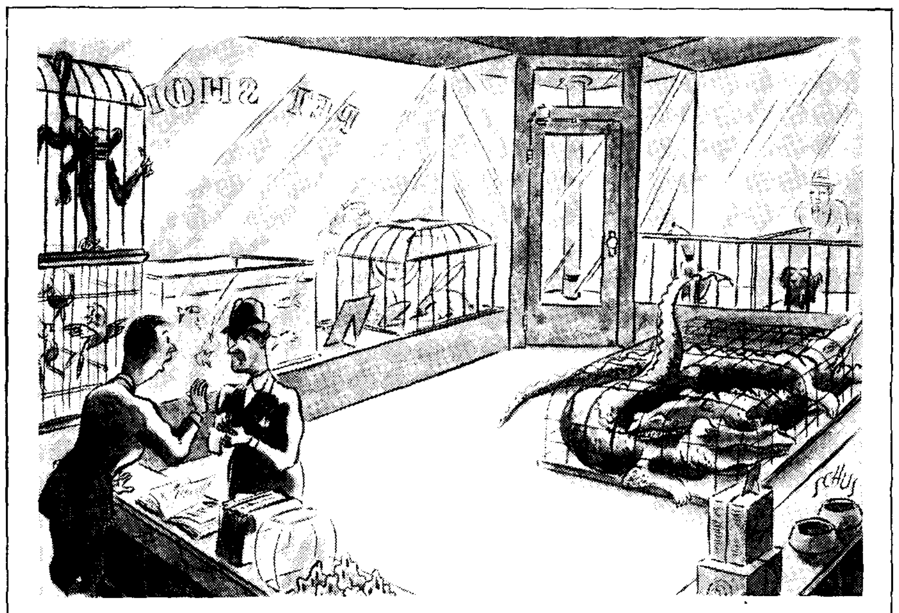
"Heh, heh," Iggy said, and poked Otto in the ribs.

Otto seemed excessively cheerful, considering the fact that Hilda was there. Ordinarily, with Hilda around, Otto was rather long-faced. They talked it over on the way home.

"I wonder if Hilda's wise," Iggy said.

"I don't t'ink so," said Cockeye. "It all happened so fast. But if she is wise, it musta been tough on Otto."

"Aw, you're dumb," Nick said. "Otto's got Hilda jus' where he wants 'er. Can'tcha see she's gotta be nice to 'im? Even if she on'y t'inks *maybe* he was dere she's gotta play safe dat it don't get out dat she was muzzlin' in duh park. If Otto tol' 'is ole man what we seen dat night, he'd fan duh hide off 'er!"



"No more baby alligators; they don't sell!" ADOLPH SCHUS

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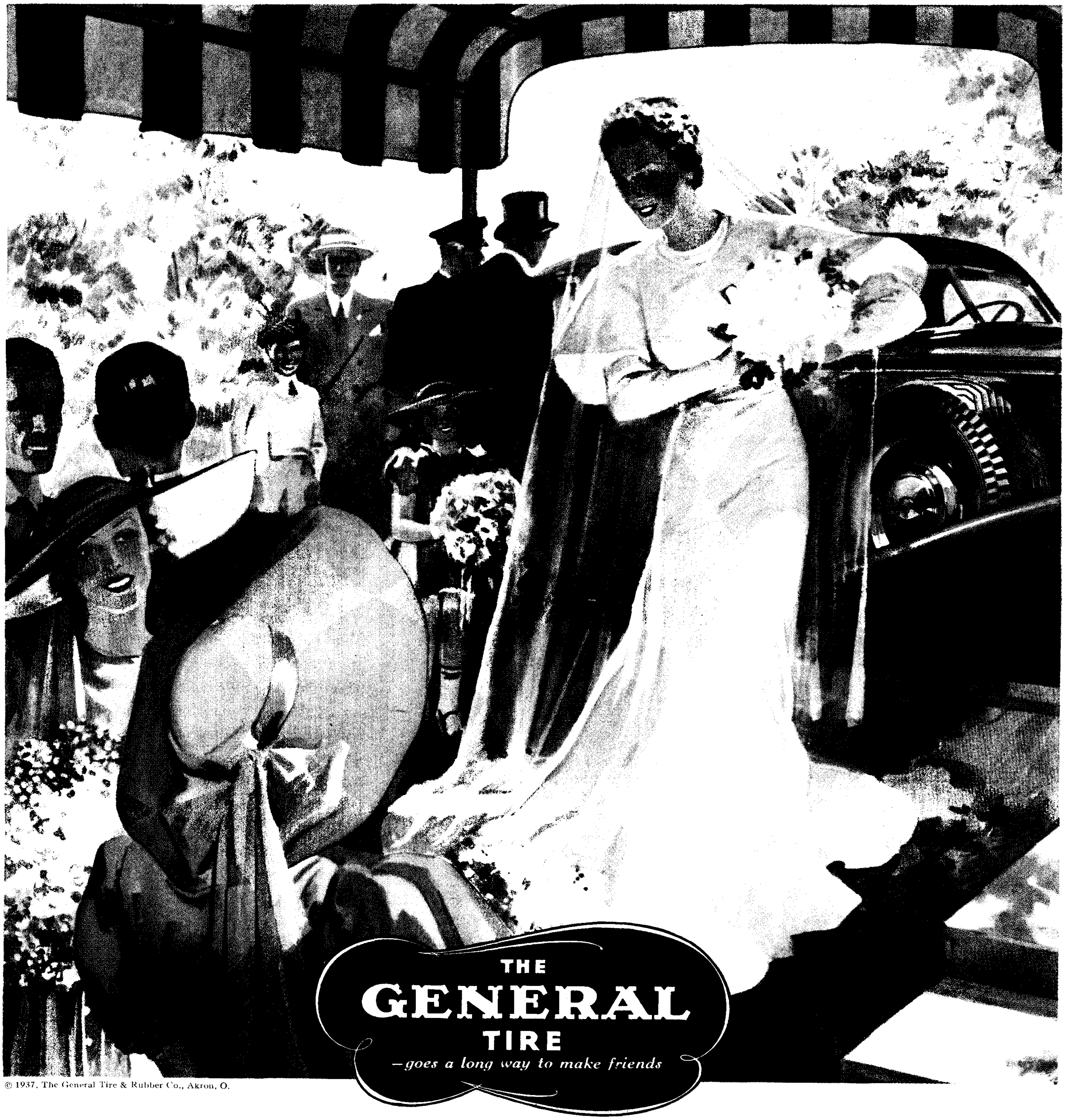

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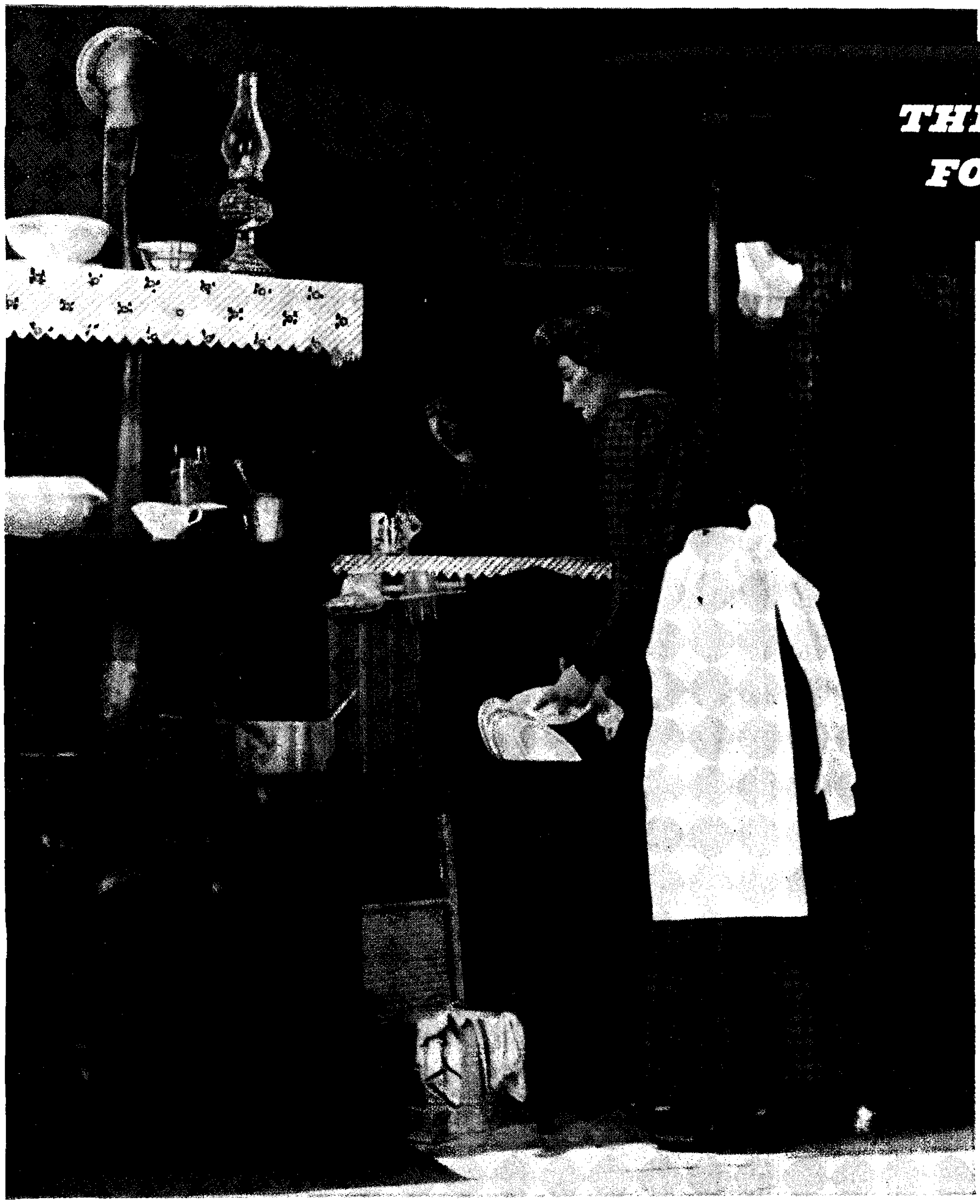

THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD WITH STEEL

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This transformation of woman's workshop reflects the activities of metallurgists in the laboratories of United States Steel and of workers in its mills. The freedom from rust and the extra strength of U·S·S Stainless Steel make it practically indestructible; the improved steel sheets, rolled out from mighty machines, give a smooth, flat surface for enamel or lacquer finishes. With the achievement of efficiency and economy, beauty also has been captured and made permanent.

There are still far too many old-fashioned kitchens, too many out-of-date houses. There is plenty of work ahead for Steel.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CANADIAN BRIDGE COMPANY, LTD. · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

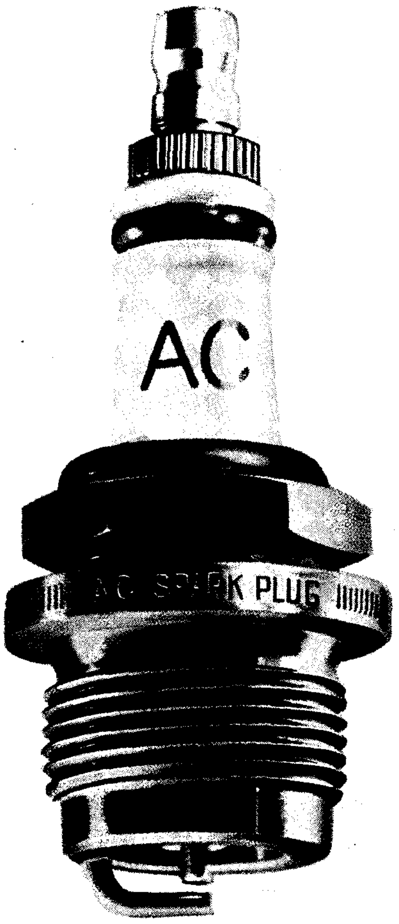
USS

UNITED STATES STEEL

work from woman's workshop

Get the NEW BLUE TOP

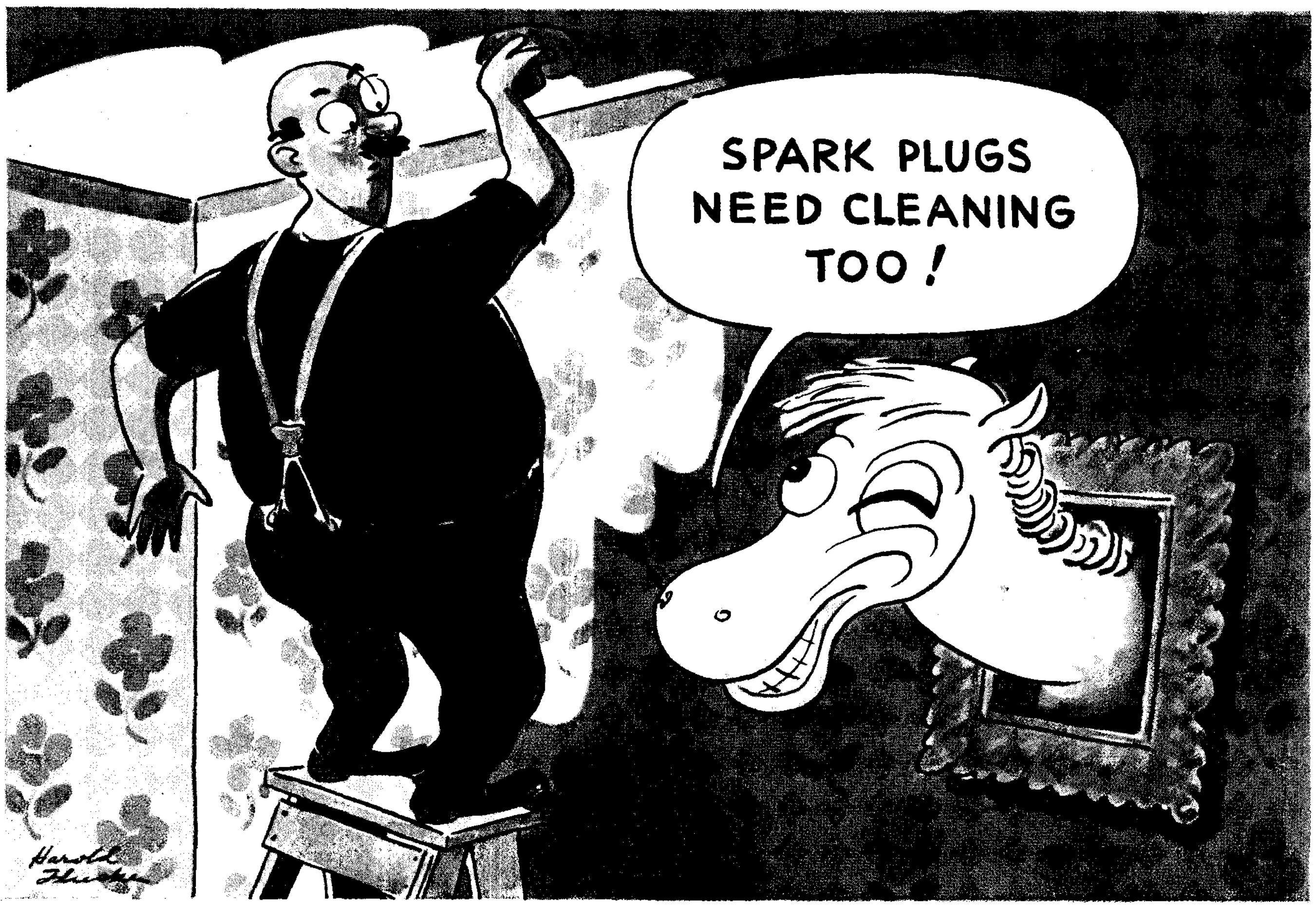
AC QUALITY SPARK PLUG
for
PEAK PERFORMANCE



Here is a new line of spark plugs—for motor cars . . . tractors . . . buses . . . and trucks—that is engineered and built to assure *peak performance* under today's severest driving conditions.

AC has combined all the basic improvements which 28 years of leadership have produced with important individual design improvements. This combination enables AC Blue Top plugs to deliver more gas mileage, longer life, and greater efficiency in all types of service. So, of course, they cost more; but they're worth more!

GET A SET TODAY
and get the difference


SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING TOO!

You waste 5 GALLONS OF GAS *a month by driving with* DIRTY OR WORN SPARK PLUGS

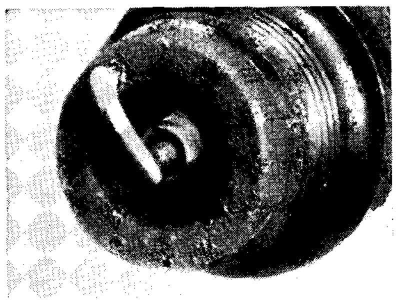
GET THE CLEAN PLUG HABIT . . . BY THE AC METHOD

If you're the average driver—running up about 10,000 miles a year on a car that goes twelve miles to the gallon—dirty or worn spark plugs are stealing five gallons of gas every month you drive!

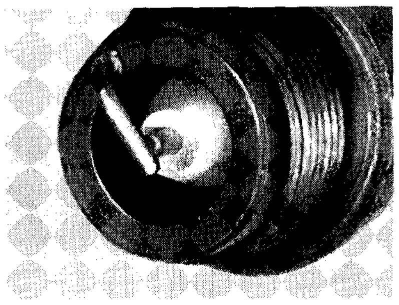
Engineering tests have proved, time and again, that dirty or worn plugs waste as much as one gallon of gas in ten.

Spark plug cleaning in the AC Cleaning Machine *will save this gas for you!* And spark plug cleaning costs just a nickel a plug. (Badly worn plugs, of course, should be replaced with new AC Spark Plugs.)

Form the plug-cleaning habit. Go to your nearest Registered AC Cleaning Station regularly—every 4,000 miles. Maintain the efficiency of your spark plugs. The money you'll save on gas will pay for cleaning or replacement in a short time. And your car will start quicker, and perform better.



Here's a picture of a spark plug which has been driven about 4,000 miles. Notice the dirty Oxide and carbon coating on electrodes, insulator, and steel shell.



Here's how a spark plug looks after cleaning by the AC Method. The gas-wasting, power-stealing Oxide and carbon coating is completely removed.

70,000 DEALERS, GARAGES, AND SERVICE STATIONS USE THE AC CLEANING MACHINE

Look for this Sign

It is the official emblem of a Registered AC Cleaning Station. It identifies a reliable service expert who owns and operates an AC Cleaning Machine, and knows how to service spark plugs properly.

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD
REGISTERED
AC
SPARK PLUG
CLEANING STATION
BLUE TOP DEALER

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • **FLINT, MICHIGAN**

Year of the Monkey

By Carl Glick

Look over your local relief rolls and try to find a Chinese name. You probably won't, for the Chinese in this country have their own cure for depressions. Charlie Sing tells you how his Kung Saw pulled him through the dark year

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY RUDOLF H. HOFFMANN

MIDNIGHT—and all Chinatown was awake. Lights shone in every window. From the stores and restaurants came the pungent odor of joss sticks. On the sidewalks groups of Chinese stood waiting patiently. Then down the street the noise began. The sputtering of firecrackers. The thunder of the drums. And from the temple the dragon appeared and began his weird ceremonial dance up the winding street.

"Ti-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum-tum-tum!" went the drums with an infectious, almost barbaric rhythm.

"Whang—whang—whang!" answered the cymbals.

The dragon rose on his hind legs, shook with a charming ferociousness his gaily-colored headdress, then bowed low and twisted and turned as the drums and cymbals kept up their ceaseless din.

The crazy Chinese were at it again, celebrating the beginning of another New Year, which comes early in February—according to which way the moon slants.

Old Charlie Sing, laundryman, standing in the window of his Kung Saw Fong, the family headquarters, beamed with pleasure as he saw the dragon come pirouetting up the street. It was the Year of the Monkey, and Charlie had lost his laundry, had less than a dollar in his pocket, no job, no resources of his own. Yet Charlie wasn't troubled. A depression had come to this country, and Uncle Sam under a beautiful sparkling dome in Washington was trying to think of some way out. But not Charlie. He didn't have to. He was prepared for just such an emergency.

During the recent depression—the Year of the Monkey to Charlie Sing—the Chinese were the one group of so-called foreigners in this country who did not ask for relief from federal agencies.

A few months ago at the headquarters of the Works Progress Administration in New York a call was received for a Chinese interpreter. The assignment people thumbing through the files failed to locate a single Chinese applicant for a job. They were at a loss to know what to do when a clerk recalled there was on hand an American engineer who had spent some time in the Orient. The job was filled, but not by a Chinese.

And when the Home Relief started operating in 1931 there were no Chinese families sitting on the doorsteps asking for assistance. Didn't the Chinese need relief? Had those crazy Orientals who eat with chopsticks, dance a dragon in the streets and burn incense to their ancestors found a way of their own to sidestep the depression?

Take our friend Charlie Sing, for instance. In 1929 he had a flourishing laundry over in New Jersey. He worked hard and sassed his customers in pidgin English and his laundry prospered.

Depression years hold no terrors for this typical Chinese-American merchant, whose ancestors many years ago evolved the formula that enables him, even in America today, to take them in his stride

Then came the Year of the Monkey. He's a bad hombre, that monkey, and he makes his appearance every twelve or fourteen years, but sometimes when the Chinese calendar goes cockeyed he sleeps for only eleven years. And when he arrives he always brings disaster with him.

There's nothing to do—if you are Chinese—but accept the situation with as much good humor as possible, which doesn't necessarily mean with a smile.

Charlie Scratches His Own Back

So when Charlie's customers began to do their own washing and darn their own socks, and there weren't enough bundles in his laundry to pay the rent—Charlie knew. Many of his neighbors were having hard luck, too. Empty stores along Main Street, idle men hanging about the street corners and people going hungry. Charlie saw his friends turning to the relief agencies. He knew the desperate cries for aid, the appeals for help, the suffering and the misery. He even knew assistance would be given him were he to apply. One of his customers had told him as much when he delivered the last neatly tied bundle of washing.

"Close laundry," said Charlie. "No money for rent."

"Broke, Charlie?"

"Bent — broke — bust," answered Charlie philosophically.

"Were you born in this country?"

"Okay born in Chicago. Honorable father okay born in San Francisco. Honorable grandfather okay born in Canton. He come this country early build railroad. Always I vote straight ticket split three ways."

"Then you're eligible for relief."

And when Charlie looked puzzled the intricacies of federal relief were explained to him. But Charlie shook his head.

"Chinese have own relief. Many years now. Me know what I do."

So he put a sign in his laundry window which read, "No more washee. Be back subsequently. Goodby, please." Then he paid all his bills in town, packed his battered suitcase, handed over the keys of the laundry to his landlord, and took the first train to New York.

In the suitcase were all his worldly possessions; his work clothes, his soft heelless slippers, his well-worn copy of "The Four Books" containing the sayings of Confucius, his ivory chopsticks, (the family "silver" that had been handed down from father to son for many generations), his *kew yun,* a back-scratcher, (*kew yun* meaning, "Don't have to ask anybody else to scratch my back"), a faded scroll of ancient Chinese writing done up in an old pair of trousers, and his bamboo fan.

Arriving in New York, Charlie went immediately to his Kung Saw Fong, the headquarters of his Kung Saw, or family organization. It is due to the carefully planned organization of this Kung Saw

See how little it costs you now to travel safely, in comfort, by

The LOWER BERTH →
"Tuck me into a Pullman lower and I'm the happiest girl alive," says **Kay Campbell**, radio artist. Miss Campbell calls her journeys "Pullman Pilgrimages"—and writes appreciatively of Pullman service. Like the majority of all Pullman travelers, her preference is for the comfortable lower berth (illustrated at right). When she makes a typical overnight trip, it costs her only $2.50.

← **The SECTION**
"I wonder if folks realize how economically they can enjoy Pullman comfort," says **Tom Walsh** of Quaker Lace Co. Mr. Walsh likes the Single Occupancy Section (illustrated left above). He has the space of both upper and lower berths, with only the lower made into a bed at night, giving added privacy, and with extra room to dress. During the day both seats of the section are his. On one of his regular overnight trips, the Single Occupancy Section costs Mr. Walsh only $1 more than the lower.

The COMPARTMENT
"Alone, or with a business associate, the Pullman compartment is my rolling office," says **Mr. B. E. Henderson,** Pres., Household Finance Corp. This accommodation is a spacious private room with upper and lower berths, private lavatory and toilet. When Mr. Henderson makes one of his usual overnight trips alone the Compartment (illustrated below) costs him $5. When an associate goes along, this Compartment costs $7—only $3.50 each.

← **The DRAWING ROOM**
"We think travel by Pullman is the best kind of rest and relaxation," declares **Audrey McGrath,** who, with her travel companion, **Gladys Reinhart,** prefers the Drawing Room (illustrated at left). A splendidly appointed accommodation. Upper and lower berths and full-length lounge, with private toilet and lavatory in a separate annex. For two, an overnight journey costs $9 or $4.50 each; one, $6.25.

Pullman

HERE ARE EXAMPLES OF THE LOW COST OF PULLMAN ACCOMMODATIONS

About one-half of those who use Pullman cars during the course of a year travel between places where the lower berth rate is $2.50 or less. A $2.50 lower berth rate covers a typical overnight journey—about 300 miles. These pages picture and indicate to you the cost of each of the various types of Pullman accommodations for such a typical overnight journey. For longer trips, of course, the rates are correspondingly higher, but the ones quoted will give you an idea of the relatively low cost of Pullman service. Pullman accommodations may be purchased by passengers holding transportation tickets required by the railroad company. The rates shown on these two pages are Pullman charges only and do not include the cost of railroad transportation tickets. Your ticket agent or The Pullman Company will gladly quote rates on available accommodations for your next journey.

Taking a 300-Mile Overnight Trip?

Your Pullman accommodation would cost about:

Lower Berth	$2.50
Upper Berth	2.00
Single Occupancy Section	3.50
Bedroom for one, $4.50; for two, each	2.50
Compartment for one, $5.00; for two, each	3.50
Drawing Room for one, $6.25; for two, each	4.50

(Railroad fare is in addition to these charges)

Where "tourist" cars are operated, berth and section accommodations are available at rates approximately half those charged between the same places in "standard" cars.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

All testimonial statements in this advertisement were furnished without compensation

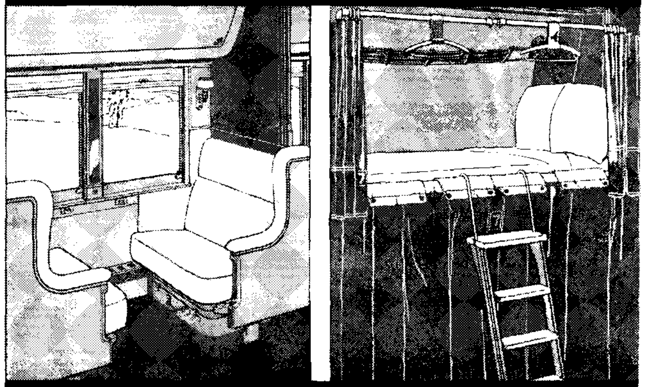
The BEDROOM ↗

"Think of having a private room while traveling—it's just like home to us," declare **Madeleine Shannon** and her friend **Linda Yale**. Their favorite Pullman accommodation is the Bedroom (illustrated above), with desk, lavatory and toilet. A comfortable sofa, with concealed upper berth above, become commodious beds at night. When Miss Shannon goes on an overnight journey, the Bedroom costs $4.50. When Miss Yale is along, the price of the room is $5.00, or $2.50 each.

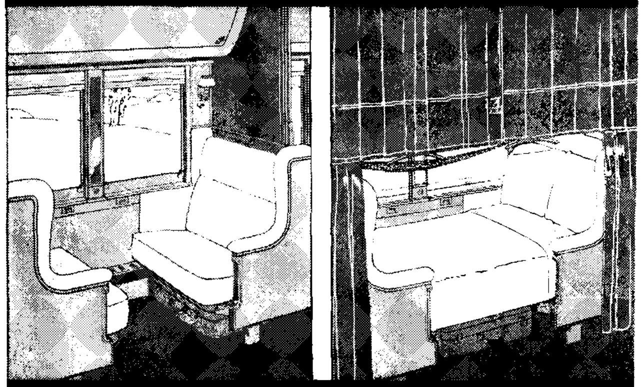
The UPPER BERTH

"I've got to get plenty of sleep at night," says **Miss Helen Reese,** actress. "And I sure get it on a Pullman when I am on tour." Miss Reese always takes an upper berth (illustrated below) because that is the accommodation she prefers. Miss Reese's upper berth costs her only $2 for her usual overnight trip—20% less than she would pay for a lower berth for the same trip. ↙

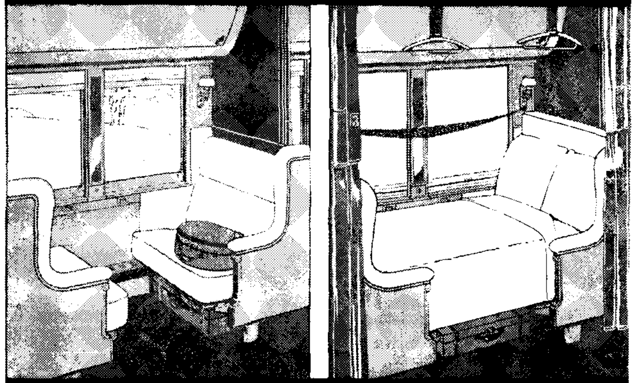
BY DAY **THE UPPER BERTH** BY NIGHT



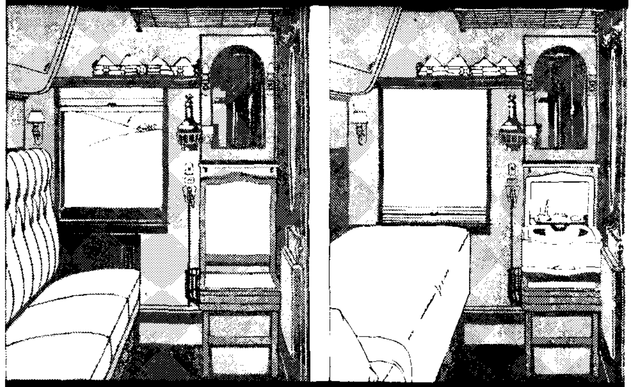
BY DAY **THE LOWER BERTH** BY NIGHT



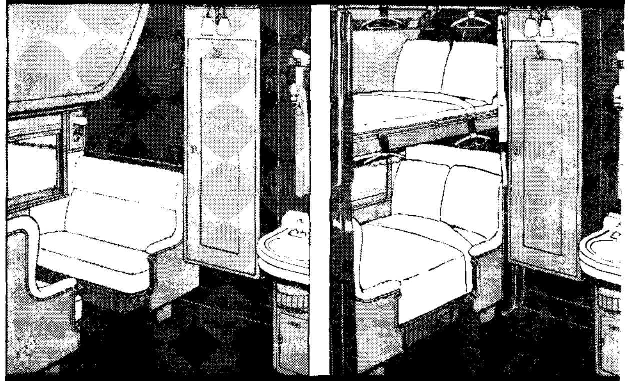
BY DAY **THE SECTION** BY NIGHT



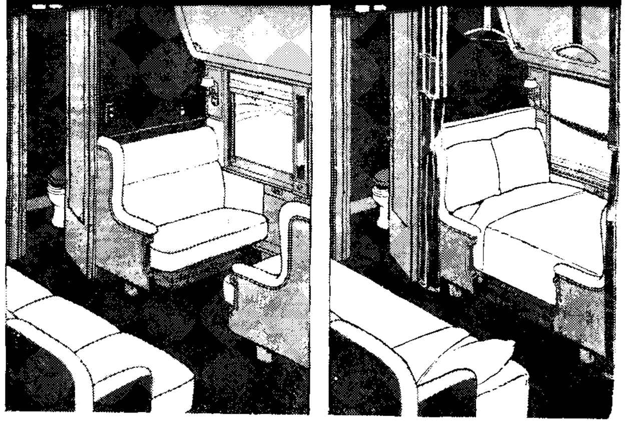
BY DAY **THE BEDROOM** BY NIGHT

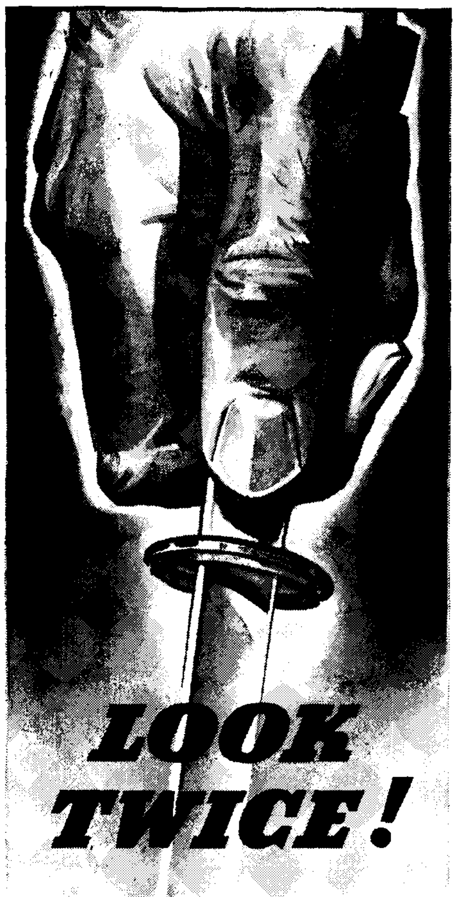


BY DAY **THE COMPARTMENT** BY NIGHT



BY DAY **THE DRAWING ROOM** BY NIGHT





LOOK TWICE!

Dirty oil can be just as expensive as too little oil. That's why wise car owners take *two* looks at the measuring stick.

Black, tarry-looking oil means that your engine is no longer getting filter protection... *it needs a new Purolator.*

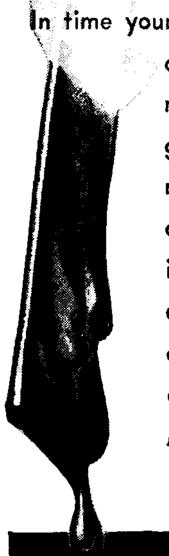
Car manufacturers who install Purolators at the factory give you this protection because they know how quickly dirt, hard carbon and metal particles get into your crankcase, and how quickly these abrasives can damage bearings, valves and cylinder walls. They know that a *genuine* Purolator filters *all* dirt out of your oil so thoroughly that it retains its clean, clear color for thousands of miles. That's one reason why 90% of all factory installed oil filters are genuine Purolators.

In time your oil filter becomes full of destructive sludge and must be renewed. Your garage or service station man can attend to this in a few minutes. If your car is not already Purolator equipped, he can take care of that, too. Insist on a *genuine* Purolator. Motor Improvements Inc., Newark, N. J., Makers of

PUROLATOR

The Oil Filter On Your Motor Car

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS



that Charlie did not have to go on relief.

The club rooms of his Kung Saw are furnished in the restful simplicity so characteristic of Chinese good taste. Around the room are teakwood chairs, straight-backed but beautifully carved. Beside each chair is a teakwood tea stand. On the walls are hung the "Hoo-Wah"—scrolls expressing sentiments from the philosophers and good wishes for happiness, prosperity, success and long life to the Sing family from other family Kung Saws.

In one corner is a bag of rice—one hundred pounds—and Charlie can help himself to this rice if he is hungry. And always on hand, night and day, filled with hot tea is a *chah wu,* or tea cozy.

The afternoon I talked with Charlie the first thing he did was to offer me, with both hands—and having been told previously the correct thing to do, I received it with both hands—a cup of tea, the cup of hospitality.

"Now," said Charlie, "you ask me questions, and I make proper answers."

Incidentally Charlie speaks just as understandable English, when he wants to, as you and I. When I asked him why he so often speaks pidgin English to his customers, he replied with a twinkle in his eye, "They expect it of me, and I don't like to disappoint my clients. And they explain to me much more carefully just what they want done, and I say, 'Okay,' and if it doesn't turn out just what they want, they think it's because they didn't explain it properly to me."

Twelve Dollars a Year

Obviously, there's no answer to such subtle reasoning.

"Why, when your laundry failed, did you come here?" I asked, and probably my question was rudely put.

But Charlie, ever courteous, replied, "This is my family guild. I belong. Me and all my cousins. I belong the day I was born. So my honorable father. So my honorable grandfather. So all my honorable cousins."

These cousins, or *hing dai,* are not necessarily blood relatives. They have the same family name, that's all. It's as if all the Smiths in this country because their name was Smith called each other "Cousin." There are some forty Chinese families in the United States, and each family in every city where there is a Chinatown has a guild of its own with club rooms.

"Do you have to belong?" I asked Charlie, wondering if there was any possible coercion in the matter.

Charlie looked surprised. It really never had occurred to him to do otherwise. His family name was Sing, so he belonged to the Sing Kung Saw. "It's always been that way," he said. "Every Chinese is a member of his family Kung Saw. In China family comes first. Family important. Individual no count. Bad Chinese never disgraces himself—always disgraces family."

"Does that ever happen?"

"Often happens. My cousins are human—same as your cousins. Sometimes they make mistakes—sometimes bad mistakes. When that happens and the family name is dishonored, he ceases to be a cousin."

"And he changes his name?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. He take the family name of some man he intensely dislikes, thus gracefully and delicately insulting that family. Should you go to jail you just register under the name of the man you hate most, or else take the name of the judge that sentenced you."

"Neat," I said.

"Very neat."

"I am in good standing with my Kung Saw," said Charlie. "So my honorable father. So my honorable grandfather. We always pay our yearly dues. That is why, now I have lost my laundry, and am out of a job, the Kung Saw takes care of me."

He explained the system. Ever since Charlie was old enough to work he has been paying, as did his father and his grandfather before him, the sum of $12 a year to his family guild. And so has each member of his Kung Saw, no matter if he be a wealthy importer with a yearly income running into thousands of dollars, or a humble laundryman who counts carefully his weekly earnings. Rich or poor, each of Charlie's cousins pays his yearly dues.

This money becomes a trust fund for the Kung Saw. It is wisely administered by the elders of the clan. The officers are changed yearly, so there's no possible chance of anyone's getting too firm a grip on the moneybags. This trust fund forms the basis of the social security the Chinese have for times of emergency or distress. And so Charlie, having always paid his dues, when the Year of the Monkey came around, could go directly to his Kung Saw for help.

"Why twelve dollars?" I asked. "Why not ten—or twenty—or twenty-four?"

Charlie shrugged his shoulders. "It was twelve dollars in the beginning. It has always been twelve dollars. It always will be twelve dollars."

So that's that. And no matter to which family a Chinese belongs, the yearly dues are exactly the same for every Kung Saw. Nobody knows just when it started in this country. The system has been in effect ever since the Chinese first came to Gum San—or Golden Mountain—as the United States was called back in 1850.

"Suppose one of your cousins dies and has no money?" I asked.

"The Kung Saw gives him decent burial," replied Charlie. "And if his widow is childless, she is taken care of as long as she lives."

"But suppose the time comes when a man can't pay this twelve dollars a year? Old age may have robbed him of his earning powers, or perhaps misfortune may have come to his business enterprises."

"The same as now," said Charlie humbly. He pointed to a wall upon which were hung long strips of red paper covered with Chinese writing. "There hangs my *soo* or debt paper. It hangs there until it is paid. If I cannot pay, and die without paying, my sons will pay until my *soo* is removed from the wall, and then my poor bones will rest in peace. Even should I decide to return to China, and should I owe the Kung Saw money, I cannot leave this country until every penny is paid. Men have been taken off the boat in San Francisco because they owed the Kung Saw money. And never must a *soo* be for more than $250."

But Charlie and his cousins do not sit around and wait until their indebtedness to the Kung Saw reaches the $250 limit. Immediately upon Charlie's arrival in New York he was given work by one of his "cousins." The Kung Saw will not tolerate an idler nor a chiseler. If a man is incapacitated for work, he is given help. But if he can work and won't, he loses face with the Kung Saw, and the family disowns him.

NRA, Oriental Style

When the depression came and unemployment became a national problem, the Chinese—who do things in such an upside-down, reversed manner—instead of putting men out of work, took more men on. You can always tell when "times are bad" by looking in your Chinese laundry. If there are four or five men busy ironing shirts, where you have been used to seeing only one or possibly two, you will know. These are the laundryman's "cousins" and he is doing his duty by his Kung Saw. More fortunate than they in the Year of the Monkey, he is living up to the last letter in the Golden Rule.

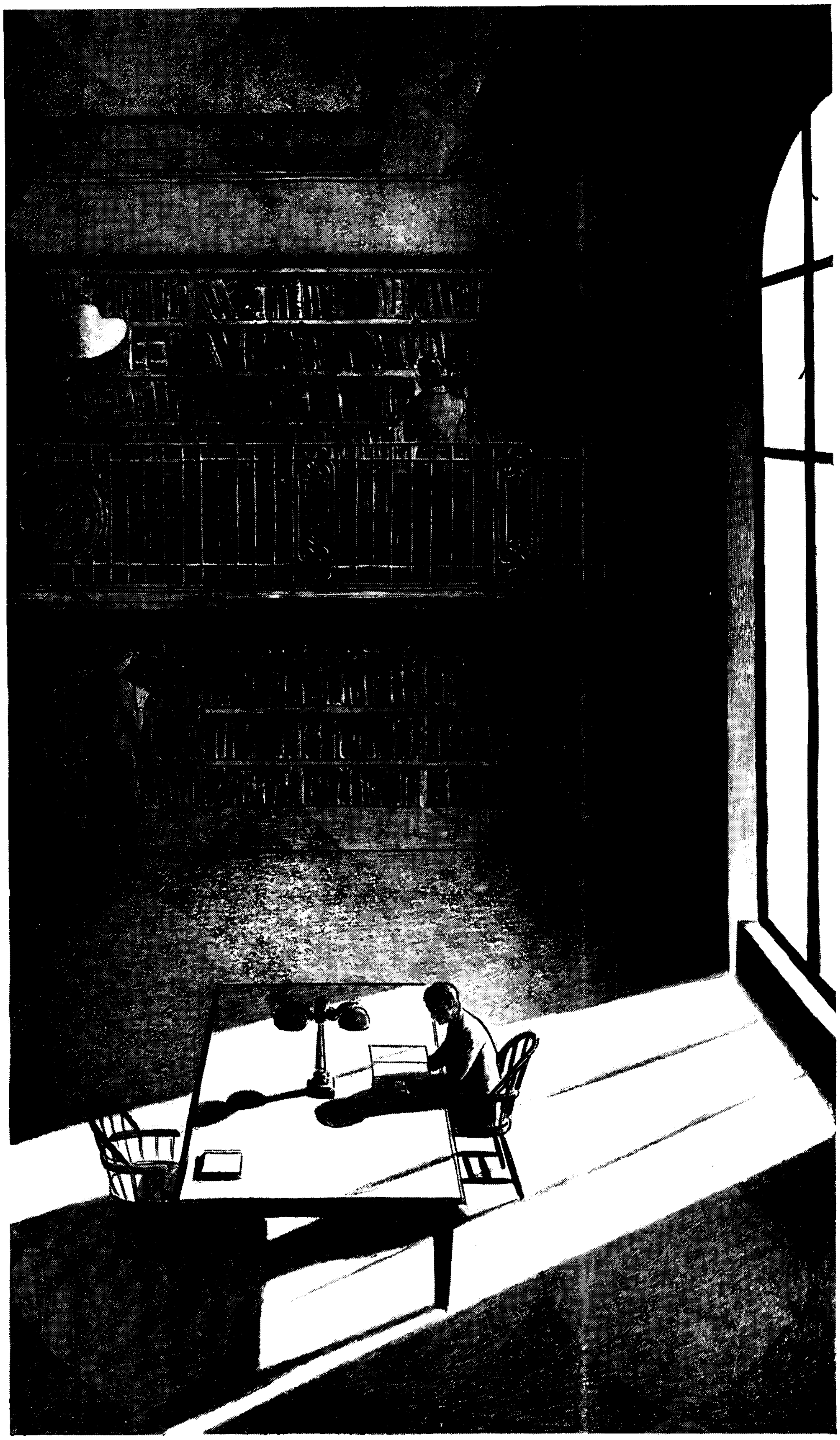
So this is what Charlie did when he came to New York. One of his "cousins" gave him employment, a place to sleep, a few dollars a week for spending money, and his food. Every Chinese employer always feeds his employees. That will explain why you will often see in the stores in Chinatown the clerks seated around a table eating their *shew yeh,* or midnight supper. The employer sits down with his help. Either the food is cooked in the basement or sent in from a near-by restaurant. It is an unwritten law among the Chinese, and the proper courtesy to extend to those who are so gracious as to do the work a Chinese employer requests.

It's the NRA in practice—and a step beyond, for lodging and food is also given. True, the wages may be small, but no Chinese need fear unemployment in the Year of the Monkey. And if the Kung Saw in the city where he lives should be short of funds, money is sent from the nearest Chinatown where his family has a Kung Saw.

Recently the head of a family died, a laundryman, leaving a widow and four sons, the eldest being twelve. Naturally he was unable to step into his father's shoes: his schooling was not yet com-

Let Poverty stalk abroad; Chinatown reaches out far and wide for its sons and daughters, and their troubles end almost before they start

We refer you to the Oxford Dictionary



"**agent,** . . . one who does the actual work."

It might be a good idea for every one who drives a car to engrave that definition on his windshield.

For every one who drives is liable to make a mistake. A mistake may mean an accident. And an accident—even when you carry automobile insurance—means dozens of bothersome details that have to be attended to by somebody.

Are you going to do the attending? You won't want to if you are shaken up by an accident, and bewildered, and perhaps hurt. *And you won't have to.* That's where your insurance agent comes in.

Look at the definition again. "Agent, . . . one who does the actual work." When an agent handles your automobile insurance, you get the services of a man whose business is built on giving people service in case of accident.

He is ready to help you when you need help most. He gets on the job fast, gets in touch with your insurance company's claim experts—acts, in short, as your other self. He and the claim men between them do everything they can to take all worries off your mind.

And when you insure your car in The Travelers you get the services not only of your own agent, but of thousands of Travelers representatives—experienced men who make a constant study of insurance. You get the services of hundreds of claim experts strategically located throughout the United States and Canada. *You get the services of men who know what to do in case of an accident.*

Moral: Insure in The Travelers.

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Women LOOK better-FEEL better!

...That's why they help to make this the most widely used laxative in the whole world!

WOMEN value the fresh, healthy look that compels admiration. To get it, to keep it—they are constantly trying, and rejecting, many products that promise to help. But when they do find one that *really* helps—like Ex-Lax, for example—*they are intensely loyal. They stick with it, talk about it, recommend it!* . . . And that's *one* reason why Ex-Lax is the most widely used laxative in the world today!

Millions of women regard Ex-Lax as a real aid to health and beauty, because they have proved that its smooth, thorough action brings new freshness . . . because they have found, just as *you* will find, that Ex-Lax helps them to look better and to feel better.

Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" system

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete.

After taking Ex-Lax, you'll feel *clean*. You'll feel more *alive*. And you'll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy it, and it's just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. K67, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

When Nature forgets – remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

pleted, nor was he old enough to work and support the family. But the widow did not lose the laundry. One of the "cousins" sent by the Kung Saw took over the laundry. He was paid a weekly salary, and the rest was given to the widow and her four sons. And the family guild saw to it that he did his duty honestly and efficiently.

All difficulties that may arise between "cousins" are settled by the Kung Saw in its council chambers. The Chinese never bring their lawsuits into our courts. And should any arguments spring up between members of different families, these are threshed out by the Jung Wah Kung Saw, the Chinese Benevolent Association. This is composed of representatives of the various families and has the last authoritative word on all Chinese affairs.

As the Year of the Monkey got into its ill-fated stride, it would be wrong to say that no Chinese went on the relief rolls. Some did, but the percentage was very small. In the New York district that includes Chinatown and where there are 5,243 families being helped by the Home Relief only twenty-one of these families were of Chinese extraction. And when one considers the total Chinese population of Greater New York—estimated at around thirty thousand—it will be seen that only seven out of every ten thousand are accepting relief. In Boston the percentage is about the same. And that's true of Philadelphia, also. In San Francisco, with its large Chinese population, only two out of every thousand sought relief. Certainly the Chinese have not been a burden to the government.

And on investigation this percentage becomes even smaller when it is discovered that many listed on the relief rolls as Chinese came from either Korea, Indo-China, or Hawaii. They are of mixed blood, and the Chinese do not consider them Chinese at all. Certainly they do not belong to any Kung Saw.

In all New York there are only four real Chinese families accepting Home Relief. And when I asked Charlie Sing why, he answered that these families belong to small Kung Saws, those who have few members and were finally forced to close their doors when their treasury was completely exhausted. Not even then did these families ask for help from the government. In every instance assistance was practically forced on them by private relief agencies.

One Chinese woman, a widow, failed to receive Home Relief because she was too honest. When inquiry was made concerning her resources, she showed some bank stock left her by her husband, but she didn't know it could be turned in for cash. She promptly sold the stocks, living on what they brought.

Last February the dragon again danced in the streets of Chinatown during the New Year festivities. The drums thundered and the cymbals whanged. Following the dragon down the street came some Chinese girls holding by the four corners two flags: an American flag and a Chinese flag. As they passed along, Chinese standing on the sidewalks dropped money into these flags.

"Why are they doing that?" I asked Charlie Sing.

"I don't know," he replied evasively. "Holiday maybe."

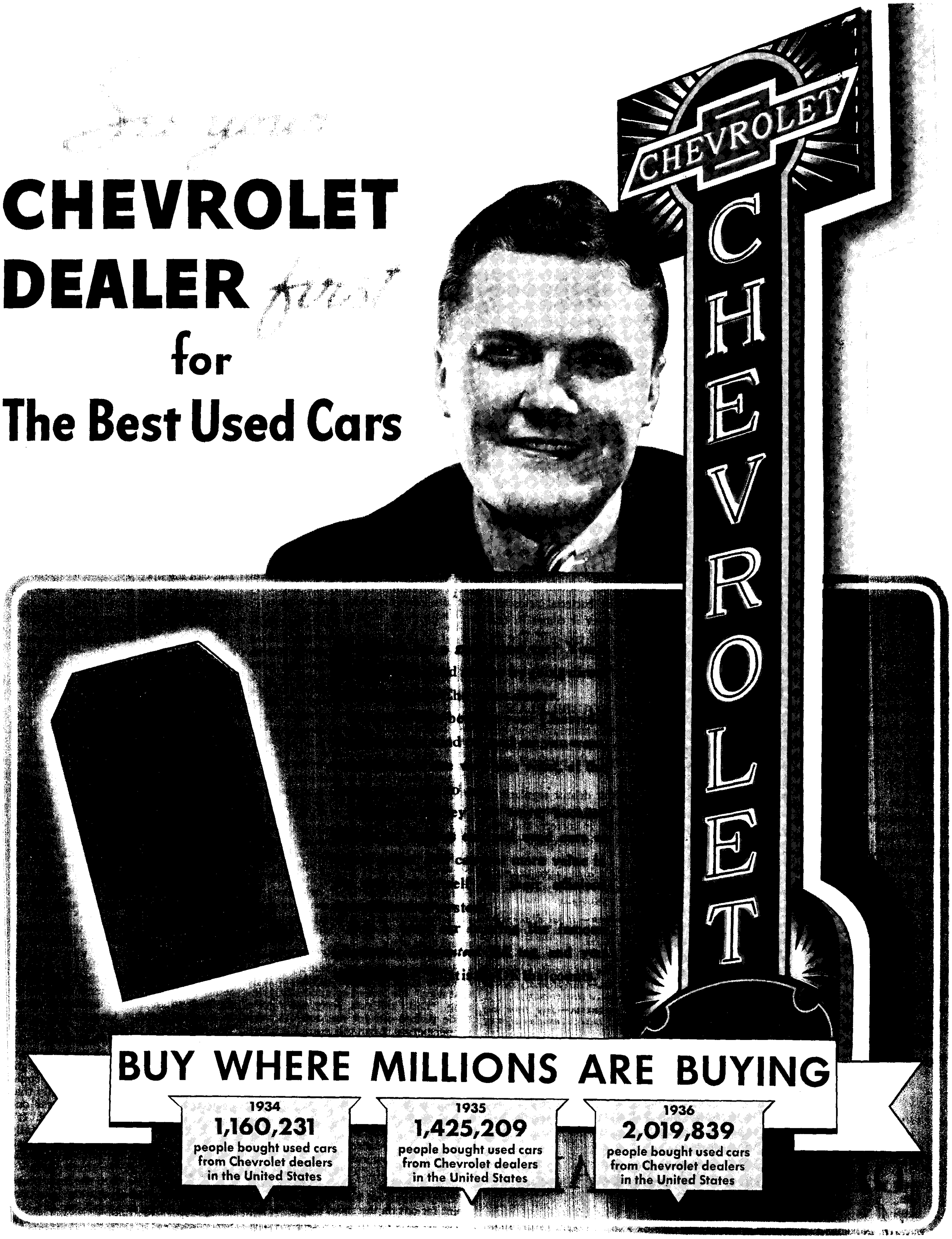
It wasn't until a few days later that I read in the papers that this money collected was given to the American Red Cross for the flood relief. It was presented by the Chinese Benevolent Association representing forty-two organizations in Chinatown. The sum total of the collection on that day was $1,530.07. I like that seven cents. It somehow proves that all the reports one hears of Chinese honesty are true. Nor was that all. Thirty thousand dollars was raised in China by the Nanking Government and sent to this country to help the flood sufferers.

It's the Year of the Tiger now—and a very hopeful year if you ask Charlie. He has his laundry back again. His *soo* paper has been removed from the wall of his Kung Saw Fong. He is again speaking pidgin English to his customers.

I don't think we need worry about Charlie and his Chinese "cousins"—they won't be a burden to Uncle Sam when the Year of the Monkey comes again. They may even—the Chinese are so peculiar—do something nice for us, probably saying, "Okay, please."

See your

CHEVROLET DEALER first for The Best Used Cars



BUY WHERE MILLIONS ARE BUYING

1934
1,160,231
people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers in the United States

1935
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people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers in the United States

1936
2,019,839
people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers in the United States

Responsibility

WHAT a challenge it is! To guide him toward a richer, fuller life—to be sure that he has the benefit of all the knowledge made available by research and discovery—that he may be protected against the hazards that stand in his way.

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A Government report on the examination of more than a million children in schools, indicates an average of two infected teeth per child.

As age advances, conditions grow worse. Impairment of appearance—even actual loss of teeth—is only a minor result of dental infection. Unchecked, it can retard physical and mental development—contribute to serious illness of vital organs—even shorten life.

Most Tooth Decay Can Be PREVENTED

Because of these facts the House of Squibb recommends a simple plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented. Part of this plan is the use of a scientific dentifrice.

Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder are scientific dentifrices providing effective home aid in the care of the teeth and gums.

Both these products contain an antacid that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them. And you will like the refreshing cleanliness of the mouth and brilliant luster of the teeth that result from their use.

Follow THE SQUIBB PLAN

1. Brush your teeth thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe; one prepared by a reliable maker.

2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

For more than three-quarters of a century, millions of careful families have depended on the name of Squibb . . . Specify—

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER— *it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.*

SQUIBB MINERAL OIL— *a safe, internal regulator.*

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SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA— *free from any suggestion of earthy taste . . . another sign of purity.*

SQUIBB SODIUM BICARBONATE— *refined to an unusual degree of purity.*

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

The Captain Had a Lady

Continued from page 22

the little lumber ships of the work horse fleet—is due in here at midnight. She left her skipper in Hilo. I'm to take her over."

"You mean—command!"

Philip Hargrave nodded savagely. The girl looked at him, drawing her delicate brows together. "And is *that* why you're snapping my head off this way?"

"But, Jerry, I don't want the damned command!"

"Well, I declare!" Her voice tinkled. "I've known a lot of you Carlton Line officers. You're the first one on earth, I'd say, to get sore at having a ship pushed his way."

"All right. I'm the first. But I won't have it! Not like this." He kicked the sand angrily with his heel. "Mother's been up to her tricks again."

"Oh," the girl murmured quietly.

JERRY was right. Appointment to command is the oddest reason in the world for raising a sailor's wrath. Still, Jerry understood what he meant. Because she knew about Mrs. Clayton Hargrave. Everybody in the Carlton Line knew about her, too. It got to be rather a grim joke in those ships. Her husband, before his death, had been commodore skipper of the great fleet, controlling no one knew how many shares in the capital stock of the famous line he helped to found. And Mrs. Clayton Hargrave, a woman of power and social position on the coast, had never shown any indications of hiding her light beneath the proverbial bushel. She was a woman of great determination, and she had very definite ideas about her son's career.

They said on the San Francisco docks of the Line that Mrs. Clayton Hargrave heard of an opening in the ships along the run almost before Captain Malcolm, the port superintendent, got the news himself. Whether it happened to be a chief mate's broken leg in Ahukini, or a skipper's illness in Napoopoo. When her magnificent town car came rolling up the Embarcadero and Mrs. Hargrave went along to pay Captain Malcolm—her husband's old shipmate—a visit, it got to mean only one thing to the officers of the fleet. The wireless man of the next outbound ship would drop the word to a liner off Makapuu Point in the middle watch that night. And the news traveled slyly and speedily along the line. There was never any question about it. "Mother's boy" was plainly scheduled for another promotion somewhere, and that was that. It put a blight on Philip Hargrave's promotions, whether he earned them or not, and a shadowy cloud on his professional knowledge and skill. And he didn't want the Makena's command that way.

"You see how it is, Jerry," he growled, kicking the sand again. "She's got to be made to know a fellow can't make it go that way." He looked up suddenly, grinning. "Did I tell you, Jerry, she's got a bride picked out for me, too? A very proper person, I can tell you. Elizabeth Crowland. Her family's a railroad. Mother thinks that way, in terms of railroads and steamship lines. She's got ideas. Mergers and such."

Jerry's smile wasn't very bright. "You don't tell me!"

"Well, something's got to be done."

The girl stood up abruptly. "Indeed, it does," she agreed, dropping her cape and pulling a yellow rubber cap over her crisp brown hair. "I'll race you out to zero break."

They swam out side by side to that point far out on the shoal where the sea gives its first heaving lift, gathering itself in long humps for the rush toward the sand. Here, at zero break, the surfboards and the outriggers gather to catch skillfully that first lumping of the ocean for the race to land. The moonlight made the water glitter like silver, and the beach seemed dwarfed and very far away. They treaded water, facing each other.

"So she's got ideas about your bride, too—"

He nodded. "Mother's full of ideas like that."

"So am I. You wouldn't think it, would you?" Jerry looked back over her shoulder and caught the dark shadow of a lifting sea: just the faintest suggestion of a fine comber making. "Watch it, Phil," she warned. "Here comes a beauty. . . . The Makena carries passengers, doesn't she?"

That lifting hummock swept toward them. Phil hadn't time to answer. Both of them suddenly flung shoreward, swimming furiously to catch the pressure of the roller. They stood up at last, waist deep, spluttering.

"Passengers? She's licensed for a few, Jerry. But no one ever uses the Makena for a passage to the coast. Especially this off-season time of year."

"That's fine, Phil." She started through the surf. "Then there'll be no one else aboard."

"What are you talking about?"

"I very suddenly decided I need a rest." She stopped in white moonlight, pulling off her cap, tossing her head, and smiling. "I'll buy a passage tomorrow. You call me up."

"But don't be silly, Jerry. She's a crumby little—"

"Call me tomorrow," she interrupted brightly. "You can help me pack."

She went away from him at once, and Philip Hargrave, a little dazed, went along to get dressed and wait for his new command to dock beyond the Aloha tower wharves.

THREE days later, her sugar and pineapple lading complete, the Makena sailed for home without benefit of ginger-flower leis or a hula band upon the dock. She wasn't important enough for that kind of show. But Jerry hadn't changed her mind. She rarely did. Not about things like this. And she seemed well pleased with her decision as she stood at the boat-deck rail in a neat blue suit, smiling faintly as the little ship steamed offshore past Waikiki Beach. Captain Philip Hargrave, pacing the bridge of his first command, knew she was there. Thinking about her, he grinned with momentary pleasure before his lips went taut again.

There was resentment in the ship, thin and smoldering. A tangible thing. Hargrave felt it directed his way at every turn: at mealtimes in the little salon, about the decks, and on the bridge. You could tell what these men thought by the look of them. He frowned darkly. In a way he didn't blame them a bit. The thing that rankled was the thinly veiled contempt of his knowledge and his skill. Plainly enough, they thought him a flying-fish sailor without any right to the stripes he wore. Well, he could ride it out of their hides, especially that hard-faced second mate. That was one way. But that was the easy road. It's simple enough to crack the whip brutally when you've got it securely in your fist. It wants something better to lay it aside knowingly and walk the stonier path.

Clear of pilotage, with the first course set, the Makena heaved in the long purple swells, arcing her masts across a cotton-wool sky of brilliant sunshine. The mate came up the bridge ladder, a little wearily. He was a gray-headed man well past the middle years, Mr. Brunn, and he had waited long and patiently for the ship that should have been his. Well, he reflected with resignation, it had passed him by again. He came up and leaned in the wing. Captain Hargrave moved toward him.

"Mr. Brunn," he said brusquely, "I know how you feel."

The mate looked up, tugging a bristling white mustache. "Aye, sir?"

"I've something to say, Mr. Brunn, and you can take it for just what it's worth. You've earned this ship time and time over again. You know it and so do I. So does Captain Malcolm, the port super on the home docks. When we get there, I mean to tell him so."

MR. BRUNN'S facial expression never changed, but there was a tinge of bitterness in his tone. "Please don't bother, sir."

They eyed each other in silence. A thin flick of pain went along Phil Hargrave's lips. "You may believe it or not, Mr. Brunn," he bit off shortly, "but I don't want command of this ship. I don't want it! Do you understand?"

From behind his shoulder came the slow pointed drawl of Andy Drury, the second mate, coming up for his watch. "Oh, yes. We understand, sir." His voice had a sharp quality, like the quick incision of a scalpel's steel. "We understand perfectly."

CALL BACK

By Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney

Begins

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Captain Hargrave turned quickly. Mr. Drury's face was hard. His eyes glittered with fiery points of light, veiling a scornful sarcasm. They'd handle the job if the master couldn't, he meant. Hargrave eyed him tightly for an instant. Now was the time for the whip! It was his to use if he wanted to. But he didn't, brushing past instead and down the ladder to the deck. Mr. Brunn watched his broad shoulders sway down and out of sight.

"What's the good of that, Andy?" he growled. "You'll do yourself no good. He may be all right."

Mr. Drury snorted derisively. "Yeah. Sure." Then he cracked the back of his hand against the chief mate's chest. "You keep your eye peeled in the morning watch, Brunn. You're liable to see some things."

"Eh? What?"

"I know. I've seen it before. That girl a passenger? In a pot like this, this time of year? Don't be a fool! She's here to keep the master from getting too lonely." He snorted again. "The master! You keep your eye peeled, that's all. I will in the middle watch, you can bet on that! And unless I miss my guess I'll have him blasted off the ship in Frisco. And this trip, too! To hell with his pull! You wait and see."

Mr. Brunn said nothing to that, leaving the bridge to the second mate. The Makena was taking the seas now in long deep rolls, with the low moan of the trade in her gear. They spattered to the foredeck now and again with a sharp loud hiss. And in the wheelhouse the helmsman grinned slyly at the teetering compass card. He, too, had heard about Mrs. Clayton Hargrave's boy. It was a great joke in the Carlton Line.

The Makena was a slow ship, a ten-knotter at best, and she held fine weather for several days. Until at last the West Coast winter found her and swept leisurely out to meet her. It showed itself at first in pale gray squalls in the south and east, heralded by fine streamers of metallic gray stretching gauntly across a soiling sky. The sea took to lumping more solidly, white crests glittering with a harder brightness, and the heavy slap of it against her hull took on a deeper rhythm and a different meaning. The low moan of the trade was gone. In its place the freshening southeaster began its blubbering whine. Twenty-four hours from the Farallons it was a full gale's howl, with the squalls flinging sheets of driving rain.

THE middle watch was black and wild and endless. Mr. Drury, in the wing, watching the ship in her labor, was a dark shape streaming with water. It poured from him in torrents, and the wind plucked it up at once and sent it flying into the wilderness of chaotic sound. At times the ship's head appeared for a moment, a gaunt, dripping monster. Then it went down with a surging roar, spouting jets of foam and shattering acres of white on either side. The second mate had no time now to nurse his grievances or the things he knew. Hot coffee, he thought bleakly, would be the thing! And then suddenly he saw the rocket. Distantly, low against a swollen sky, like the thin glimmer of light from deep in the heart of a cave.

It stiffened him instantly. He moved closer against the canvas dodger where the wind whistled shrilly, slicing tears to his eyes with its edge. He waited. The ship flung herself in agonized rolls. He kept his natural balance, swinging with the deck's shifting angles. Mr. Brunn came up to relieve the bridge, but the second mate didn't move, keeping his stare glued on that spot in the black and screaming void. But he flung up an arm to let the mate know. And Mr. Brunn, too, peered with narrow eyes against the slashing gale and the rain. There it was! There it was again. A thin slit of sudden light in all that wild darkness. It penciled upward, trembling. Until it struck the steel ceiling of the heavens, shattering itself in feeble yellow fingers that wavered momentarily and abruptly vanished. They looked at each other grimly. Phil Hargrave came up from his coffee and toast and Mr. Brunn screamed something in his ear. Then the three of them waited, spotted it once more, and the master went into the wheelhouse, altered the course, and came back with night glasses in his fist.

When the first gray liquid light of sunless dawn sprawled across the ocean, the Makena was close aboard the foundering wreck. A small steam trawler with her upper works smashed to splinters and not a whole boat anywhere on her washing hulk to which men desperately

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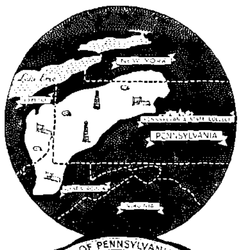

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clung. The rain was done, but the gale howled on, driving solid walls of cloud wrack before it. Under the low vault of that sky the seas swept along, foaming, with long streamers of white stretching across the deep green hollows as far as the jagged horizon. Phil Hargrave turned to his mate.

"Mr. Brunn, set oil bags dripping from the port hawse and along the well-deck freeing ports. We'll get to wind'ard and drift a slick down to her. Get the sea boat ready and call for a volunteer crew. . . . Mr. Drury, call the third mate. Ring up 'Stand by' on the engine."

He said all this quite calmly. Mr. Drury eyed him with icy derision. Good enough for him, he thought. The mate takes the boat over, and maybe he drowns and maybe he don't. But in any case the flying-fish sailor rides to glory again! His lip curled bitterly. Captain Hargrave, hollow-eyed and grim, stood at the open wheelhouse door. He knew what they thought. He knew well enough.

"Starboard," he called. "Let her come easy, man!"

He maneuvered carefully to windward of the wreck. The oil started down, spreading with the drift, thick and viscous, across the narrow stretch of wild ocean between the swinging Makena and the foundering hulk. Mr. Brunn was back on the bridge. Down along the deck the men at the davits were swinging out the heavy sea boat. Six fellows in life jackets were in her, waiting. The chief mate blinked his patient eyes.

"All ready, sir," he said gravely. "Just make me a lee. I'll do what I can."

Hargrave looked at him. He had to look down a little: he was tall and lean beside the stocky mate. "You're not going," he said shortly.

Mr. Brunn's eyes widened. "But—"

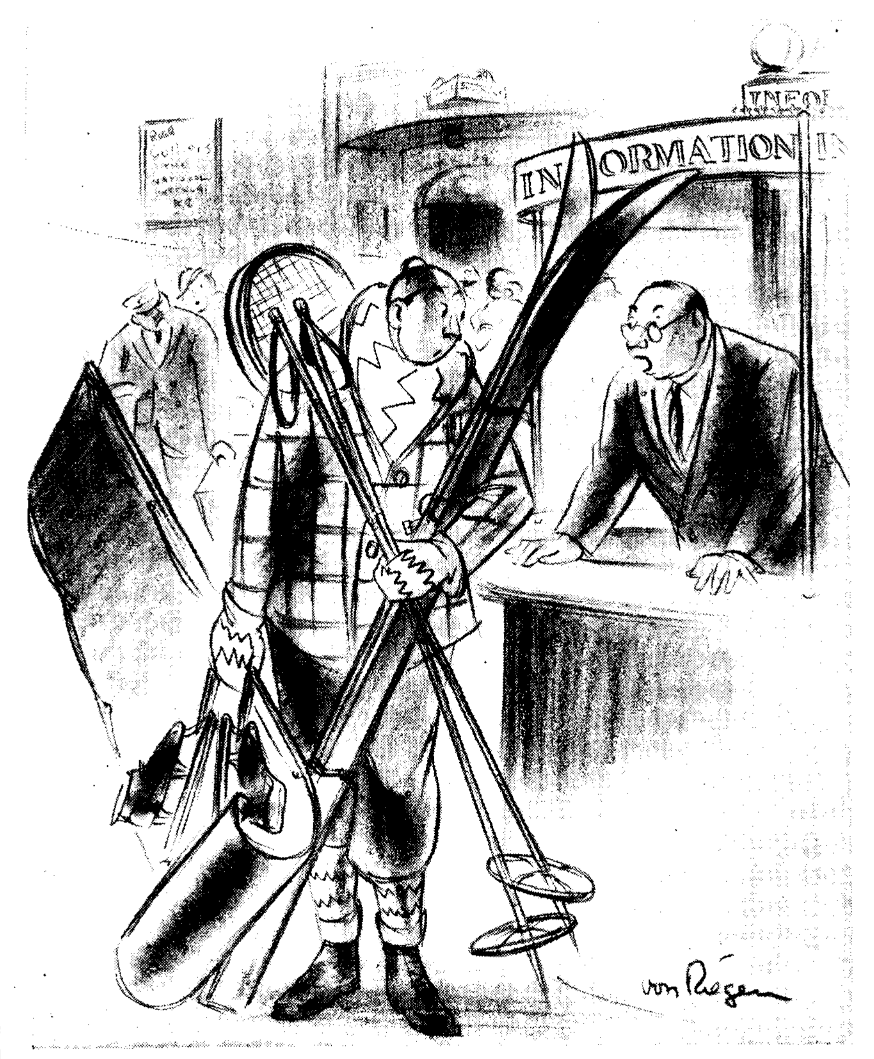
"I said you're not going! I am taking the boat over myself. The ship is yours while I'm gone. You take care of her!"

He started for the ladder, feeling their resentment and distrust sweeping toward him. Like a squall advancing across smooth water. Mr. Drury's eyes were icy cold and bitterly scornful. They didn't believe in him. They didn't think he was up to it. In their eyes he had no knowledge, no skill, and no endurance for a treacherous sailor job like this. His position of command and responsibility hadn't been won their way, they thought. Well, he couldn't blame them: that cloud upon him was of Mrs. Clayton Hargrave's making and it had to be battered down. He took one step down the ladder. Then, in the same instant, he heard the cry of his name—and the tight clutch of the second mate's fist on his arm.

"Phil!"

THAT was Jerry's voice. He saw her plainly down there on the deck below. The rest of them saw her, too. She looked up, crying his name. She was dressed in pale blue silken pajamas which her mandarin robe did little to conceal. She had come out of the master's room. There was no mistake. And with the scream of the gale overhead, while the Makena lunged against the seas, that smoldering resentment exploded violently all around him. The second mate's voice was harsh and raw. He forgot his place, the master's rank, everything, in the consuming flame of his anger.

"There you are, Mr. Brunn!" he roared. "What'd I tell you? There she is. Plain as day. Right in his room." He spun wildly on the master. "I'll blast this wide open in the Frisco office. So help me, I will! See if your damn' pull can crawl you out of this! So you're taking the boat over, are you?" he went on, completely beside himself. "And what the hell do you think you can do with it? There's those drowning devils over there to think about. To say nothing of six real sailormen who'll be in the



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WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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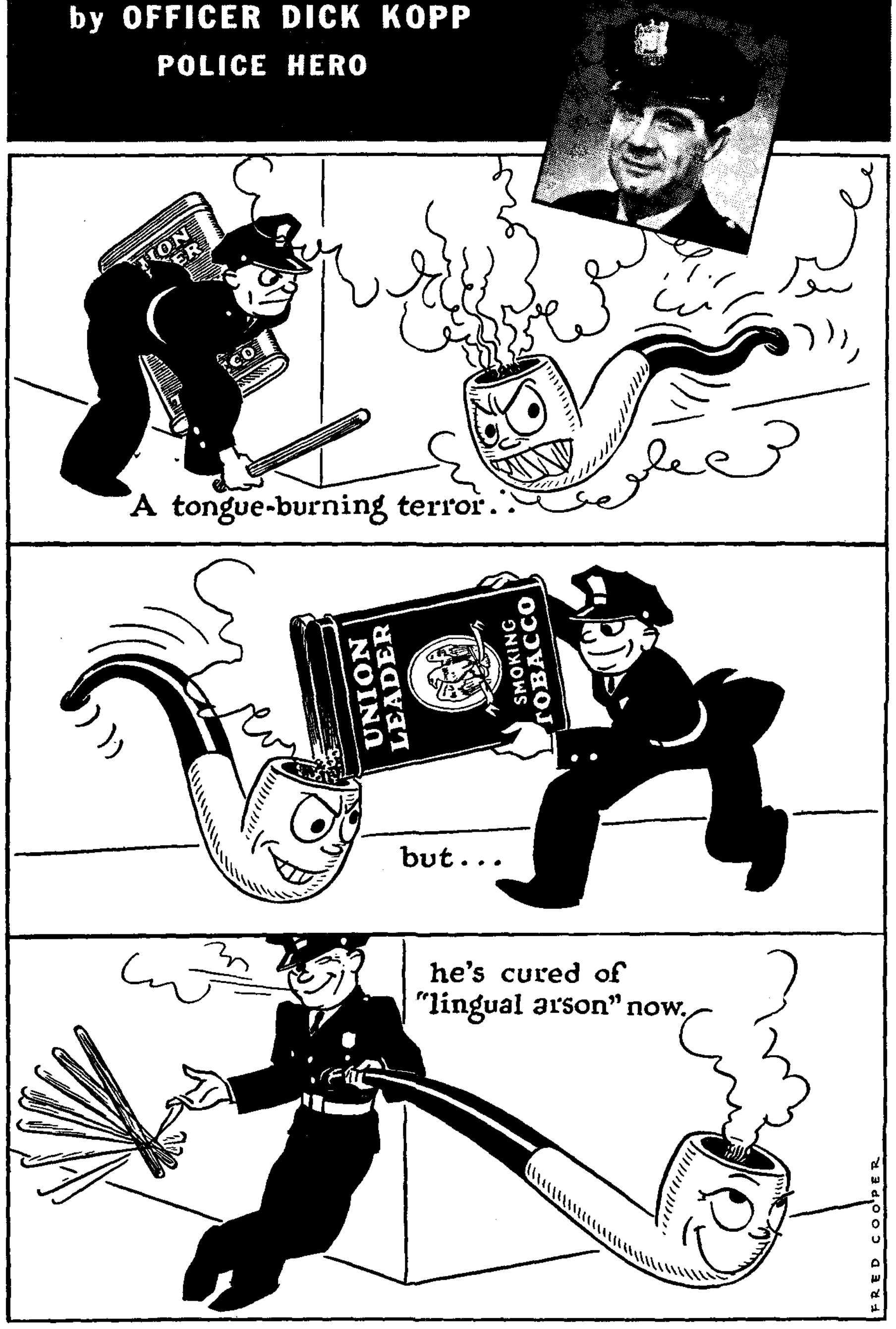
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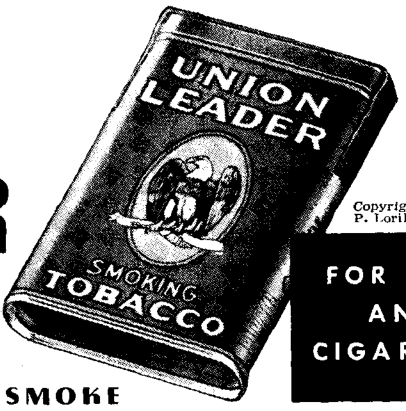

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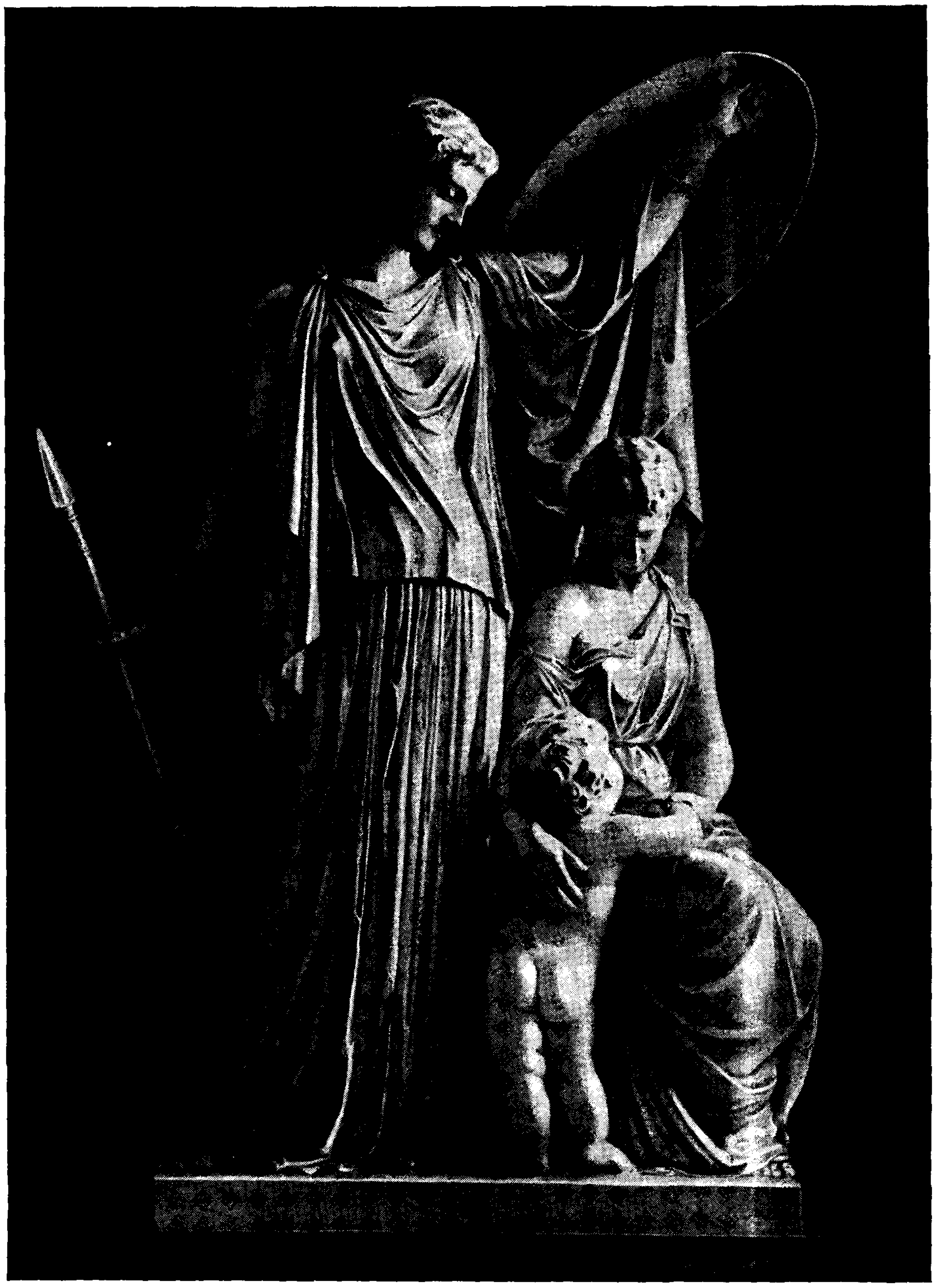
FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



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Thomas I Parkinson

PRESIDENT

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A. Yes, a special policy for the amount of the mortgage will assure the family's inheriting their home free and clear.

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Q. What is the best type of insurance policy for *your* needs?

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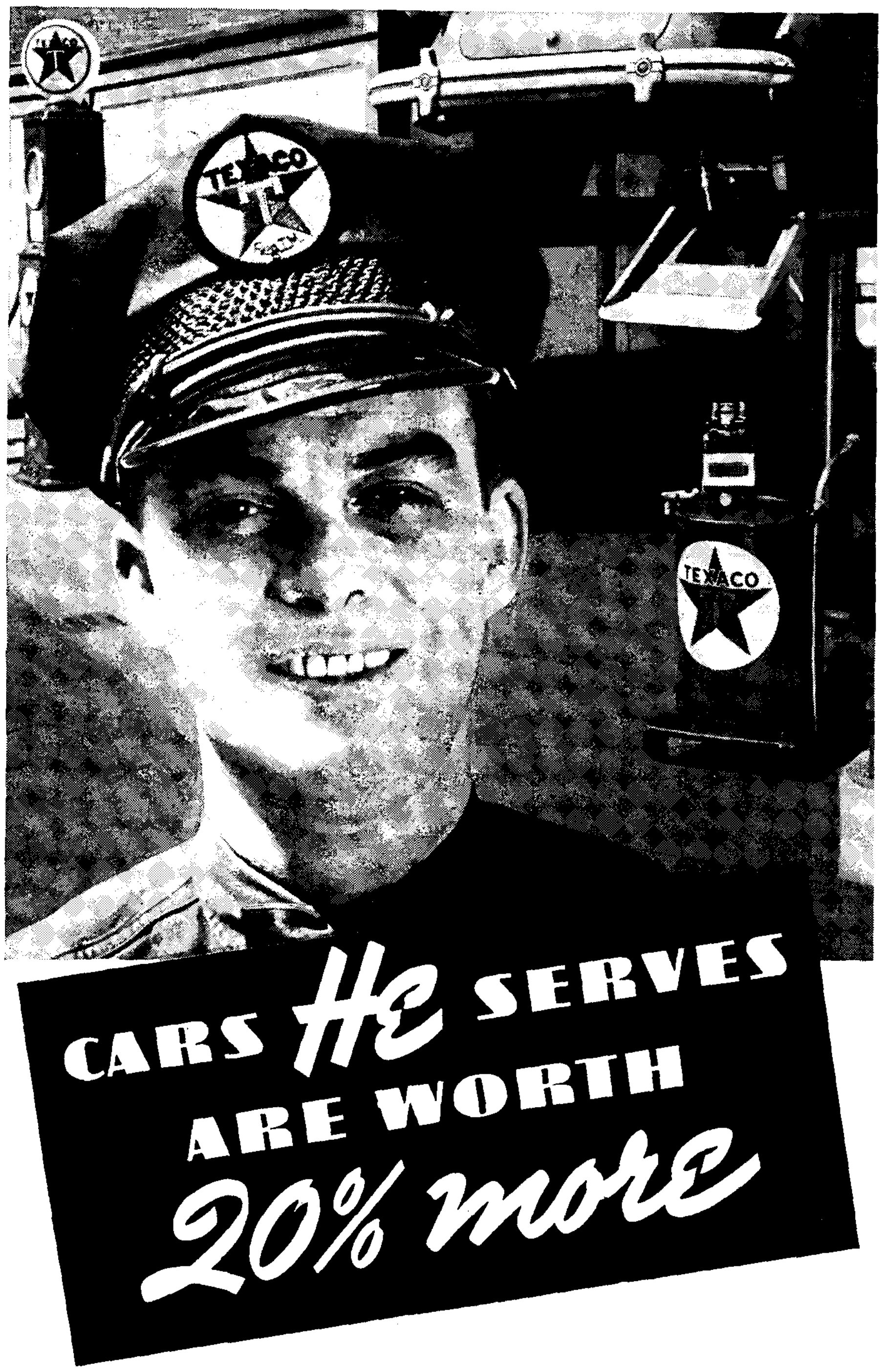

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boat with you. For how long, do you think? You're the master. Sure! And you can log me out of the fleet if you can and be damned to you! But this ain't a job for you. Not by a long sight. You're too lily soft for this. This is the real thing! This—"

"Mr. Drury!"

He paid no heed. The words continued to tumble from his wide mouth. "You better let someone do this job who knows what it's about! You go down there to her and keep yourself cozy and warm. The wench will—"

He never got further than that. Phil Hargrave's fist slashed out. It moved so fast it could hardly be seen, but you could hear the solid impact of it above the whine of the gale. Mr. Drury spun awkwardly backward, crashed into the wheelhouse bulkhead and sagged. Mr. Brunn caught at the master's arm.

"You can't do it, sir!" he insisted. "You're the skipper. You can't leave the ship. It'll cost you your command!"

"That, Mr. Brunn," Hargrave spat out, "is precisely the idea. I told you once I didn't want the command of a ship that's rightfully yours. Not till I've earned it like anyone else. I mean to show you I don't. And the home office, too! So I'm taking the boat over. Understand? And when we get home you tell Captain Malcolm I did everything against the rules. You tell him I left my command in the middle of a gale. And tell him about the girl, too, and about hitting Mr. Drury. If you don't, he will!"

He turned away at once and climbed down the ladder, striding along to the davits. Jerry looked after his swaying shoulders with a fine brave light in her eyes. Mr. Brunn watched him, too. And Mr. Drury, hauling himself to his feet and rubbing his aching jaw, looked sourly down at the breaking sea.

"By God!" he growled. "That fella kicks like a mule!"

The small boat took the water cleanly and fell away from the patent tripping blocks in the hollow of a sea. Phil Hargrave ran out the steering oar and appraised his men. There was that same look in their eyes he knew so well. Distrust. Veiled contempt. They hadn't expected him in charge. They were in for it, they all thought bitterly. What did he know? What did he know about a thing like this?

"Way all!" he shouted at them. "Put your backs in it and make her run!"

THEY looked up suddenly, pulling together. There was something in the firm and tingling cry of that order they understood. There was something reassuring in the tall, confident balance of him in the stern sheets there with a ten-foot sweep in his fists as he gauged the towering seas. The stroke oar grinned for some reason and settled down to his work. Unity spread along the thwarts. The little sea boat soared, fell sickeningly away, and soared again. The stinging spume spat at them. Down in the middle of it, wind and sea made a deep, dull booming noise, loud and full-throated and wild with menace. Phil Hargrave felt the challenge of it. His sleepless eyes burned; the muscles bulged along his cheek. The exultation got hold of him. The stroke oar's grin went broader as the brine drained down his wrinkled face. He was all right after all, that fellow there in charge!

On board the ship Makena, they watched that tossing cockleshell battling its way to the wreck. Jerry had the boat-deck rail in tight white fists, her face pale and straining. But on the bridge in the gale's gray light they watched that distant struggle with a professional eye. It meant things to them no one else could know. The sea boat ran down the oily slick in the Makena's lee. At times they lost it altogether under rearing humps of frothing green. But when it came in view again, that dark shape was still erect in the stern with his weight on the long ash sweep. He was maneuvering under the black hulk's bows. Mr. Drury shot the mate a sharp, quick look of grudging approval out of eyes that held a different light. But Mr. Brunn only yanked at the telegraph and started the Makena carefully circling round.

Mr. Drury set his binoculars to catch that small black speck. It seemed drowned on a foaming ocean, but always hugging close the lee side of the foundering wreck where the life lines had to be drifted down and picked up. He must have seen things through that focused glass, Mr. Drury did, for when at last he put them away in the rack and turned to Mr. Brunn again, his voice was a hoarse and chesty growl.

"He's got 'em all, Mr. Brunn," he said. "He's got 'em all aboard."

He turned away then and went along the boat deck to the davit falls to lend a hand, while the chief mate, gauging the small boat's run before the seas, watched his chance to slide the ship's hull along for a landing lee. And Mr. Drury was right. Hargrave had them all aboard when the sea boat settled at last in her chocks again and weary, exhausted men tumbled to the Makena's angling deck.

THE soiled gray clouds were washed clean and there were patches of deep blue overhead when the little Makena made her dock in San Francisco Bay. As she slid alongside to the hissing roar of capstan and winch, Hargrave saw the port superintendent, his mother and Elizabeth Crowland waiting on the wharf. Something about that made him smile, and he sent a man along to tell the mate and Mr. Drury to come at once to his cabin as soon as the lines were fast. And that's where they had it out. In a very funny way.

Mrs. Hargrave was a handsome, formidably determined woman, and it was plain she meant to stand for no nonsense in the way of her son's career. Elizabeth Crowland was tall, dark-haired, and much too precisely beautiful, with a cold and passionless and extremely correct beauty. And Captain Malcolm, a seaman for over forty years, was a lean gray whip of a man with blue eyes that veiled a brittle humor. Mr. Brunn and Mr. Drury didn't like being there. They stood awkwardly by the door, shifting their weight uneasily from foot to foot. Jerry wasn't there at all. The port superintendent tossed a radiogram on the skipper's desk.

"What's the meaning of this, Hargrave?" he asked quietly. "Why do you resign your command?"

"Indeed, Phil," Mrs. Hargrave, indignant, wanted to know too, "what does it mean?"

Phil Hargrave smiled an odd smile. "I resigned because you'll have to fire me anyhow."

"Fire you?" The port superintendent's blue eyes were very lively. "What for?"

"I don't want a ship till I've earned it. The way Mr. Brunn earned this one. She ought to be his. So I broke every sacred regulation of the Carlton Line. Knowingly, sir, and with malice aforethought. I left my ship in mid-ocean. I did it deliberately. I slugged one of my officers and—" He turned on the second mate. "You tell him, Mr. Drury. Now's your chance. Tell him about it and about—"

"Me?" Mr. Drury interrupted quickly. "What've I got to tell him?" he growled, twirling his uniform cap with savage fingers. "I slipped on the bridge. It was pretty slick that morning. I didn't see nothing out of line, sir."

Hargrave, astonished, shot to his feet. Captain Malcolm's eyes were bluer and more lively than ever. "You, Mr. Brunn?"

"Everything seemed all right to me, sir," the mate drawled with innocent evenness.

"What *is* all this?" Mrs. Hargrave demanded.

Hargrave spun on his officers. "What the devil's got into you?" he roared. "How about the girl, Mr. Drury? You saw—"

"The girl? What girl?" Mrs. Hargrave cut in, while Elizabeth Crowland, sensing some terrible impropriety, went duly a little bit pale.

"Jerry!" Hargrave called loudly. "Jerry!"

The skipper's dressing-room door opened. Jerry came in. She was in those pale blue clinging pajamas. Revealing and very lovely, with her tousled chestnut hair and her laughing eyes. "Did you call me, Phil, darling?" she asked with the sweetest innocence.

"Jerry," Phil grinned, "this is Mother. And Miss Elizabeth Crowland. You know. My fiancée." He turned on Captain Malcolm again. "You see, sir," he said deliberately, "it's been like this the whole passage. Strictly against the rules of the Line, isn't it?"

Mrs. Clayton Hargrave blinked. There was no mistaking the intimate implications of the girl's presence and her dress. Elizabeth Crowland went absently frigid. All the color drained from her face. "Your fiancée, Mr. Hargrave?" she said with asperity. "You are very much mistaken."

She went from the room with a cold and sweeping dignity. Outraged, Mrs. Hargrave could do nothing but follow her, with a look of shocked horror toward her son. Mr. Brunn and the second mate slipped quietly away. And Captain Malcolm, suddenly and for no apparent reason, burst out in hearty laughter.

"Splendid!" he boomed. "Splendid, Jerry!"

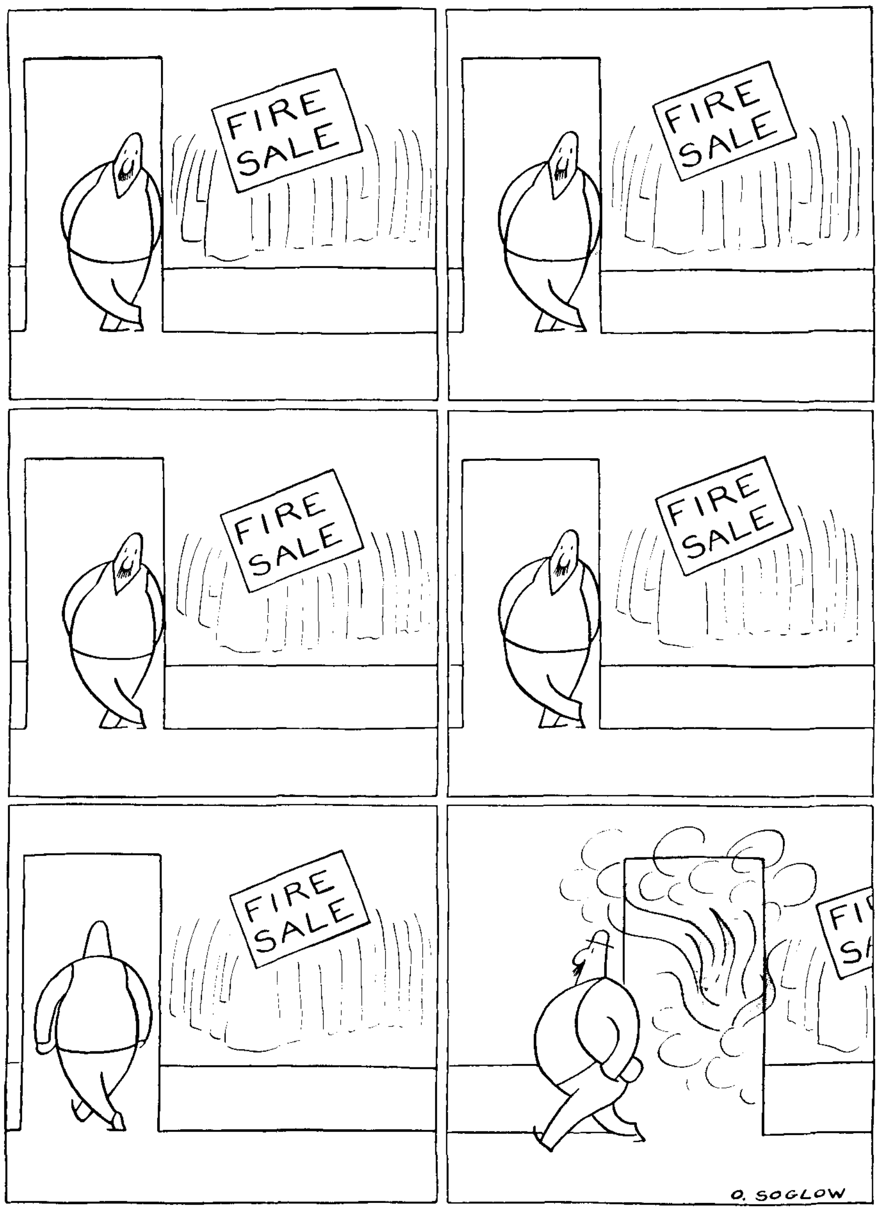
"You—you know her?" Phil gasped.

"Why, yes; of course. Knew her in the Islands when she was just a long-legged, freckle-faced kid. She wired me all about it. She's got ideas, Jerry has." He stood up, eyes bubbling. "I've been wondering how long it would take old Captain Hargrave's son to explode! Well, you've broken all the regulations, all right. And we'll have to remove you from command and give her to Mr. Brunn. . . . Do me a favor, though. The two of you. Don't tell Mrs. Hargrave you were married in Honolulu for at least another week. Let her stew. I'll tell you why," he explained archly from the open doorway. "We're getting married ourselves, Mrs. Hargrave and I. And she needed a lesson like this. I don't know what I'd do with her otherwise. Teach her to mind her own knitting, I hope. . . . Well, it'll be two months disciplinary idleness on the beach for you, Captain Hargrave," he called over his shoulder before he left. "It'll make a fair enough honeymoon. Then come back—and we'll find you another ship. Because, by heaven, you've earned it."

THEY were alone. Jerry was laughing silently, with her little nose all wrinkled and her gay eyes very bright. "Poor Lizzy!" she managed to get out. "What a terrible shock to her."

"And to Mother," Phil agreed, grinning as he went toward her.

And out on deck, Mr. Drury, who wasn't half as tough as he thought and had found it out at last, turned sly eyes on Peter Brunn. "Y'know," he grumbled, "for a flying-fish sailor he handles a boat right smart. The minute he socked me that morning I knew right off he was sure all right." He nursed his chin reminiscently and with sudden vigor. "Take my word, Captain Brunn," he announced forcefully, "that fella kicks like a mule!"



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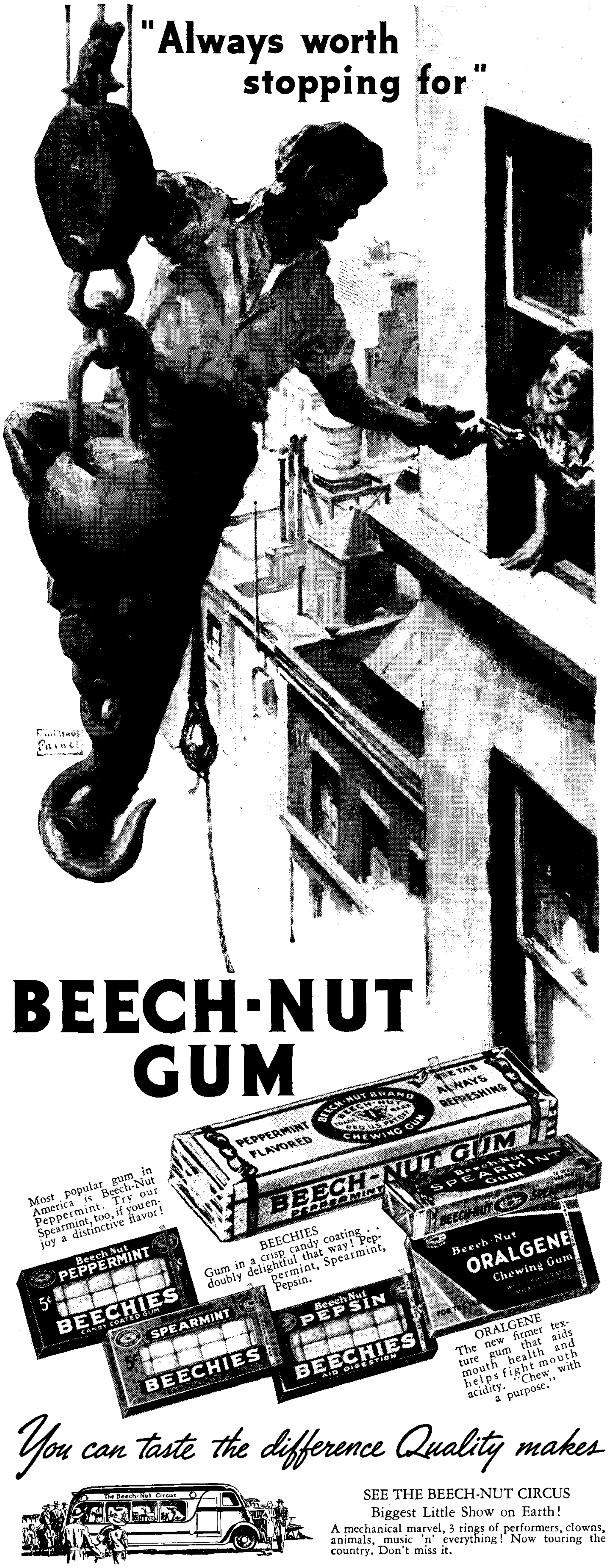
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Girl Meets Fame

Continued from page 16

Kare-Free in the mountains for her two weeks' vacation, and the play is an account of what happens in that brief span.

Teddy has a neat, small figure and golden-blond hair and lovely blue eyes. So has Katherine Locke. But she has none of the overstrained elegance of Miss Stern. And the Bronx accent vanishes, too, when the final curtain falls and Teddy Stern is transformed nightly back into Katherine Locke. That accent is as accurate, to the New Yorkers who know their Bronx, as the notes of a first violinist in a symphony orchestra. But it is all acquired, wholly synthetic.

Musical Interlude

She was born, as a matter of fact, in Boston. Officially, it was twenty-five years ago; actually a year or two more, perhaps. Her father, Maurice Locke, who had emigrated from Russia a few years before, soon moved his family to Brooklyn where he supported it by his unusual gifts as a linguist. He taught Russian, French and other languages, principally as a private tutor.

Mr. Locke's vocation was teaching, but his avocation was music. One thing, among others, which saved Katherine Locke from becoming a Teddy Stern was the cultural background of her home. Her father had attended a university in Moscow. He was determined that his children should be just as well educated. He also wanted his oldest daughter—a son and another daughter were born after Katherine—to become a pianist.

For a time she was docile enough. She took lessons and then went to the Damrosch Conservatory. She became proficient, but her heart was not in it. She found it quite impossible, moreover, to play before a crowd. This was not shyness, for she would recite long poems at the slightest suggestion or none. But she borrowed money from a chum and fled to the country for the day on the occasion of a conservatory recital in which she was supposed to appear.

The Lockes never attended the theater, an art form which Mr. Locke regarded as frivolous. The first play Katherine saw was a performance of Coquette, with Helen Hayes as the star, when she was in her teens. But the daughter of the house became incurably infected with a desire to act while she was attending the James Madison High School in Brooklyn. Some villain of a teacher encouraged her. When she made a hit as Portia in The Merchant of Venice he actually suggested that she call on an agent or two.

The sixteen-year-old high-school girl trudged up and down Broadway after school hours. She pretended to be at least twenty and told bored office boys that she wished to see their bosses. They retorted that their bosses did not wish to see her at all, so she postponed, for a time, her entry into the theater. Instead, she enrolled at New York University. She went there for three years, continuing with her music. Then she heard that the Provincetown Players, down in Greenwich Village, were casting for the part of an old woman in a show called Joy of the Serpents. She got the job, for which there was no salary. She kept the news from her parents until the show opened. Some critic was inconsiderate enough to publish the names of the cast, however. Friends of the family telephoned Mr. Locke to congratulate him on the budding career of his daughter. That was when he attended a performance and branded it horrible.

Having tasted blood, Miss Locke could no longer be dissuaded and under a storm of parental disapproval she left home and established herself, with two other girls, in a flat in the Village. She got a job typing manuscripts in an office where confession magazines were published. She lost it when she naïvely corrected the grammar and spelling in one of the genuine accounts of stenographers and their betrayals. She visited producers and agents during her lunch hour. She learned that the first essential in getting a job in the theater was to lie and cheat.

One day, while waiting to be interviewed, she heard a young actor declare that he must be seen at once because he had an appointment with Dudley Digges, the director and actor. Katherine got the young man's name and scurried to Digges' office.

"Here I am," she told the bewildered telephone girl, using the actor's last name. "I am slightly early."

"But Mr. Digges' appointment was with a man. I *know* it was a man's name."

"Come, come," said Katherine haughtily. "You are mistaken. I have an engagement with Gilbert Miller in half an hour. Let me in at once!"

Dazed, the girl let her go through. She confessed the truth to Digges, though, and he was so amused that he promised her a part in the show. She saw him several times after that. But one day, when she called, she was told that the play was postponed, that Mr. Digges had been called to Hollywood.

"So I decided that I would go to Hollywood," she remembers.

A specially benign Providence seems to watch over all drunkards and some young actresses. At this stage, Miss Locke was quite insane. She had just forty dollars left when she reached the Coast, but, with another girl, she established herself in a tiny apartment. She refused to register as an extra because she was afraid that a New York producer might recognize her in that humiliating position and refuse her some great part. She learned that an amateur group in Los Angeles was putting on a play by Padraic Colum—again with no salaries. She was accepted for a fairly good part and got lovely notices.

"But we couldn't eat the notices," she remembers.

Pretty but Not Too Pretty

So finally she humbled herself and agreed to work as an extra. Luck was with her. She was pretty and wore clothes well. She was not pretty enough to arouse jealousy in the breasts of established actresses and be thrown off the lot. She made fifteen or twenty dollars a week as an extra girl and lived comfortably if not lavishly. Friends invited her to a substantial meal from time to time.

This went on for almost a year with an interlude in a Los Angeles stock company. Toward the end of 1931 a great light dawned on Miss Locke: that she really knew precious little about acting. It also occurred to her that she had been faintly mistaken in applying for leading parts when she had never played bits. So she abandoned Hollywood, returned to New York and resumed her rounds among the managers.

For some months she was the invisible actress of Broadway. That is, the audiences never saw her. In one show she was A Woman with a Dog. She stood on a rickety platform in the wings, called out a few words to an actress on the stage and then barked. By the fall of 1932, though, she had made enough of a dent to get a part with Judith Anderson in Firebird, a Gilbert Miller production. Mr. Miller liked her work and sent her on the road in The Late Christopher Bean, in which Pauline Lord was the star.

Life was fairly precarious. All in all, Katherine Locke was just another eager young actress. She didn't have to worry about eating because she had been married to Morris Helprin, a motion-picture publicity man. But she felt that she was getting nowhere. Then she heard about Benno Schneider, a Russian director who had worked with the great Stanislavky and who was directing a group theater in New York. In 1935 Katherine decided that she would become his pupil. Mr. Schneider is a gentle, shy little genius and he did not want any more students. Katherine bombarded him with requests for an interview until, finally, she waylaid him in the lobby. This so alarmed Mr. Schneider that he allowed her to come to his classes.

"I knew from the start that she had great talent," he now remembers.

Icicles on Broadway

Katherine Locke did not know it, though. She continued to get parts. Scouts for the motion-picture companies saw her and made screen tests. The girl grew profoundly discouraged as Broadway continued to remain cold. So she signed, to her subsequent regret, one of those long Hollywood contracts and went back to the coast in June, 1936. They put her in a little number called Straight from the Shoulder, in which she was, vaguely, the leading woman to Ralph Bellamy. Nobody had a clear idea of the plot. The resulting picture was confusing, to say the least. Variety, the theatrical weekly, said that Katherine had no future at all in films. Other critics either ignored or roasted her in similar fashion.

Miss Locke, in a kind of masochistic frenzy, saw the film twice, and then went again. But the third time she could not sit through it and fled from the theater.

The chances are excellent that her option would not have been taken up had it not been for an accidental meeting early last winter in Macy's department store. As it is, she will be summoned to the coast as soon as Having Wonderful Time ends its run.

Among the friends acquired in Hollywood was Sylvia Sidney. On this occasion Katherine ran into Miss Sidney in Macy's antique-furniture department. They talked for a moment.

"There's something I wanted to tell you," Sylvia said. "Now what was it? Oh, yes! Marc Connelly has a part for you."

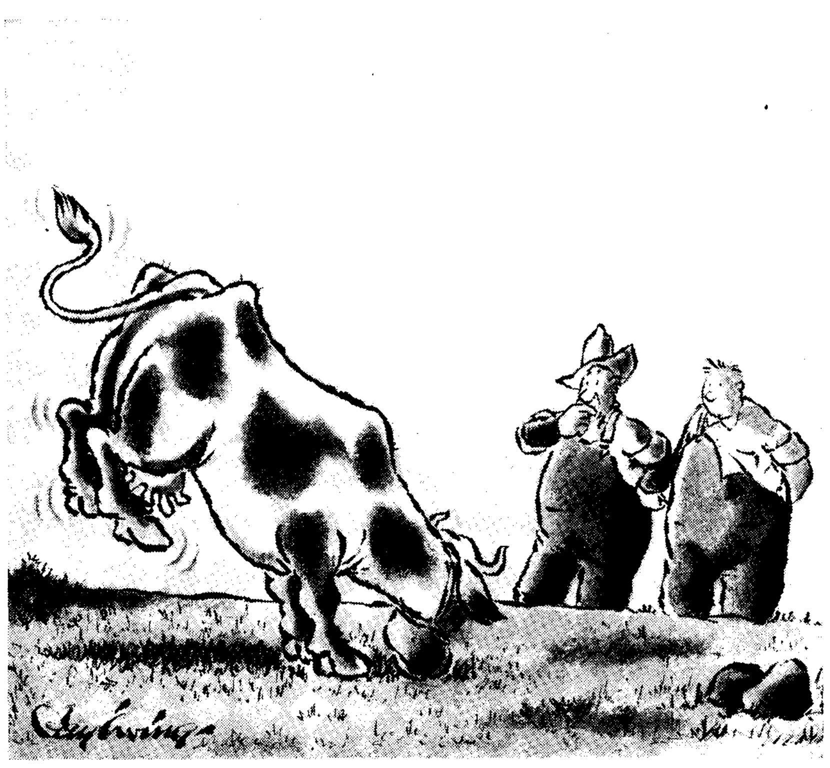
Mr. Connelly was casting Having Wonderful Time and had offered the Teddy Stern part to Miss Sidney, who was not available because of Hollywood obligations. As soon as Miss Locke had read a scene or two he knew that she was the girl. Two weeks before the opening she was hit by the flu, but managed to keep on working. This undermined her strength, however, and the nervous excitement was almost too much for her. Doctors worked on her in her dressing room until it was time for the curtain on the first night. She was feverish. Her stomach felt queasy. These symptoms of terror vanished, though, when she stepped on the stage.

Because of the Saturday-night opening, Miss Locke had to wait twenty-four hours for the verdict; the Sunday editions of the New York papers do not carry theatrical reviews. So Sunday was a restless day. That night Katherine and her husband went to a Chinese restaurant on Broadway for dinner. They ate nervously. At last it was time for the first edition of the Daily News, a tabloid, to appear. Mr. Helprin went out to buy it. He came back to the restaurant holding up three fingers. This meant that the News had hailed the play as a three-star show, a hit.

"What else does he say about the show?" Katherine asked.

Helprin began reading. "I give you this Monday morning," he quoted from Burns Mantle, the critic, "a little girl named Katherine Locke . . ."

The little girl listened for a second or two. Then she began crying into her chow mein. She wept pretty steadily for the next two hours, sometimes in the chop-suey joint and sometimes on the corners of Times Square. For they went out to pick up the other morning papers and their critics' enthusiasms started new freshets of tears.



"I reckon yo're right, Hank. We'll have to put Betsy back to grazin' on th' hill pasture again"

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40 Augusta Tournament
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Dangerous Young Man

Continued from page 11

with a young lady and have no one cut in: The stag line refers to such young ladies as goons."

"And how about Miss Rilling?"

"Once on the stag line, you may cut in on Miss Rilling. If you prefer, you can ask a member of the floor committee to introduce you. But she won't decline, if you simply cut in, because she won't want to make a scene. The rest is up to you, sir."

"Oliver, do you know what this town did to my father?"

"No, sir. He dispensed with my services twenty-five years ago, when he married your mother."

"But you know, don't you, that a couple of years after he married her he was kicked out of the social register? You know she left him flat when he went broke, don't you?"

Oliver looked uncomfortable. "Of course; I heard rumors. Your father vanished. I didn't even know about you, sir."

"Sure. He took me to Nevada and became a prospector. It was tough going, but when we struck it, we struck it. And now, Mike—Dad—wants me to shake the sagebrush out of my hair before I become just another old jack rabbit with the wind in my ears. He wants me to show 'em a Banyard can still wear a top hat, white tie and tails."

"You can do it, Mr. Banyard."

Peter placed his hands on the old man's shoulders. "Say yes, Oliver."

Oliver smiled feebly. He looked uneasy. "I'll do it, Mr. Banyard—on one condition."

FRANK MERRICKA paid for his taxi and went into Tetlow's Tavern. One waiter stared at him. Another waiter turned his back, watching him in a mirror. The bartender picked up a glass and began polishing it.

"Good evening, Mr. Merricka."

"Hello, Mac. Steve in?"

"Yes, sir. Go right in."

Merricka opened the door to the right of the bar and went in. Steve Tetlow was reading a racing form, with his feet on his desk. He took his feet off the desk and put the form down. His eyes traveled back and forth across Merricka's pink, handsome face as if it were a telegram in code.

"She's a clever girl, Steve. It's all set."

"How did she act?"

"Smart."

Steve Tetlow considered Merricka's cold blue eyes a moment and said, "I still don't like it, Frankie. I still say it isn't up our street."

"Well, it ought to be a novelty, not dealing with a fence."

"How do you know she won't cross us? How do you know she won't get cold feet?"

"I thought we'd been over all that."

"If she gets cold feet, she'll talk."

"She won't get cold feet. She's all for this and she keeps her chin up, if that means anything. She's a clever kid. She raised all the objections we thought of, and some more besides. We plugged everything. There won't be a hitch. You will simply give her the key and she will do the rest. If my neck didn't stick out so far, I'd do it myself. I'd like to see that baby all dressed up for a party."

Steve Tetlow still looked doubtful. "I wish I was sure. It isn't our racket, and there's so many chances for a slip-up."

"Not with that girl handling it. All you have to do is look at her eyes. She's a clever kid."

Oliver Hooper glanced at Peter Banyard's wide, graceful shoulders. "I'll work for you—if you'll punch a man for me."

The young man wasn't quite smiling. One eyebrow went up. It gave him a wry expression.

"Any particular man?"

"His name is Albert Mowrey. He's a footman for Mrs. Cortland Van Tyle. There has been bad feeling between us for six years, over a matter of a silver spoon, since we worked for the Long Island McElvoys. He has made me the laughingstock of Tetlow's."

"Tetlow's?"

"It's an old tavern. I go there often—and so does Albert Mowrey. He makes insinuating remarks about silver spoons. Once he insisted on searching me, and found one of Tetlow's dessert spoons in my pocket. Another time, he gave me a push—and a dozen pieces of table silver dropped on my shoes. The joke has worn pretty thin. He's much bigger than I am—bigger than you, Mr. Banyard. He could wipe up the floor with me. That is why it's so infuriating. Six years of that joke have worn out my patience. And he always caps it by pulling my shirt out. He clutches my vest, sir, and snatches my shirt out."

Oliver Hooper paused. His handsome face was flushed.

"And you want me to go down there and sock him."

"Yes, sir. If you'll give him just one good wallop, I'll make you the most popular man in New York."

Peter Banyard's hot sapphire eyes seemed to gleam. His face was white and grim.

"Certainly."

"Now?"

"This minute. Will he be there?"

"Yes, sir. He's always there on Sunday nights."

"Okay, Oliver. Let's go."

In his canny summing up of Peter Banyard's character, Oliver had erred in only one particular. The young man from Nevada was as deliberate, as observant and as tenacious as Oliver had guessed. But he was not fearless. The pantherish stride, the gleam in the eyes, the willingness to punch a man, and all those other manifestations of a warlike nature were phony. Only the sudden pallor was honest.

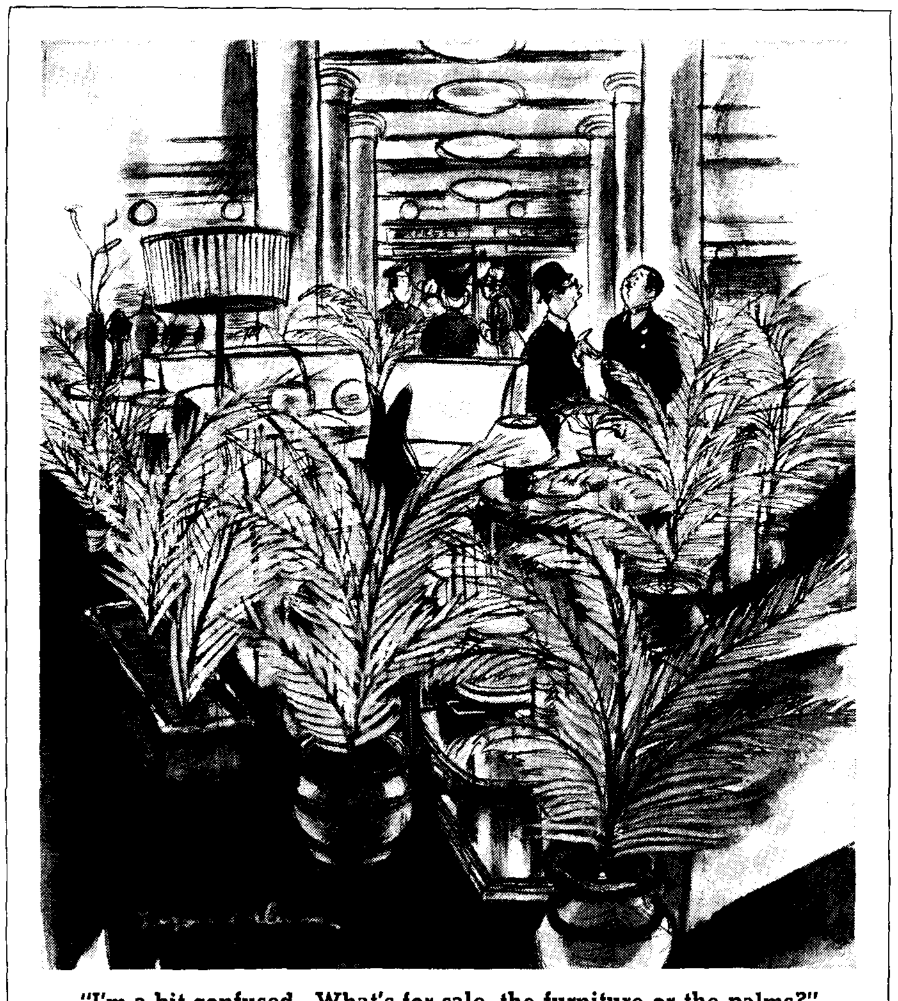
Yet Oliver's error was a natural one. Over the years, Peter Banyard had perfected a technique not only to conceal his timidity but to give people the very opposite impression. This technique consisted, for the most part, in doing those things which are done only by men and boys of undisputed courage.

HE HAD, for example, always been afraid of horses. And though he learned to ride a horse when he was very young, he never overcame his dislike and fear of horses. As he grew older, the fear that his timidity would be found out goaded him into riding more and more dangerous horses, until he was finally riding horses with reputations.

By the time Peter was eighteen, he had ridden some of the worst horses in Nevada, and he had the reputation of a boy who loved nothing better than to fight it out with a horse reputed to be a hell-roaring killer.

It would be natural to assume that, having demonstrated his superiority over horses, and having listened to honest cheers at his audacity, he would have outgrown his fear. Yet he never mounted a horse without terror. He never dislodged from his mind the picture of himself lying on the ground with a screaming horse rearing above him and driving its hoofs into him like daggers.

He had the same fear of fighting. As



"I'm a bit confused. What's for sale, the furniture or the palms?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

HOME LIFE OF A CARRIER*

FATHER PICKED IT UP AT THE CLUB....
BROUGHT IT HOME TO MOTHER..
GAVE IT TO JUNIOR, TOO

Get rid of ATHLETE'S FOOT

Those who carry Athlete's Foot injure others as well as themselves, yet there are millions of people in America today who neglect that itching, burning condition of the skin between the toes.

Hence, wherever they tread barefoot they spread the insidious infection—in club locker-rooms, bathhouses, on the edges of swimming pools, even in their own bathrooms where their families fall prey to the digging, boring fungus.

Don't be a carrier! The moment you suspect Athlete's Foot, douse your toes and feet with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. Relief from itching is speedy.

Red skin brands the Carrier

Why not play safe and examine the skin between your toes tonight? Is it red, irritated, does it itch? Then the prompter you are with Absorbine Jr. the better off you are.

Otherwise, more serious trouble may follow, because the fungus of Athlete's Foot digs its way deeper and deeper into the skin—causing it to turn unwholesomely white and moist, to peel and crack open and often become painfully raw.

Absorbine Jr. destroys the Fungus

Even in advanced stages of Athlete's Foot, Absorbine Jr. relieves the condition and helps to soothe and heal the damaged tissues. If, however, you feel your case is really serious, by all means consult your doctor in addition to the use of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

When you buy, insist on genuine Absorbine Jr. and accept no imitations offered as being "just as good." This famous remedy has been tested and proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it.

Absorbine Jr. is economical to use because it takes so little to bring relief. Also wonderful for the bites of insects, such as mosquitoes and jiggers. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

---

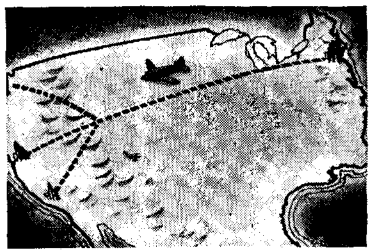
* "Carrier" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

Why is your car like United's New Mainliners?
Because both operate better, at less cost, with Pennzoil Motor Oil's EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY!

World's Fastest Long Distance Air Service Uses PENNZOIL Motor Oil!



COAST-TO-COAST in 15⅓ hours, Chicago to New York in 3 hours, 55 minutes, with United's new *Mainliners* — built by Douglas, powered by Pratt & Whitney engines, lubricated with Pennzoil Motor Oil!

SLEEPER MAINLINER — Good night, New York . . . Good morning, California. Supplementing the daytime Skylounges, the Mainliners offer berths for long distance and coast-to-coast overnight travel.

Business and engineering experts lubricate the nation's most powerful commercial plane engines with the same motor oil you can use in your car. Bank on their judgment that Pennzoil will give your motor an extra margin of safety and save you money in the bargain!

United's new, Douglas-built Mainliners, like all United planes, use Pennzoil — have used it for 10 years, during more than 100 million miles of flight.

With solvent-processed Pennzoil's extra margin of safety, you can drive farther on a filling of Pennzoil . . . and still be sure that your motor is being protected against wear, heat, corrosion, and sludge that gums up valves and piston rings.

Get Pennzoil motor oil and supreme quality lubricants where you see the familiar bonded Pennzoil dealer sign.

BE OIL-WISE
USE PENNZOIL

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn. Permit No. 2

United, fastest, long-distance air line in the world, uses Pennzoil Motor Oil exclusively!

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

MORE MILES OF SAFE LUBRICATION

Peter grew up in mining camps, he saw plenty of human nature in the raw. He saw strong men without inhibitions hurl themselves at each other to settle disputes with fists, boots, fingernails, pick handles and chunks of low-grade ore. Years of intimacy with this kind of brutality never tempered his terror of it. He secretly believed that he was more sensitive to pain than the normal boy, and he argued that that was why he shrank so from being hurt.

He learned boxing from a young prospector who had been in the ring and was delighted to exchange boxing lessons for a grubstake. It was Peter's idea. He wanted to convince people that he wasn't afraid of fighting.

He learned everything the ex-pugilist could teach him, and he went on from there. In college, he was a whirlwind. He cultivated a fighting face that was terrifying, with blue eyes narrowed to slits, mouth thin and cruel and jaws bulging with murderous intent. A manager of professional fighters, watching him in action, was convinced that Peter was a white hope.

"You got the rarest thing there is, kid," he told Peter. "A fighting heart. You not only got ring personality—class—but you're a natural-born killer."

He invited Peter to join his stable, an invitation which the young man declined with inward horror and a convincing show of reluctance and gratitude.

NO ONE suspected the truth, not even his father. He looked fearless, and he acted fearlessly. His life in the open, his horseback riding and his boxing had given him a splendid physique, the powerful shoulders, the easy grace, the clear eyes of the athlete. Because he was so tall and so well-built, he attracted attention wherever he went. Men respected him and girls admired him.

Flying was, of course, much worse than boxing or horses. When his father's income justified it, his first extravagance was an airplane for Peter. But Peter had asked for it. He soloed after four hours and twenty minutes of dual instruction. That is to say, he was a normal flying student. In his helmet and goggles, he looked like any other flying student. But he wasn't. No other flying student since flying began was as frightened as he was, certainly not as frightened as he remained.

Eut it took a blizzard and a snowbound mining camp to prove how terrifying flying could be. The mining camp was remote and the miners and their wives and children were threatened with starvation. With another blizzard brewing, Peter volunteered to fly over the camp and drop food. And he said it calmly. No one listening to him or looking at him could have suspected what was going on inside him.

The blizzard struck when he was halfway to the marooned camp. He flew blind most of the way in a bouncing white hell. Miraculously, he found the camp, dropped the gunny sacks of food with their long red streamers, and returned to his base with five minutes' supply of fuel in his tank, to find himself a hero. Men cheered and women wept at his courage. Everyone thought he stayed in bed for a week because he had contracted flu on that ghastly ride. It wasn't flu. It was nervous collapse.

The tragic truth was that Peter was afraid of almost everything. And he was certain that nothing he could ever do would overcome his cowardice. There is a theory that a weakness of this kind can be conquered by repeated attacks, but the theory did not work for Peter Banyard. A psychologist would have said that there was something in Peter's childhood that would bear looking into; that here was a strange and interesting case of maladjustment, of conflicting dual personalities. But Peter never met the right psychologist, and would not have unburdened himself if he had. It was his fight, and he was going to win it singlehanded. The trouble was, it was rooted deep inside him; it was himself.

He was afraid of mine shafts and stopes, and of rattlesnakes, scorpions, drunken men, guns, water, lightning, darkness and girls, to name only a few. The prettier a girl was, the more frightened Peter was. And this phobia was, strangely, the one he had done least about.

When he left Cobalt, Nevada, to conquer New York, he was determined to scratch girls from the list. He hadn't wanted to speak to the girl in Seat Ten, but he had vowed to talk to a girl if there was one on the plane, the prettier the better. And when he saw the girl across the aisle, placed there, it might have been, by fate, and when he saw how lovely she was, he experienced all the familiar symptoms of terror and some new ones.

That was why her response was so unnerving. It was probably the first time that his fear of anything had been promptly justified.

The unexplainable hostility of Franziska Rilling gave her a peculiar, almost mystic significance. It was as if his destiny, after all these years of tantalizing indifference, had erected a signpost. The direction in which it pointed was as exciting as it was terrifying. Just where did it point? Where was he hurrying?

Peter placed Franziska Rilling at the top of his new list of things to be afraid of, a list that included New York, its size, its rumble and its implications; high society, debutantes, correct young men and the whole mysterious machinery of their existence; his inevitable gaucheries—and Oliver Hooper. Long before he left Cobalt, he had been afraid of Oliver Hooper.

Did Oliver suspect that he had, with his lion's manner, the heart of a lamb?

As they walked briskly along the side street, Oliver glanced up at him. "You know, Mr. Banyard, you're so much like your father that it makes me want to laugh. He had the same way about him—the same pantherish stride and the same way of holding his head. I only saw him hit a man once—but what a right uppercut he had!"

"He still has it."

Peter looked a shade grimmer. In a moment, now, he would meet a large, strange man whom he must punch. The familiar old sensations were here: the pounding in the throat, the illusion of a roaring in the head, the tension in the stomach like that preceding airsickness, the numb spot in the small of the back, the electrical feeling of frenzy across the chest.

Oliver touched his arm. "Here we are, sir."

TETLOW'S TAVERN was a long, rafted room with a bar at one end and, along one side, a deep fireplace in which a log smoldered. With its old oak chairs and leather benches, its yellow-misted mirrors, its scrubbed and splintered floor, and with the faded, browned photographs and drawings of forgotten stage stars and sporting events which covered its walls, Tetlow's Tavern had something of the musty flavor of a museum, but this was offset by the mellow lighting and the odors of good food and drink.

A few late diners lingered at the tables, and there were four men at the bar.

"The one on the right," Oliver said.

He was a tall, broad-backed man with curly blond hair. He was drinking beer with a shorter man and talking to the bartender.

"The other one," Oliver murmured, "is William Slate. He is a footman with the Mardykes."

They went to the bar. Peter looked at Albert Mowrey in the mirror, and the footman looked at Oliver. His face seemed to light up. With his curly blond hair, his large pale face and his lively blue eyes, Albert Mowrey was a handsome man. Peter guessed his age at thirty and his weight at one ninety-five.

"Good evening, Mac," Oliver said to the bartender.

"Good evening, Mr. Hooper."

"What will you drink, Mr. Banyard?"

"A short Scotch soda."

"The same, Mac."

In the silence, while Mac made the drinks, Albert Mowrey said: "Bill, did I ever tell you about Potty the Pilferer?"

"No, Al."

"It's fine weather for ice skating," Mac said. "I see quite a few young people skating in the Park this afternoon on my way to work."

"It was a funny thing about Potty the Pilferer," Albert Mowrey said in a dreamy voice. "Didn't you ever hear the song of Potty the Pilferer, Bill? It goes like this:

"Oh, you can keep your pearls and diamonds
For your lady fair;
There's just one thing that my girl wants,
And that's the silverware!"

"Now, Mr. Mowrey—" Mac said.

"It's all right, Mac," Oliver said, and he looked at the footman's eyes in the mirror. "Mowrey, you've pulled that one just once too often."

"Now, gentlemen—" Mac protested.

"Have I?" Mowrey said. He came over.

Peter experienced a heightened feeling of frenzy across his chest and in the muscles of his arms. His palms were cold and moist. With his narrowed eyes, his thinned lips, his hardened jaw line, he looked menacing.

Albert Mowrey shot out his hand, seized Oliver's vest and, with the other, pulled his shirt out.

"I wouldn't do that," Peter said.

The footman put his hands on his hips, rocked back on his heels and looked down at Peter. He was a few inches taller than Peter.

"Oh, wouldn't you?"

"That's what I said."

"Oh. Tough guy."

"Yeah," Peter said.

When Al Mowrey started to bring his fist up, Peter hit him on the jaw.

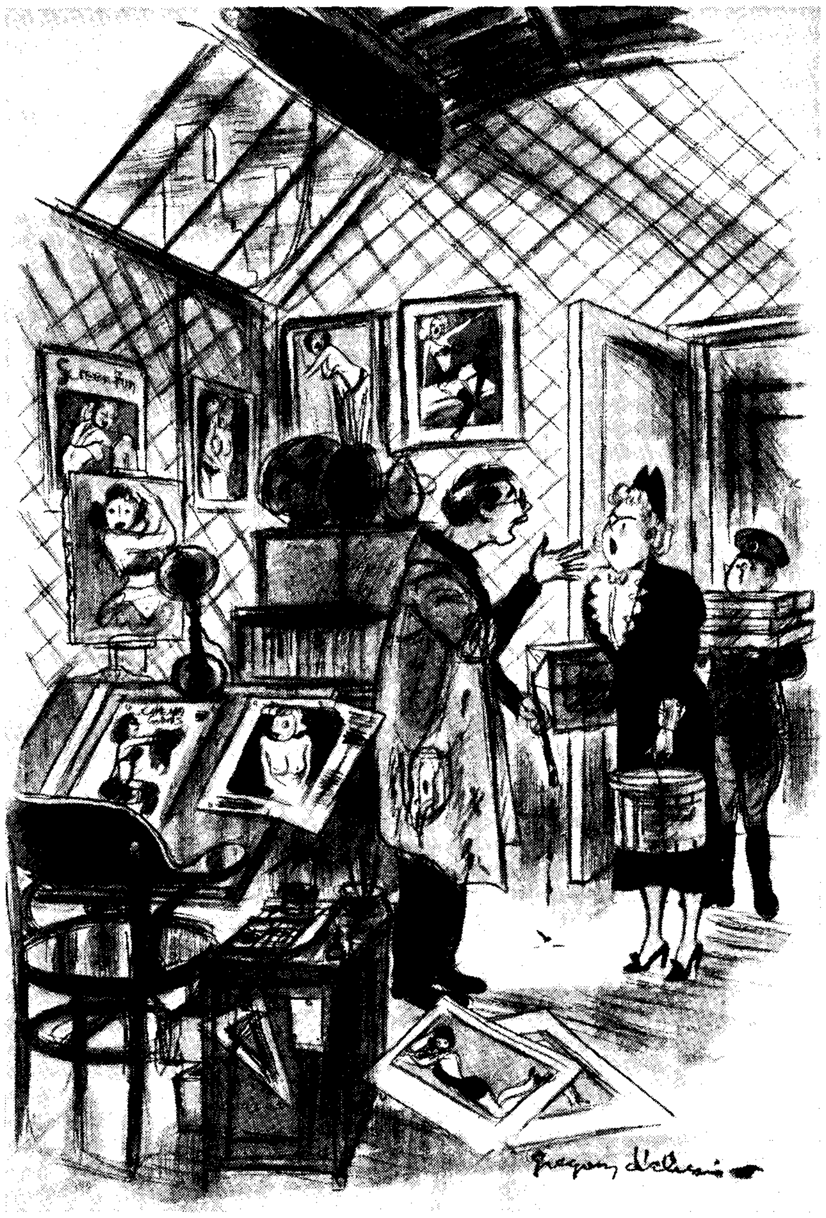
IT WAS as easy as that. It always as easy as that, once it was over. Smack!—and the man went down. He was on his back beside the brass rail.

Oliver bent down, lifted Albert Mowrey's vest and pulled his shirt out.

"Well, Mr. Mowrey," he said, "have you any further remarks to make on the silver question? Why don't you finish your song, Mr. Mowrey?"

Albert Mowrey groaned, as a man groans when he has been knocked out and is returning to consciousness.

Oliver straightened up. A door to the right of the bar opened and a man stepped out. There was another man

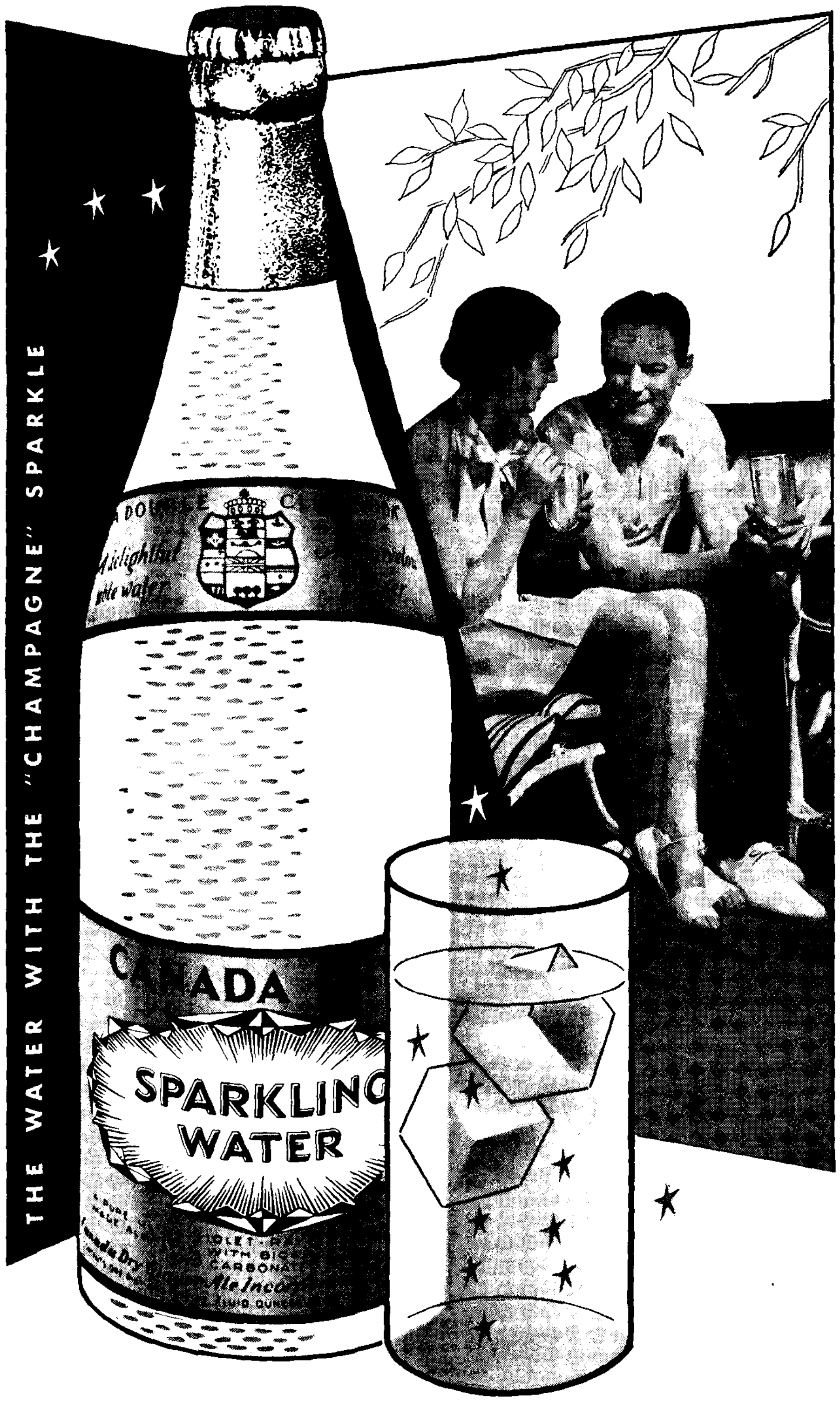


"Such extravagance! I work all day over a hot drawing board, and what thanks do I get?" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

WHEN A

LONG SPARKLE

IS A NECESSITY...


THE WATER WITH THE "CHAMPAGNE" SPARKLE
CANADA
SPARKLING WATER

MIX THEM WITH CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

A summer highball is always more cooling when you can sip it *leisurely.* And this calls for a mixer with a sparkle that *lasts.* Canada Dry's Sparkling Water is *extra* lively and *you can prove it.* Leave an opened bottle of Canada Dry's Water in your refrigerator. Twenty-four hours later it will still be alive and sparkling. Or pour Canada Dry's Water into a champagne glass and note the steady, brilliant effervescence. This is the famous "Champagne" Sparkle,—the result of Canada Dry's special PIN-POINT CARBONATION.

NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES

"GENTLEMEN, I was dumbfounded

...I've been using razors for 25 years. Shaving has been a nightmare to me; my skin being so tender that my face was always sore and nicked.

"Although skeptical that your razor would be any better, I bought one. Imagine my surprise when from the very first stroke the razor glided over my face smoothly and cleanly, without a trace of pull...shaving the whiskers off *close* and leaving my face without the least sign of nicks or soreness.

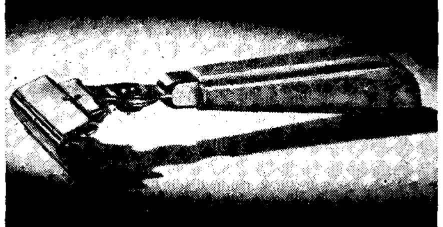
"Well, gentlemen . . . I was dumbfounded. A miracle had happened. I'd found the razor I'd been looking for all these years."*

The above is quoted from a recent unsolicited letter

*What's two dollars when it brings shaving comfort like this? (Its price in Canada is $3.)

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.

$2.00 WITH 20 BLADES



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

Unruly Ties Belong Behind these Bars

● If your ties are disorderly, give them a chance to go straight. Keep them behind the plated bars of a Campbell Tie Rack! A flip of the finger unlatches the bottom bar and all four swing out, showing every tie full length. Holds 32 to 64 ties. Steel back plate measures only 8¾" x 4⅝". A choice of colors – Black, Ivory or Red.

LADIES: The best ever for Scarfs and Belts!

FOR Father's DAY JUNE 20

ONLY $1.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1 check or money order ($1.25 outside U.S. and possessions). Specify the color you want!

CAMPBELL PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 8-6 • 287 N. Allen Ave.
Pasadena, California

Campbell TIE RACK

behind him. Peter saw them in the mirror as Oliver seized him by the arm and said: "Quick, sir!"

He hustled Peter out of Tetlow's. "We'd better move right along, Mr. Banyard. That was Steve Tetlow himself."

"The proprietor?"

"Yes, sir. And that other one was Frankie Fife."

"What of it. Mowrey made a pass at me, didn't he? He brought his grief on himself, didn't he?"

"Of course, sir; but I didn't want those two to have a good look at you, or to make inquiries about you."

"I don't get it, Oliver."

"It never occurred to me, Mr. Banyard, that Steve would be there. He's seldom there. He only uses the tavern as a front. And Frankie Fife is one of the most dangerous men in New York. You've heard of him, of course."

"No."

"He's been a gangster and a racketeer and a little of everything. He calls himself Merricka now. Steve Tetlow is just as bad. It's just as well they don't know about you. They might look on you as a prospect. I hope you'll pardon my abruptness."

"That's all right, Oliver. But it's strange. They didn't look like gangsters. They looked like sports."

They were walking toward Fifth Avenue. The images of both men were clear in Peter's mind. He had thought that Tetlow looked interesting, a little sinister in an amiable way, and pretty hard, with his clever face, his lidless eyes, which gave him an Oriental look, and a spare, dark mustache with just the right degree of roughness of outline to make him attractive in a debonair way.

The other man had been as interesting, and was more striking, with his gray hair and his sunburned look.

"Steve was only seventeen when he started in," Oliver was saying, "handling all the bootlegging for his father. That was in prohibition. Then he got into the beer racket, and from that into other rackets."

"What's he doing now?"

"I don't know, sir, but once a gangster always a gangster." Oliver sounded agitated.

"It's all right, Oliver."

"It may be a bit more serious than it looks, Mr. Banyard. He and Albert Mowrey are very thick. I've always had the suspicion that Mowrey is an inside man for crooks."

"Maybe you're prejudiced."

"But I heard on good authority, Mr. Banyard, that Steve Tetlow and Frankie Fife were behind the Courtenay jewel robbery in 1934. And Mowrey was working for the Courtenays at the time. I know that Steve and Frankie used to run with the Brunetti gang, and they're jewel robbers. It's just as well they don't know anything about you. Any wealthy stranger is natural prey for men like Steve and Frankie."

They had reached Fifth Avenue. Oliver said, "I take the bus here, Mr. Banyard." He was looking up admiringly into Peter's dark face. "I never saw anything, in or out of the ring, as fast as that hook. You did your part of our bargain, and I'm prepared to do mine. On what scale will we live, Mr. Banyard?"

"Will seven or eight thousand a month swing it?"

"Adequately, sir."

"I want an apartment on Park Avenue."

"Of course, sir."

"And the best tailor in town."

"I'll attend to everything, Mr. Banyard. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Oliver. And get me all the dope you can on Franziska Rilling. I want to know everything there is to know about her."

LONG strides took Peter Banyard up and down the dark terrace. In half an hour he would be leaving for the Griffin party. A few minutes later, he would walk into the lobby of Lazarre's, and a little after that he would be accosting a strange girl and, if all went well, walking past the watchdogs and onto the dance floor. He would, in due course, meet Franziska Rilling. He would cut in; he would dance with her! He would hold Franziska Rilling in his arms and he would dance with her.

There was no part of it that he could contemplate without that awful tension in the stomach, the pounding in the throat, the feeling of frenzy across the chest.

He was ready. He was dressed. He had nothing to do but drum up the necessary courage in the half hour that remained before he must start. So he paced up and down, reviewing what he must do, trying to convince himself that he would get away with it as he had gotten away with the long list of things that had terrified him since he was old enough to remember.

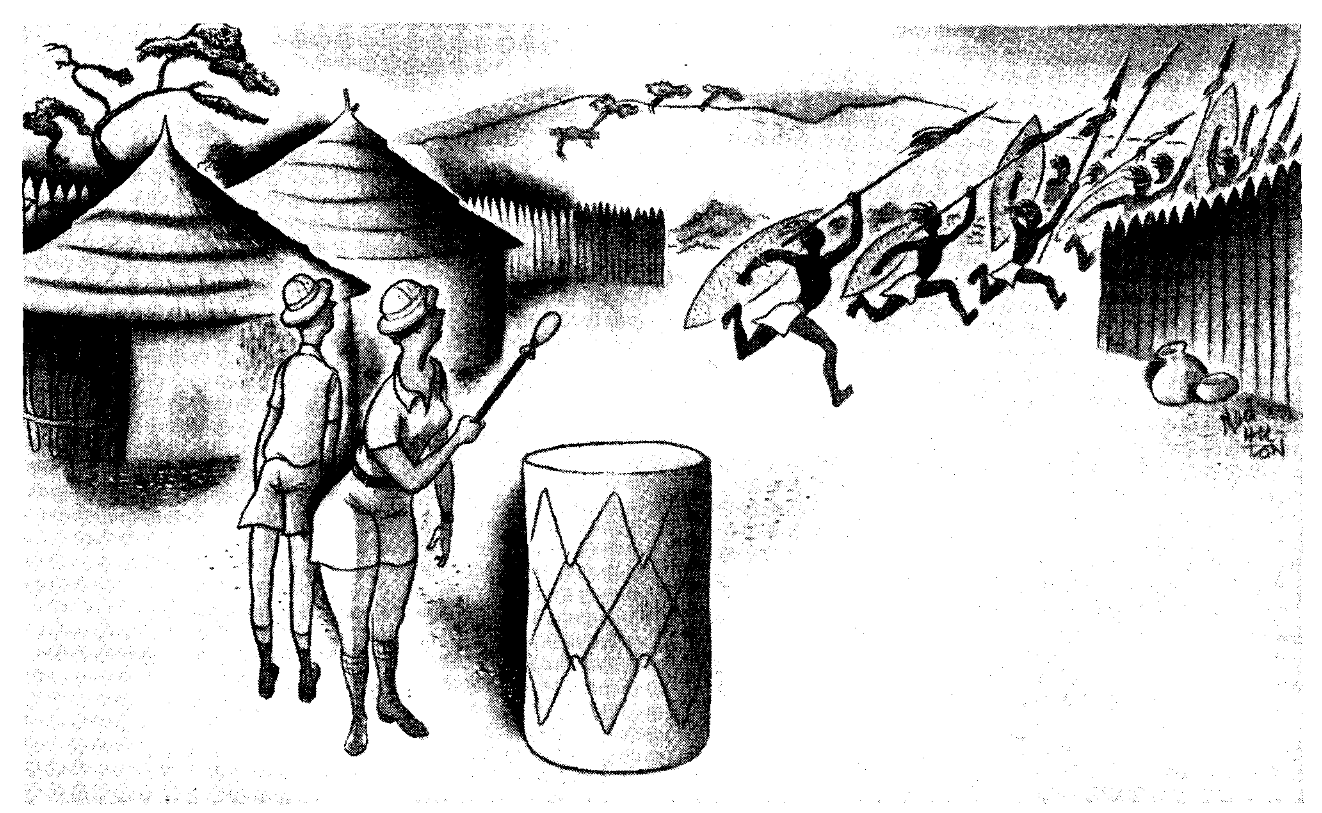
He had found that, when he was in this state, it helped if he paced and if he forced his senses to register impressions clearly. But the sound that came rolling up onto the terrace was not the smooth and thrilling rumble of Park Avenue; it was the sound of the great and terrible underground river in southwestern Nevada where it hurries under Devil's Hole into oblivion.

The crisp air against his burning face gave him no sensation; it was neither cold nor warm. The smell of wood smoke from the fireplace in his living room was pungent, but it reached him vaguely, and was reminiscent of home. As he passed the living-room windows, the glimpses he caught—the beamed ceiling, the whitewashed walls, the black brick fireplace—again reminded him of a Mormon farmhouse he and his father had visited in southern Utah.

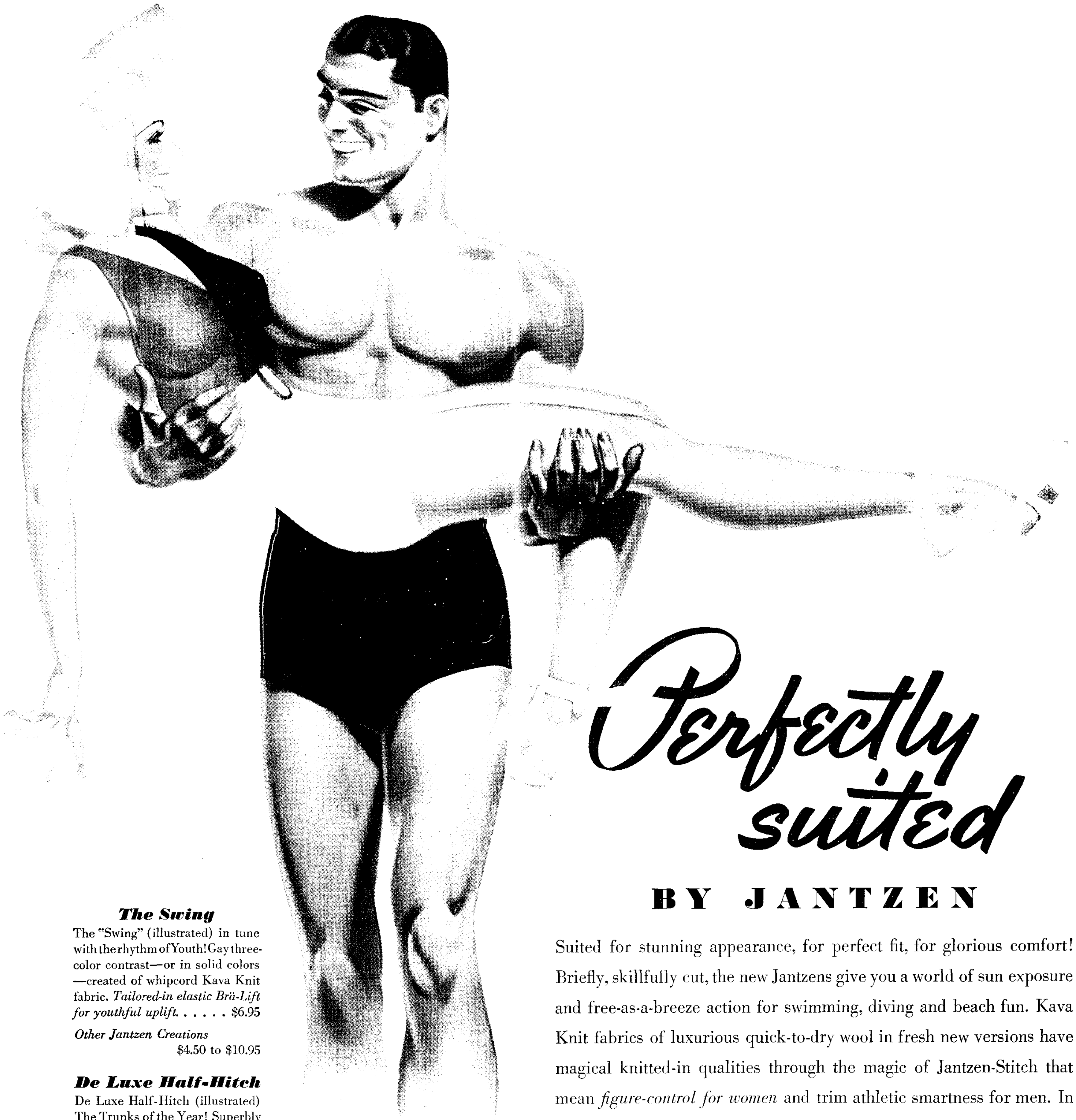
Everything was pulling him away from this frightening city and the unknown terrors of the Griffin party: those sleek, sophisticated girls; the men with their cold, measuring eyes. He could see them much more clearly than he could see the lights about him.

He tried to sharpen the impressions his eyes recorded as he paced—the steel needle of the Chrysler Building, gleaming in the golden flood from below; the gilt and glitter of the New York Central Building, as gaudy as a king's birthday cake; the glowing bar of the Empire State Building's mooring mast; the soaring minarets of the Waldorf Astoria, and all the other lights, crowding one another, piled on one another, in tiers, in banks, in blocks, insolent against the smoky sky. But they would not come in focus and against them drifted the images of men, dressed immaculately as he was, measuring him, of Franziska Rilling looking up into his face with hostility.

A small row of those lights he saw so blurredly, about three blocks south, were the lights of Franziska Rilling's apartment. Oliver had pointed it out to him. It was a corner apartment on the tenth floor. Franziska lived there with



"I just tapped it lightly, but I seem to have started a war" NED HILTON



Perfectly suited

BY JANTZEN

The Swing

The "Swing" (illustrated) in tune with the rhythm of Youth! Gay three-color contrast—or in solid colors—created of whipcord Kava Knit fabric. *Tailored-in elastic Brä-Lift for youthful uplift* $6.95

Other Jantzen Creations $4.50 to $10.95

De Luxe Half-Hitch

De Luxe Half-Hitch (illustrated) The Trunks of the Year! Superbly tailored from a rope-stitch Kava Knit. Hawaiian beach-patrol side stripes. $3.95

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●

A reproduction of this Petty painting without descriptive copy will be sent on receipt of 10c in stamps or coins.

Suited for stunning appearance, for perfect fit, for glorious comfort! Briefly, skillfully cut, the new Jantzens give you a world of sun exposure and free-as-a-breeze action for swimming, diving and beach fun. Kava Knit fabrics of luxurious quick-to-dry wool in fresh new versions have magical knitted-in qualities through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch that mean *figure-control for women* and trim athletic smartness for men. In the water and out, you are assured a perfect, *permanent* fit. See the new Jantzens at your favorite store or shop. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

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MOLDED-FIT SWIMMING SUITS

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Send me style folder in color featuring new 1937 models.

WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name ____________________

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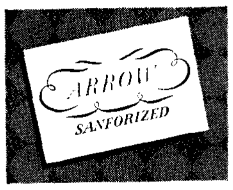
A Prediction for Father's Day Sunday, June 20th...

ON SUNDAY, the 20th, many Fathers are going to receive some pretty useless gifts. But they'll be symbols of deep affection, so those Dads will get a big kick out of them just the same.

There'll be other Fathers who will receive really *useful* gifts, and *those* Dads will get the *extra* kick of having acquired something they really want and can use!

High on the list of useful gifts are Arrow Shirts, Ties, Underwear, and Handkerchiefs. Of these, a man can *never* have too many.

Arrow thinks the Father's Day idea is a nice idea—and has singled out styles well chosen to help you do the right thing by Dad. Some of them are shown here. Your own Arrow Dealer will be glad to show you these and other styles, and to help you select a gift that will warm Dad's heart and yours on Father's Day.



If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't an Arrow Shirt

$2 · $2.50 · $3.50 · $5 Sanforized Shrunk—a new shirt if one ever shrinks

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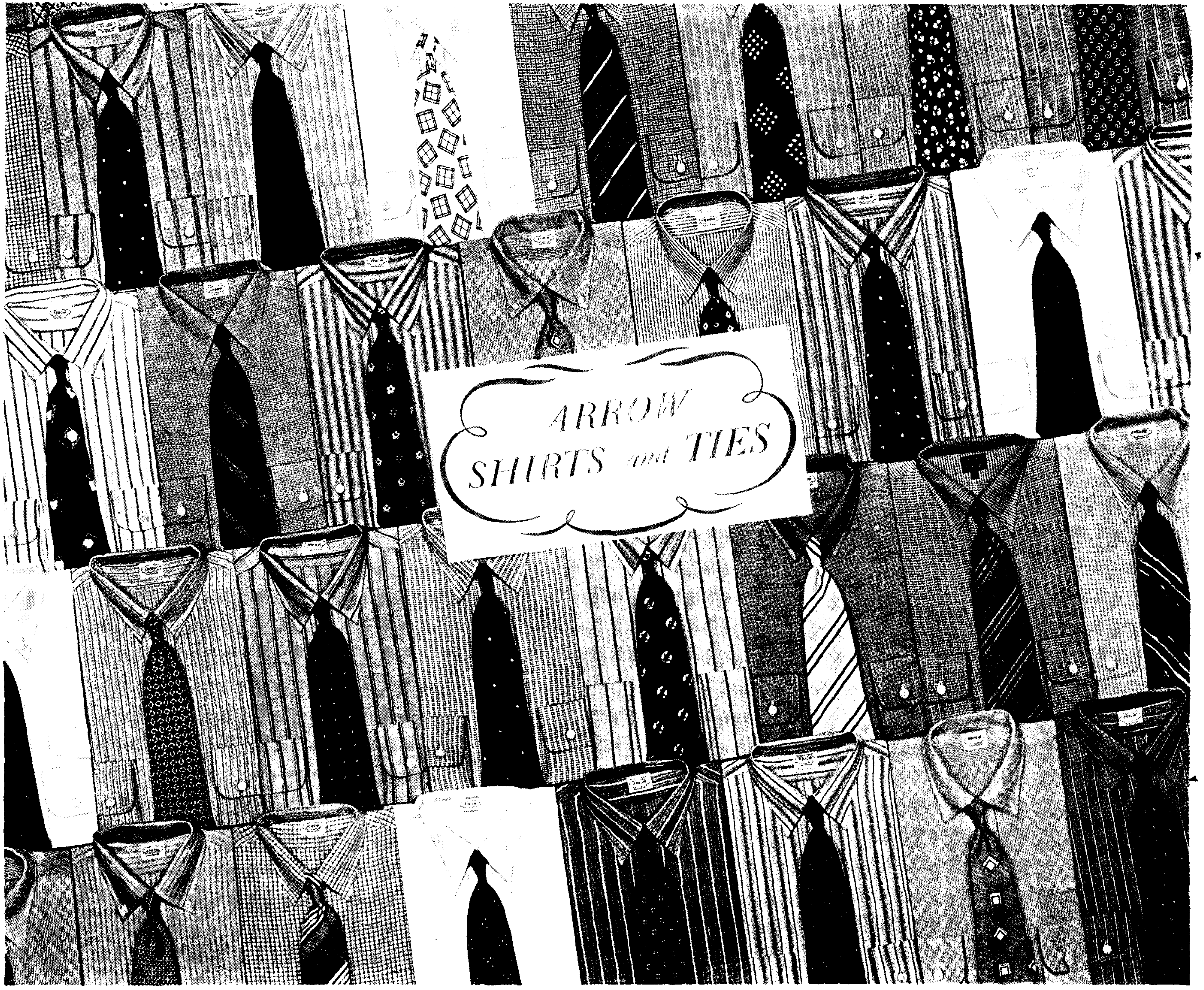


her Aunt Louella, and he had often tried to visualize her living there. But he couldn't get rid of the notion that she led a charmed life, as enchanting as it was mysterious.

The truth was shocking. Oliver reported that the Rilling girl was almost destitute. The little money her father had left her was gone, and she had been reduced to selling her jewelry. Her rent was in arrears, various shops to which she owed money were pressing her, and she had not paid her maid in a month. There had been a little money recently, but it was only a stopgap. These were facts known only to Franziska, her aunt and her maid, but Oliver was clever.

Peter tried to feel sorry for Franziska. He tried to see himself helping her, or comforting her, but in these scenes she did nothing but talk to him and look at him as she had on the plane. He might have been tempted to find a way, some clever way, to help her if it hadn't been for the rest of the story. She didn't need help at all. She was doing all this, keeping up a front and refusing to go to work or to sell her name for cigarette or cold-cream testimonials, because she was afraid of antagonizing the mother of the young man she was in love with.

HIS name was Roger Van Tyle, and the Van Tyles were one of New York's best and oldest families, owning blocks of New York real estate. What pained Peter was the pitiful, whipped way she went about it. He knew she was proud. He believed she was valiant. The way love humbled her made Peter feel ashamed. She would break any engagement if there was a chance that Roger Van Tyle might telephone. She would discard a hat or a dress if he didn't seem to like it. She had gone to the wedding in Santa Barbara, flying, though she couldn't afford it, because Roger was flying, hoping that those few days with him might make a difference.

It was time and money wasted. Roger was not in love with her. He was in love with Jane Griffin. Returning to New York, he had taken an earlier plane than Franziska's, to keep a date he had made with Jane Griffin by long distance.

All of this and more—much more—Oliver had learned from Roger Van Tyle's valet, Jane Griffin's chauffeur, and a chef who was courting Franziska's Swedish maid.

It was hard for Peter to understand that any man could prefer a girl like Jane Griffin to a girl like Franziska. The least that could be said about Jane Griffin was that she was spoiled and selfish.

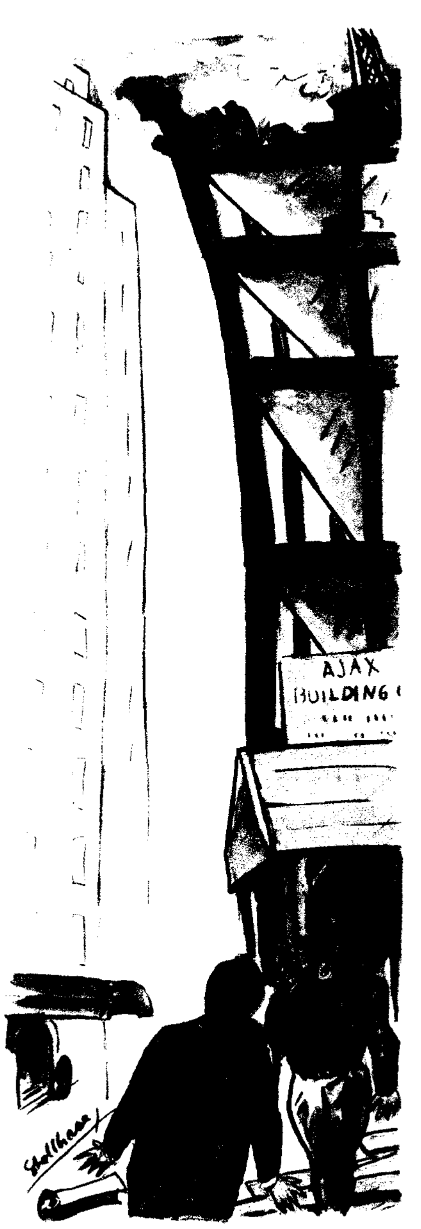
She was motherless. She was the darling of her grandfather, old Andy Griffin the banker, and the worry of her father, John Enslow Griffin.

Though she was only eighteen, she had been frequently in the gossip columns over her brief but passionate interest in, successively, a communistic playwright, a prize fighter, a reporter, a ship's surgeon, a Hollywood comedy director and a portrait painter. Her latest infatuation was a Cuban rumba and tango dancer named Roderico Hova, who danced in night clubs with a sullen-looking girl named Chiquita.

According to Oliver, Jane Griffin scarcely tolerated Roger Van Tyle. She called him a stuffed shirt, a prude, a prig, a drag, a bore, and a clammy old barnacle. Peter was perfectly willing to believe that Roger Van Tyle was a clammy old barnacle, at least a stuffed shirt, but Oliver insisted that the young man, despite wealth and position, was one of the finest young men in New York, neither a snob nor a prude, his only weakness being a tendency to let his mother influence him.

Roger's mother, Mrs. Cortland Van Tyle, was a study in discrepancies. She had Victorian views — and a childish passion for diamonds. One of her bracelets — the famous Unger bracelet — which she had bought from Baroness Unger after the German unheaval, had been appraised at more than six hundred thousand dollars. She disapproved of Jane Griffin and wanted her son to marry Franziska.

"But they haven't heard from me yet," Peter surprised himself by saying. For Franziska remained at the top of the list of things he was afraid of. There were times when he almost believed that her reason for scorning him was that she alone saw the poor cringing thing that was his spirit. He must know her and cultivate her and change that look in her eyes. He knew he could not stop until he had dealt with her as he had with mine shafts and stopes, rattlesnakes, scorpions, drunks, guns, water, lightning, darkness, horses and boxing and flying. He would not be satisfied until she would discard a dress or a hat because he didn't seem to like it.



"The men got interested in a blonde in the other building"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

The windows of her apartment were still lighted. She was probably just leaving for the party, dazzling in a white gown, holding her head up in that proud way. In a few minutes, she would be in his arms, dancing.

His feeling of tension increased. He heard the door opening. Oliver was about to tell him that it was time to start. The pounding in his throat became louder.

"I've ordered a cab for you, Mr. Banyard."

Peter went into the living room. Oliver, holding his topcoat and silk topper, looked at him critically.

"How do I look?"

"Splendid, sir! With your fine coloring and the reckless glint in your eyes, and that dauntless air of yours—you should have a most successful evening, Mr. Banyard." He shook his head. He said crisply, "It is wonderful to be young and fearless."

Peter smiled slowly. He knew from the expression in Oliver's eyes that the smile made him look dangerous.

As his taxicab started down Park Avenue, Peter reviewed what he must do. Drift in with the others. Check his things, saunter about the lobby until the receiving line broke up, then find an unattached girl and walk past the watchdogs with her. He must select a pretty one. He must address her as if he knew her.

"How do you do?" No, that was wrong—too formal. "Hello! Hel-lo, there!"

Cool young eyes stared at him dissectingly. "Am I supposed to know you?"

The cab was traveling at a lawless speed.

"Don't you remember meeting me—"

"Where?"

"Wasn't it Newport?"

"I'm sorry."

The awful tension in Peter's stomach increased.

"Who is this man?"

The cab turned and presently became one of a long line of cars, mostly limousines. Ahead was the bright bronze canopy of Lazarre's. The cars stopped, discharged girls and young men, moved on.

Peter, with his silk hat at a jaunty angle, bent forward and watched. He had a blurred impression of radiant young faces and bright eyes and gay gowns under wraps, of flowers and jewels and shining black hats above black shoulders.

"Pete, you're going to show them that a Banyard can still wear a white tie, a top hat and tails."

"I can't get away with it, Mike."

THEN Peter saw Steve Tetlow. Everything stopped being blurred. The face of the man he had seen in the bar mirror came into focus and so did everything else. He was absolutely sure of it: the spare, dark mustache, the Oriental eyes, the peaked black eyebrows, the long sideburns.

Steve Tetlow was standing at the side of the doorway, evidently waiting for someone. He wore the expectant look. He was dressed as if for the party—silk hat, white tie and the rest of it.

Then Peter saw Franziska Rilling. She got out of a car three or four ahead with a tall, redheaded young man. Peter caught only a glimpse of her profile against a white wrap. He saw Steve Tetlow move carelessly toward her, not looking at her, and as he brushed by he swiftly, furtively, placed something in her hand.

She did not glance at Steve Tetlow. She was looking up at the redheaded man. She was laughing and she looked very gay. But some small object had been transferred from Tetlow's hand to hers, and now she placed that hand—the left one—quickly into a pale blue evening bag that hung from her right wrist. She withdrew her hand from the bag and touched, patted the back of her head. She was still laughing up at the redheaded man.

Steve Tetlow, drifting on, detached himself from the crowd and walked away, down the sidewalk and around the corner toward Fifth.

The shining black head of Franziska disappeared into Lazarre's. Peter caught a last glimpse of her escort.

(To be continued next week)

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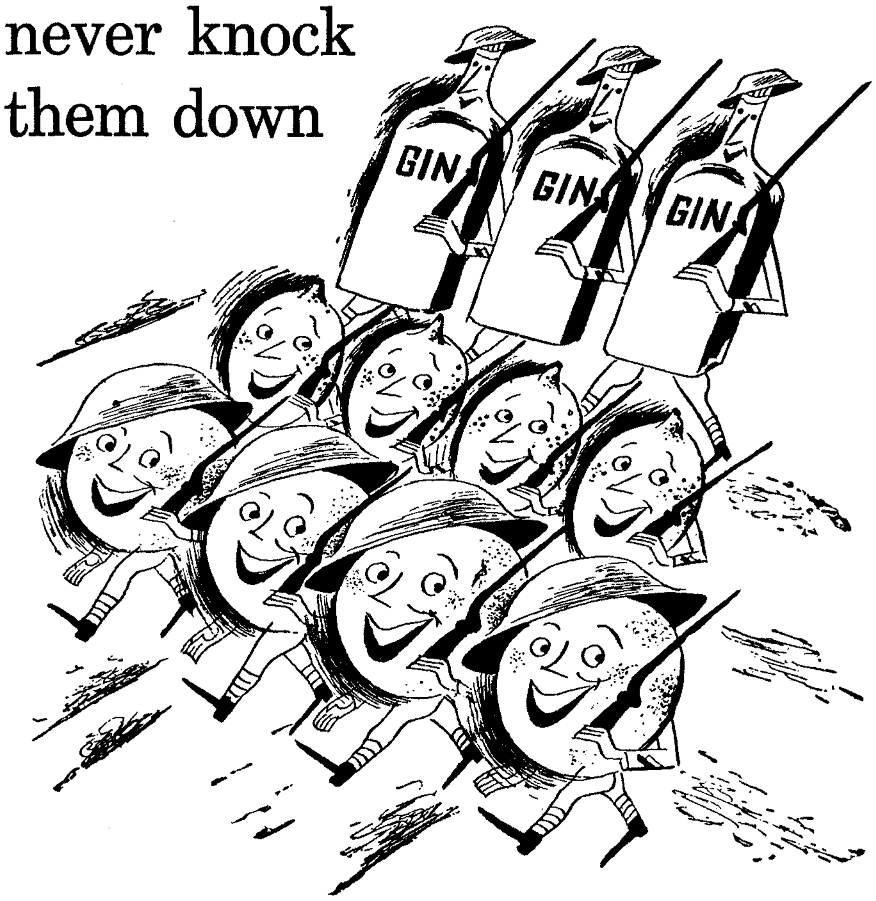
It should **fortify** other flavors—never knock them down



It's a mixer

only when the gin neither tastes nor smells in the finished drink

THE cool, refreshing drinks Americans enjoy are *mixed* drinks. A Tom Collins—a gin rickey—a gin punch, for example.

In these mixed drinks, the gin should neither taste nor smell. It should fortify the lemon, lime and soda. Never overpower—never knock them down.

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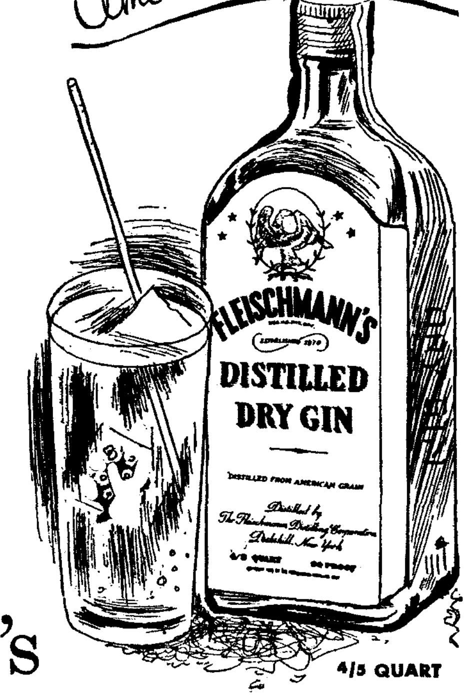
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4/5 QUART

Fleischmann's Distilled Dry Gin

Bible-Talking Mule

Continued from page 21

down the companionways on each side of the boilers. In the rear of the boilers, he started to spray the afterdeck where Balaam was eating hay. "Hit'll cool you off," Bugaboo explained pleasantly.

But Balaam, after a brief inspection of Bugaboo, threw back his ears, opened his mouth and charged. Bugaboo dropped the hose and ran. "Biggest fool mule I ever seed," he complained to the fireman as he uncoupled the hose. "I was fixin' to cool him off, and he up and tried to bite me."

"You's de fool," the fireman suggested, "for tryin' to do dat ole jackass a favors."

Bugaboo returned to his resting place on the forward main deck, disgusted with the mule and with everything else. He scarcely noticed that the crap game was still in progress and that several of the roustabouts had lost interest and left.

IRON MAN was still blowing dirges into his harmonica, oblivious of the fact that Bugaboo had been gone half an hour, for he took the instrument from his mouth and continued the conversation where Bugaboo had left off.

"De Splitter got a *gree-gree* on e'vybody. He claim dat ole mule er his'n kin smell out sin. But dat mule can't smell sin."

"What kin he smell?" asked Bugaboo.

"Money," declared Iron Man. "Or else how come he lead de Splitter to de boat dis trip, when us had to pull out befo' us got we's money spent, instid er last trip when us didn't had a dime?"

"You reckon?"

"He hyar, ain't he?"

"I bet dat ole devil smelled dis nine dollars and some odd change I got in my pockets," Bugaboo speculated. "Dat's how come he runned at me."

"He p'inted his years at dis ten-spot and a dime I got," Iron Man admitted, "when I fed him dat hay."

"Balaam," the voice of the Splitter rumbled close to their ears, "is a pilgrim in de Army same as me."

Bugaboo and Iron Man turned simultaneously and saw Sin-Splitting Samuel standing over them.

"I bet he is," asserted Bugaboo, "and dat ain't all. I bet he's on de finance committee."

"Balaam kin speak his own words," said the Splitter cryptically. "De sinners told ole 'Zekiel to prophesy over de bones efn he was a prophet, and 'Zekiel made de bones git up and do dey own speakin'. I jest got done watchin' a pair er bone dice speak to some er y'all boys. But I notice you two wa'n't in de game. So I'm gonter let y'all hyar Balaam speak."

Iron Man's face grew ashen. Bugaboo controlled his own fear long enough to threaten the preacher. "Go 'haid, man," he warned nervously. "I ain't never kilt me no preacher yit. But efn dat mule speaks wid me—"

"He'll speak wid you," promised the Splitter.

Bugaboo looked at Iron Man. When he turned again to the preacher, Sin-Splitting Samuel was gone.

"Well, I be dog!" exclaimed Bugaboo.

"Me and you bofe," agreed Iron Man.

Bugaboo relaxed to a reclining position and closed his eyes. But sleep was not for him. Iron Man played, softly and dolefully, something like a funeral dirge.

"Man, hysh dat song you's blowin'," begged Bugaboo. "Hit make me think about a graveyard on a rainy night."

Iron Man stopped for a moment. "I can't he'p it, kin I?" he demanded. "I jest blows, and what's restin' on my mind comes outn de harp. I was jest settin' hyar thinkin' how purty de Sin-Splitter would look efn he was leadin' a long line er marchers to de graveyard, wid him ridin' foots-first in de black box."

Bugaboo was pleased. "Well, go on and blow hit some mo'," he said, "only don't blow so slow. Le's git dat scoun-d'el buried befo' he gits a chance to break outn de box."

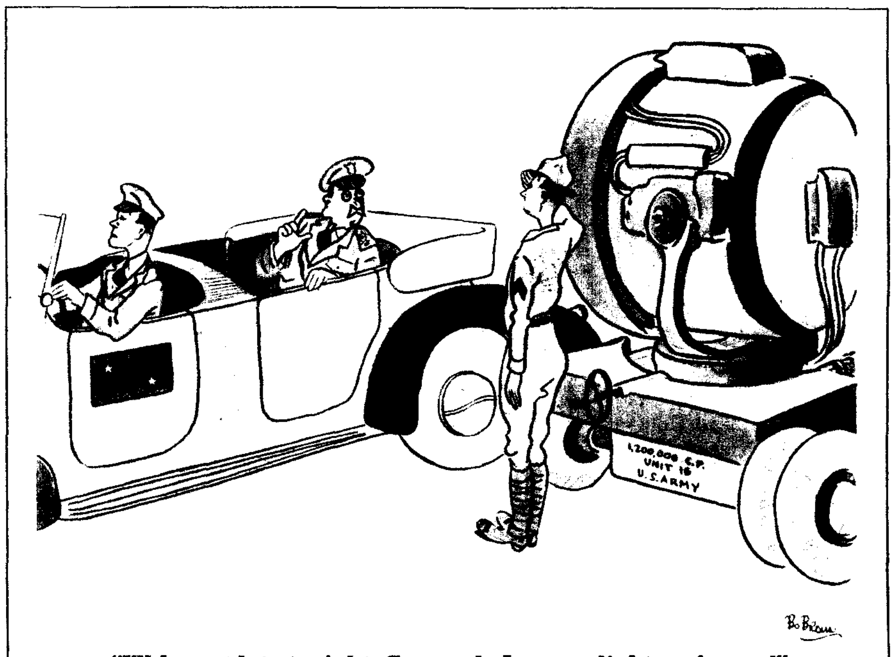
"You'll never see de day!"

Sin-Splitting Samuel had reappeared, standing above them like the threat of doom.

Iron Man scrunched down as small as he could and nearly swallowed his harmonica.

Bugaboo was getting angry. "You hyar agin, you ole buzzard?" he yelled. "You better drag hit on back yonder befo' I gits my Af'ican up, or I bet I'll smear you out on dis deck like butter on a pone. Now, go 'haid!"

"De first time I propheted," proclaimed the Sin-Splitter, ignoring Bugaboo's threat, "I propheted wid de bones, jest like ole 'Zekiel. And y'all boys hyarethed me not."



"I'll be out late tonight, Corporal. Leave a light on for me!"

BO BROWN

"Who keer 'bout you prophetin'?" Bugaboo demanded. "You skeeted dem grooved dices offn yo' fingers and even-rolled dem country niggers outn dey money—"

"De next time I prophets," the preacher went on evenly, "hit'll be through ole Balaam. You'll hyar!"

"Efn dat mule start speakin' wid me," Bugaboo warned, "I'm gonter—"

"You's gonter do jest what he tell you," the Splitter propheted. "One er y'all boys got nine dollars and thirty centses, and de yuther one got ten dollars and a dime. Dis boat goin' ter git to de Three Rivers landin' about sundown. I aims to take dat nineteen dollars and fawty centses, along wid some yuther odd change, and spread de Gospel amongst a few sinners around Three Rivers. Y'all kin hand hit to me, now, or else wait to I prophets again by Balaam."

THE Splitter backed away and was out of sight behind a stack of freight so quickly that the effect was practically as if he had dissolved. Bugaboo couldn't make up his mind whether to be frightened or angry.

"Did you hyar him?" he demanded of Iron Man.

"Sho', I hyared him," stated Iron Man. "He read we's pockets to a copper cent, and den say for us to hand hit over to him."

"You reckon he read we's pockets," insisted Bugaboo, "or maybe he jest guessed hit?"

"He got witch blood in him," stated Iron Man. "He'll stand around and witch us to us gives him we's money."

"You reckon?" Bugaboo was not convinced.

"Sho'," Iron Man was positive. "Us might jest as well give hit to him now and git hit over wid."

"Not me," Bugaboo objected. "I works for my money, and when I makes money workin', I do's wid hit to suit myse'f. I don't keer nothin' 'bout de money but I don't like dat preacher, and I sho' ain't gonter give hit to him. I'd druther chunk hit in de river, and let some lonesome catfish play wid hit."

"You'll give hit to him," Iron Man predicted miserably. "You won't chunk hit in de river. I always did hyar dat de Splitter c'd th'ow a spell, and now I knows hit. I'm jest settin' hyar right now, feelin' de witches and de yearwigs fightin' inside my soul."

"I don't b'lieve he got hit in him," said Bugaboo. He wasn't as certain as his words indicated. "I never knowed a preacher yit which wa'n't full er big tawk-tawk."

"What about dat tawkin' mule?" Iron Man suggested. "Dat wouldn't be tawk-tawk."

"You ever hyar his mule speak?" asked Bugaboo.

"Me? Naw. But I hyared tell—"

"Le's go back whar dat ole red jackass is tied up," Bugaboo challenged, "and see kin he tawk."

Iron Man did not want to go. "I'd druther jest give dat preacher my money," he said. "Efn I hyared de mule speak, I might pass plumb out."

"He ain't gonter speak," Bugaboo declared confidently. "He ain't de first ole shag-yeared mule I ever seed. And he won't be de last. Come on."

Bugaboo was actually frightened but Iron Man's frank panic made Bugaboo feel braver than he really was. He found it in himself to swagger a little as he led Iron Man down the open companionway by the boilers, and to the afterdeck.

Balaam was still eating, his nose buried deep in alfalfa. Only his eyes and ears were visible.

"Well," Bugaboo challenged the mule, "do yo' speakin' efn yo' kin speak."

And Balaam spoke!

Though his voice was queerly indistinct, measured and understandable words emanated from the hay where Balaam's mouth was buried. There was no mistaking it.

"Y'all got nineteen dollars and some loose change," Balaam said. Both Iron Man and Bugaboo wheeled and started to run at the first word, when a commanding "Stand still!" froze their flying feet.

"Y'all holdin' out on de prophet er de Lawd, cause you's sinful in yo' soul. De Lawd won't bless you for bein' stingy wid de prophet!"

Iron Man made a gurgling sound deep in his throat, and his knees went limber. Bugaboo's eyes nearly jumped from their sockets, and big blobs of cold sweat popped out on his forehead.

"Say on, Balaam," Bugaboo urged contritely. "Say on."

"De onliest way to git square wid de Lawd," continued the voice, "is to hand dem nineteen dollars and fawty centses over."

"How'd you know us had dat much money?" sputtered Bugaboo.

"I read hit in yo' mind," said the mule. "I read in yo' mind whar you'd druther chunk dat money in de river den give hit to de preacher. But I read in yo' mind dat you ain't gonter do dat, cause you gonter go right now and give dat change straight in de hands er Sin-Splittin' Samuel. Amen."

The two roustabouts, weak-kneed and repentant, hurried to the forward deck. There, the Sin-Splitter stood, staring straight ahead. He did not turn to look as Iron Man and Bugaboo came up. He merely held out one hand, palm up, as the two men cleaned their pockets of money and placed it in his hand. The Splitter shoved the money into his own pocket without even a mumble of thanks.

WHEN Iron Man's money walked away, he sighed with relief. "Now, maybe I kin settle dat witch-fight been goin' on in my soul."

Bugaboo was not satisfied. "Iron Man," he asked, "kin you pray?"

"Sho'," Iron Man told him.

"Maybe you had ought to put up dat harp and pray a lick er two."

"'Twon't do no good," Iron Man assured him. "Nothin' would come of hit. He got we's money and dat's all he wanted."

"But dat mule speakin' at us, like dat—hit sound sort er holy," Bugaboo insisted. "I swear, I never b'lieved a mule c'd tawk. And efn he could, I never b'lieved hit would sound like dat."

"I didn't hyar hit," Iron Man confessed ruefully. "I passed out might' nigh at de first word."

"I always figgered," Bugaboo said speculatively, "dat efn a mule c'd tawk, he'd tawk bass."

"Seem like he ought," admitted Iron Man. "Didn't dat mule tawk bass?"

"Nawp. Mo' like a alto."

"Maybe dat mule got a alto voice," suggested Iron Man, examining his empty pockets.

"Naw, hit wa'n't like alto, either," went on Bugaboo. "Hit wa'n't like nothin' you ever hyared. Hit sounded mo' like hit sound in de engine room, when de pilot speaks down de speakin' tube. Sort er squeechy like. Hit make me feel sort er holy. I wisht you would pray a little bit."

Iron Man sat very still and thought. His brow wrinkled, and his eyes squinted. "Say hit sounded like de speakin' tube?" he asked.

"Kind er," Bugaboo repeated. "Only a heap mo' holy."

"You don't reckon," hazarded Iron Man, "dat hit was a natchel man speakin' in de speakin' tube, 'stid er dat mule?"

"Naw," declared Bugaboo definitely.

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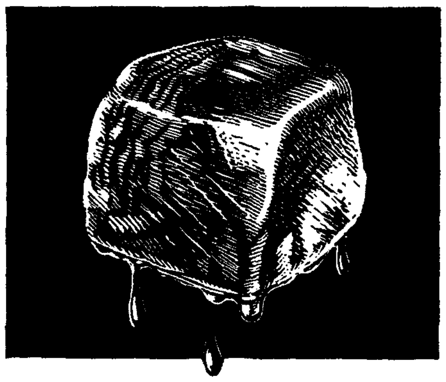

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INCH"

When you mix your Collins with this *"Soft-Stilled"* Gin

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"In de first place, de speakin' tube runs f'm de pilot house to de engine room."

Iron Man studied some more. "Wa'n't you hosin' down de decks a while ago wid dat big hose?" he demanded.

"Sho', but—"

"Whar dat hose at, now?"

"Hit's quoiled up by de fire ax."

"Did you quoil hit up?" Iron Man wanted to know. "Or did you *aim* to quoil hit up and forgit hit?"

Bugaboo was beginning to get a glimmer of what Iron Man was thinking about. He stood up. "I'm gonter see," said Bugaboo. "And efn dat hose is whar I 'specks hit is—"

"Hold on," commanded Iron Man. "I'm gonter see, myse'f, and efn—"

"Me and you bofe," agreed Bugaboo. "Only I'm gonter speak wid dat preacher first."

Even before they reached the rack they both saw the large hose stretched along the companionway.

By this time they had passed down the companionway and had turned upon the afterdeck. There was the hose, leading directly to the pile of loose hay. Balaam was gone.

Iron Man halted and gulped and closed his eyes. "You look, Bugaboo," he pleaded. "Is I'm gone blind, or is dat ole jackass done witched hisse'f on away f'm hyar?"

"You ain't and neither he ain't," Bugaboo spoke fast. "Dat preacher done tuck dat mule forward on de yuther side. Come on."

The pair raced to the opposite companionway in time to see Balaam's tail disappear around the boilers. "Yonder he!" exclaimed Bugaboo, taking up a fast trot with Iron Man crowding his heels.

Just as the pair of enraged roustabouts reached the forward deck, the steamboat whistle roared out two short blasts. It was the signal for Three Rivers Landing.

"Stand by to land," yelled the mate.

But Bugaboo and Iron Man had things to do before they stood by. The Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel was astride his mule and Balaam's long shaggy ears were thrust forward in the direction of the shore.

Bugaboo grabbed the Splitter by one leg, and Iron Man held the other.

"Hey!" exclaimed the preacher, surprised. "Hold on hyar!"

"I'm holdin' on," Bugaboo told him. "I'm gonter hold on to us gits we's money back."

"What money?"

"Dat money you mule-tawked us outn," Bugaboo said.

"Ten dollars and a dime f'm me," Iron Man itemized, "and nine dollars and thirty centses f'm Bugaboo."

THE Splitter placated: "Y'all boys jest contri-buted some odd change to de Lawd—"

"Twist yo' laig, Bugaboo," advised Iron Man. "I'm twistin' mine to I wrings dem nineteen dollars and fawty centses outn dis preacher!"

"Ye-ow!" squalled the Splitter. "Efn y'all wants to cheat de Lawd, I'll give dat money back."

"Twist again, Bugaboo," Iron Man called.

"Speakin' alto down a hose!" accused Bugaboo, applying pressure, "and makin' out like it was dis mule speakin'. I ought to twist dis laig off and beat you over de haid wid hit."

The Sin-Splitter's hand delved in his pocket.

"Iron Man, grab that headline!" yelled the mate. "You, Bugaboo, lower the stage!"

The Splitter hesitated. In another moment the boat would land and his tormentors would be too busy to molest him.

"What's the delay down there?" Captain Cooley called from the hurricane deck.

"Dis preacher," Iron Man explained, "witched us outn we's money and us makin' him give hit back."

"He claim his mule kin tawk," Bugaboo supplemented, "and he spoke alto down de hose pipe."

"Sounds *crazy* to me," snorted Captain Cooley. "Samuel, if you've bamboozled any money from those boys, you give it back, do you hear?"

"I didn't bam—" the Splitter began.

Iron Man and Bugaboo applied their combined strength toward twisting the preacher's feet.

"Yas, sah," the Splitter finished. "I was jest fixin' to do hit."

HURRIEDLY he counted out the money, giving each man the correct amount. The boat's nose was already pushing into the sand. Iron Man, holding his money in one hand, grabbed up the headline with the other, and leaped toward the bank. He fell into the water, scrambled out awkwardly, and raced to a tree to make the line fast.

Bugaboo, dropping the preacher's foot, started toward the winch control to lower the stage. As he passed the rear of the mule, old Balaam, with a nimbleness beyond his age, let fly with both heels. Bugaboo jumped, dodging by the fraction of an inch Balaam's hind feet.

When the preacher was gone, and the steamboat was once more chugging up the river, Bugaboo sat down with Iron Man on the forward deck.

"You know, Iron Man," Bugaboo laughed, "dat ole jackass kicked at me so close I c'd smell de frogs in his foots."

"He a bad'n," Iron Man agreed.

"And dat ain't all," Bugaboo went on. "I was holdin' my money in my hand, and when he made me jump, I th'owed out my hand and chunked all er my money in de river."

Iron Man grunted, indicating no surprise.

"So when us gits up to Mon-roe," Bugaboo suggested, "and us starts chivareein' around, you better let me hold a buck er two er yo' money."

Iron Man grinned for the first time in hours. "I tole you de Sin-Splitter put de *gree-gree* on us, didn't I?" he asked.

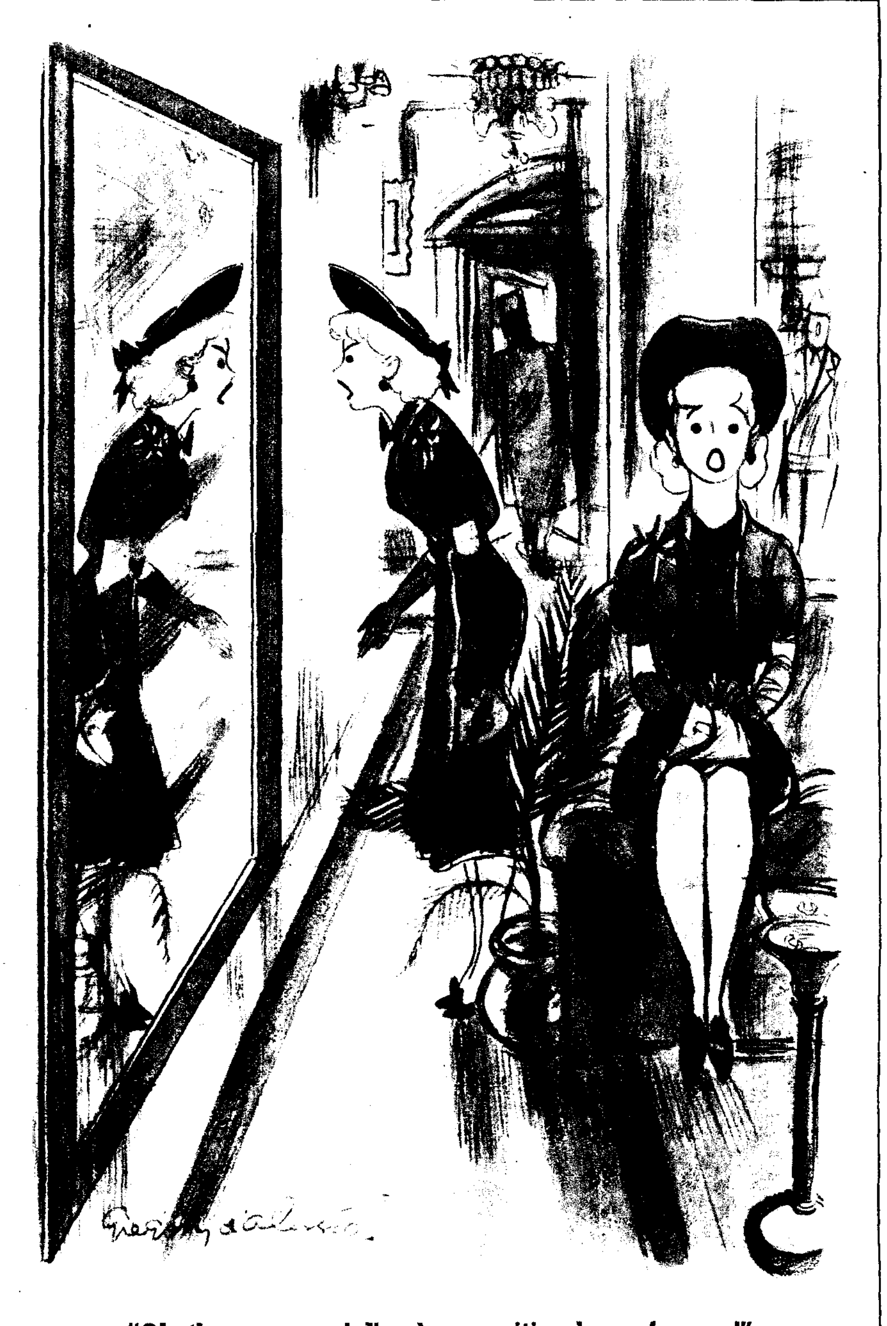
"Yeah," Bugaboo laughed, "but us sho' on-witched him when us twisted his foots and got dat money back."

"When I fell in de water," Iron Man explained, "I drapped my money, too. Hit's all in de river, now."

Bugaboo reflected. "Well, leastways," he said optimistically, "I'd druther chunk my money in de river den to let dat ole preacher git hit."

Iron Man shook his head dolefully. "Nawp," he said. "Quick as dis boat pulled out, I bet dat ole devil done a *ju-ju* over de water and made dat money rise and shine and float right in his pocket. He a witch, all right. Nobody never beat de Splitter outn a nickel."

But Bugaboo did not hear. He was snoring softly before Iron Man was half through talking.



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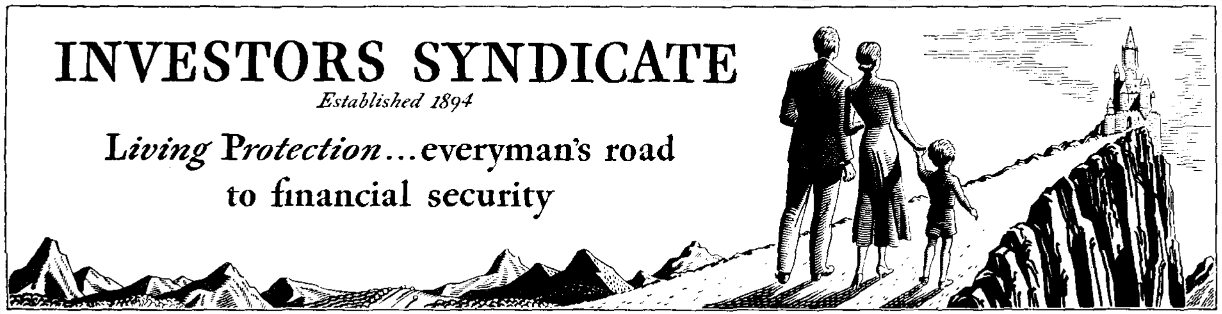

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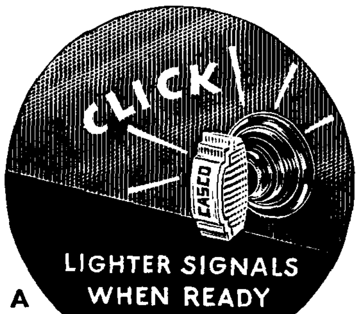

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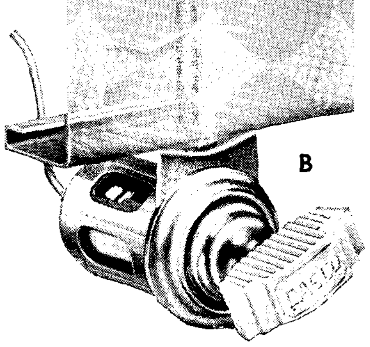

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Astonished Dictator

Continued from page 12

policies, heartily approves of him. He is a real Cuban enigma on whom no label can be attached and he has, he says, no political creed, no political philosophy and no program beyond settling the economic and political problems of the moment with whatever weapons and devices are at hand.

Colonel Fulgencio Batista y Zaldivar was born in a small town called Banes in the province of Oriente in 1901, and his early formal education was slight. He was by turns barber, tailor, carpenter, cane worker, railroader, soldier, stenographer and again a soldier. His stenographic ability landed him at Camp Columbia, where he was attached to General Headquarters, a fine vantage point from which to view the Cuba of the late 1920's and early 1930's. He typed reports and requisition sheets and finally he rode to dictatorial glory on the wings of his typewriter—probably the first dictator ever to use a keyboard as a springboard to power.

A Maelstrom of Hate and Terror

The Cuban army in those days was something written for musical comedy production, with the commissioned officers playing the heroes' parts. They were all rich, handsome and adroit in the military pastime of beguiling fair ladies. It was easy for an officer to be rich. He would go to the paymaster and say, "I command five hundred men. Give me their wages." The paymaster would give him wages for five hundred men and then the officer would pay off the 200 men he really commanded. Of course, he'd kick back a few dollars to the paymaster and one or two government officials but that was all right—Cuba was the land of the kickback.

It was impossible in those days for an enlisted man to rise above the rank of sergeant unless he happened to be wealthy. Birth and governmental favor were the only examinations commissioned officers had to pass. In those days when Machado ruled, the army belonged to him. It was merely the instrument he used to keep his power, to crush the many and inevitably abortive attempts of revolutionaries to overthrow him, and it was also his collecting agency.

Young Sergeant Batista, peering over his typewriter keys, watched all this with growing impatience, growing indignation and finally with grim resolution. He belonged to the revolutionary group which in 1931 tried to overthrow Machado but he was distinctly a minor and unheard voice in that shrill and feeble protest. Batista watched and listened and then finally he and a few sergeant friends began to talk—but only to each other.

Then on August 12, 1933, there came, as they say, the revolution. Machado was overthrown and the streets of Havana were crowded with joyous cries of "Freedom. Cuba is free." Batista and his sergeant friends stayed ten miles away at Camp Columbia listening to the cries. The three weeks following the decline of Machado were three weeks of carnival—a carnival of blood and looting during which personal vendettas could be satisfied under the cry of freedom and shops could be looted, for now every man was equal to his neighbor. At last they were free from the murderous yoke of Machado, but they had exchanged it for another yoke—the rule of their own unbridled passions, and lust for money and power. Men who had real or fancied connections with the Machado government were beaten, dragged through the streets, stoned and finally left dying on the streets of Havana. Human and property rights were totally ignored by a crazed mob that for years had lived side by side with fear and which now gave full vent to feelings that had too long been pent up and bottled. Even the organized terrorism of the Machado regime could not match the unorganized maelstrom of hate and terror which now swirled about Havana. And then young Batista and his sergeant friends stopped talking and acted, Batista now says, through fear as much as anything else.

It was on September 4, 1933, that they summarily and with no authority other than the revolvers which dangled at their hips removed their superior officers, and the officers, too astounded perhaps at the impudence of the sergeants, meekly submitted. Aided by the student organizations, they appointed a committee of five to run the government and within a few hectic hours had brought, if not order, at least a system out of chaos. Ramon Grau was made president and now Batista and his sergeants were ready to return to Camp Columbia asking only two things: amnesty for their revolt and the permanent removal of the ranking officers with new officers to be appointed by the president and his committee. But Batista was not born to be a sergeant. Circumstances and destiny met and Batista, he now says to his surprise, was put in charge of the armed forces of Cuba.

Hectic months followed with Batista growing in stature and power. The army respected him and liked, among other things, his edict that there would be no generals in the army. He had been made colonel, that would be the highest ranking office. His most trusted aides, the sergeants who had staged the revolt with him, were made lieutenant-colonels.

He Fired the Whole Police Force

Batista during the ensuing months worked chiefly behind the scenes. The United States was cold to Grau and he "resigned." One president succeeded another, and always Batista, the man on horseback, was the man who appointed and dismissed but he still worked behind the scenes, through the cabinet. It might be noted parenthetically that since August, 1933, there have been nine presidents of Cuba. Carlos Hevia had the shortest term. As soon as he was put into office he went to the presidential palace and had himself a bath in the presidential tub. While he was drying himself he received notice that he was out. That, even on this short presidential course, was undoubtedly a double eagle.

When Miguel Mariano Gómez was elected president in January, 1936, the first duly elected president since Machado, it was thought that the merry-go-round had stopped but it hadn't. Only last December he was impeached. He and Batista had several minor differences which culminated in his refusal to support one of Batista's pet measures—an imposition of nine cents per bag on all sugar produced on the island, the revenue to go toward the maintenance of 700 rural schools taught by army sergeants and under army direction. For some time Gómez had been developing an increasing coolness toward the army's intrusion into civil affairs and this time he stepped out boldly to oppose Batista.

Result: Gómez out. Laredo Bru in.

Batista, at first hated by everyone except his army, began to command a grudging respect during the years following his coup. Labor, whose unions for the most part he had dissolved, hated him but soon found the eight-hour day and minimum-wage laws enacted and their opposition turned to a policy of watchful waiting. Groups of students who had been prominent in the Machado overthrow despised him because he ignored them and once he raided their university to find it stocked with machine guns and bullets and hardly a textbook in sight. Cuban students have always been short on going to classes but long on the tossing of hand grenades.

Business was interested when Batista fired the whole police force and established a new force of army men commanded by Jose Pedraza and then business began to nod approving heads when the new policemen actually caught terrorists and kidnapers and dispensed summary justice more than slightly reminiscent of Fascist justice.

"We Have No Secrets Here"

To make miscreants talk the Cuban police used a refined version of the German method, which involves first a thorough beating with clubs or leather whips and then a helping hand out of a five-story window with nothing below but cobblestones. Then the German official bulletin will read sadly, "Killed while trying to escape."

Nothing so crude characterized the Cuban third degree. If one of a band of known kidnapers or bomb throwers was caught he would be prevailed upon to give the names of his companions in this adroit manner, adroit because it left no scars. A sheet would be wound around the victim's neck and it was inevitably found that the ability and willingness of the man to talk increased in direct proportion to the pressure applied. In many cases after he had confessed his guilt and involved his companions the man would be led to a window and gently pushed out into eternity. On his body would be found only the marks caused by the fall—no ugly inch-wide welts of blood usually found on Germans whose bodies were found on cobblestones.

Then the Cuban authorities would say again sadly, "The man confessed and then the poor fellow, overwhelmed with shame, committed suicide by leaping from the window."

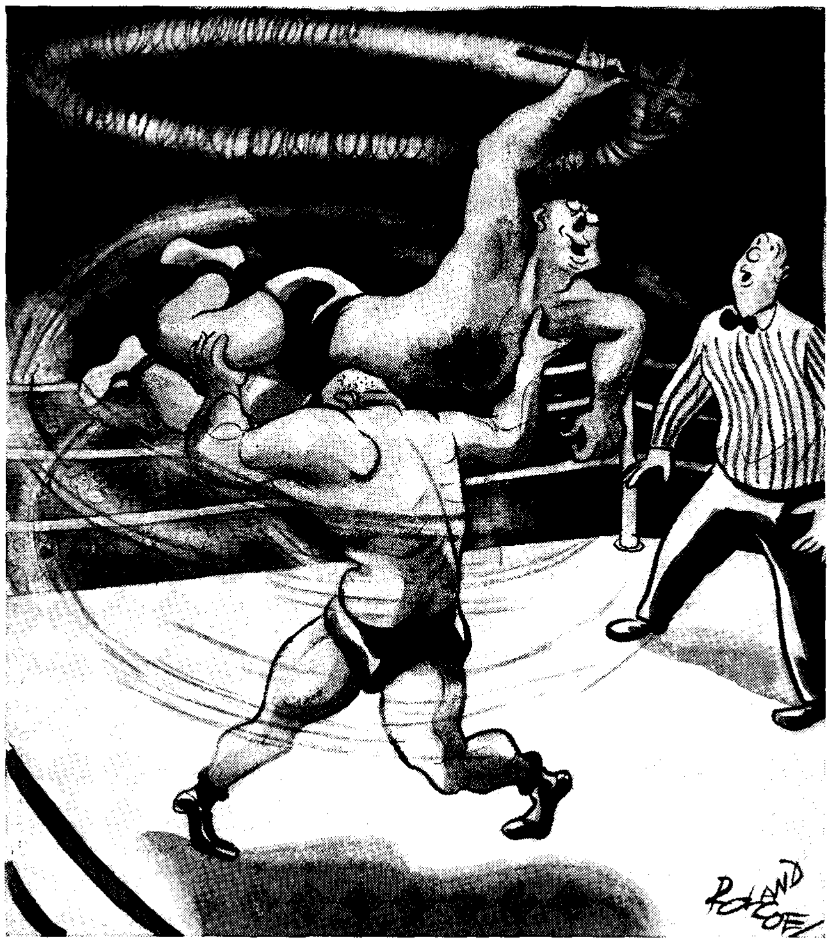
That was Cuba in the months following Batista's coup. Fascist methods are never pretty. But Cubans shrug their shoulders and say, "We have not had a successful kidnaping in two years and only one bombing."

During the fifteen months preceding March 10, 1935, 2,100 bombs were exploded in Havana and about the same number were picked up before they exploded. Eighty-three people were killed and more than 300 seriously injured by these bombs, most of the victims being innocent bystanders. Property damage of course was enormous. Since March 10th there has been no organized terrorism in Cuba and only a few abortive attempts against life and property.

Meanwhile Batista became more and more firmly entrenched. Today he absolutely rules Cuba.

Now already we know a lot about Batista. We've talked to the newspapermen who have virtually lived with him since his rise in September, 1933, and who seem almost unanimously to be "sold" on him. We know that he works long hours: he begins at ten A. M. and keeps it up until five or six A. M. We have been at cockfights with his aides and have heard them talk about this dynamo who relaxes only occasionally, usually in the arena where his cocks fight. We know that three or four times a week he and his closest friends, still the former sergeants who stepped from the shadows with him on that fateful September 4th, gather for midnight dinners and talk about what should be done next.

Colonel Fulgencio Batista is hard to see but easy to look at and very easy to talk to. His headquarters are still at Camp Columbia, an up-to-date military camp with clean, comfortable, sanitary barracks of stucco and with fine-looking officers' homes splotched vividly with



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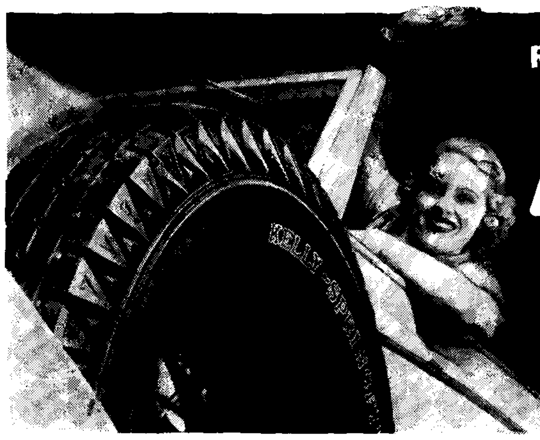

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GIRLS INTO GODDESSES

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the brilliant purple and red of bougainvillaea.

Batista gets up from behind his desk when you enter his large, severely furnished office and he doesn't wait for you. He walks toward you smiling and his deep-set black eyes smile too, and first of all you notice his high cheekbones and aquiline nose. He looks younger than his thirty-six years and his bronzed face is unlined and remarkably un-Cuban, and even in repose you can feel the vitality and force of him fairly bursting out of his trim khaki uniform. He offers you a cigarette from a gold case—and he talks of this and that inconsequentially and then finally he sits down, flashes a wide smile and says, "Ask me anything you wish. We have no secrets here."

"If you were to be killed tomorrow what would happen to Cuba and to your program?" I asked him bluntly.

After a while, he said, "It wouldn't matter, really. Circumstances always find the man. The army today does not rule the country as our critics say. The army is the arm of the constitution, the branch which enforces the law. Before 1933 it was merely a number of opposing groups held together loosely. Today the army is a unit. Because of that it is strong. If I go, the army will still remember perhaps the one thing I have taught it—that its strength and the strength of the country are dependent on its unity. Two things were lacking when Machado ruled: discipline and education. We had neither in the army. Now we have both. The wisdom of having them is now known to the army and to the people. So if I am killed tomorrow those two ideas will not be killed."

Batista talked of his army with complacency and he talked of those early days of September and October, 1933, with animation; but when he talked of education and of hospitals his quick black eyes darted about ceaselessly and his hands moved eloquently and now and then he got up and bent over, pounding his fist into his hand. These two are his pet projects.

Servant of the Constitution

"We have built 700 schools in the outlying districts," he said, his face alight with animation. "We built to accommodate 35,000 children. Today we have 50,000 children in the schools. Specially trained army sergeants teach the children, teach them to read and write, and then we have traveling teachers who give them vocational training, and we have doctors and nurses who teach them sanitation and hygiene, something hitherto unknown in the interior."

"And, Colonel," I asked, "do you teach the children military training and do you teach them any political doctrines?"

Batista looked up for a moment with quizzical eyes and then he laughed. "Every question you ask is merely the one question, 'Are you a Fascist?' in a different form, isn't it? First, let me tell you we teach no political doctrine in the schools unless love of one's country is such. Secondly, we do not have military training, unless you call the out-of-door training of the American Boy Scouts military training. And thirdly, let's get that other question out of the way, 'Am I a Fascist?' "

He lit another cigarette and lazy blue rings drifted into the sunlight that streamed through an open window. "I don't know what I am," he said suddenly. "I read every book on political philosophy I can find and when I find something good I use it. I am no Hitler who consciously worked toward gaining power. My position came entirely by accident. I was the most surprised man in Cuba when I was put in charge of the armed forces. To me the army is the servant of the constitution, which is the real authority in Cuba. I have been accused of being Fascist. It puzzles me but doesn't bother me. Labels don't matter to me. I have an agricultural project going on now in one of the provinces. I am trying to encourage the farmers out there to cultivate something besides sugar. We send men there to instruct them and to help them in what you might call a co-operative scheme. They tell me that is Communism. I don't care what it is. Labels are silly things. Each situation must be met with a remedy which experience and circumstances dictate. So honestly," he smiled, "I don't know what I am, or care.

"I do know that in our night schools we hold for adults there are 40,000 enrolled who two years ago could neither read nor write, and who today can. I know that poverty has existed in Cuba for a long time chiefly because young men unable to earn their keep on the farms drifted to the cities, which could not absorb them economically. I know that now those same lads are staying on the farms learning how to make a living and the pressure gradually is being lifted from the cities. I know that hundreds who would have died of tuberculosis five years ago are now being cured."

A Dictator with a Sense of Humor

Batista hesitated and then said grimly, "I am gradually building more and more hospitals. I have half a million dollars put away to build a really great hospital in the Trinidad Mountains, 8,000 feet high, and that will be a great hospital. I am patterning my antituberculosis campaign after that used in Denmark, the most enlightened country in the world when it comes to this disease. I am very much interested in tuberculosis." Then he added slowly, "My brother died of tuberculosis. We had no medical facilities where I lived. I myself used to give him inoculations. I watched him die slowly and he died in my arms. That can never happen again in Cuba."

He talked of the hospitals already built; one in each of the six provinces; dispensaries in the smaller towns; traveling hospital units. He talked of his three-year-old youngster, whom they call the Little Colonel, and he laughed and you forgot the days in September, 1933, when hearts pumped blood into the streets of Havana and when guns roared and knives flashed. You forgot the fact that he was a dictator having a virtual power of life and death over five million people.

And when you left he smiled and said, "We haven't started yet. Come back three years from now and you'll see the things that we are trying to accomplish now fully accomplished. You'll see a better Cuba."

"And if things go bad," I suggested, "and you aren't here then?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Ever since I was a kid I wanted to be a writer. That's why I took up typewriting. If things, as you say, go bad, why, maybe you'll find me in New York looking for a job on a newspaper. And so, *adios*."

And thus—Batista, the Cuban enigma. The fates have led him from obscurity to the high places. He looks around him, sees a fine, well-equipped army which outwardly, at least, worships him. He is confident now that Cuba realizes its need of him. He has heard diplomats and great capitalists and humble soldiers and peasants sing his praises.

To date he retains his sense of humor and he still can laugh at the incongruity of an army sergeant ruling a proud country. And that is a rather amazing thing. He is the only dictator in the world with a sense of humor; the only dictator who can laugh at himself.

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FOR SMARTNESS ON THE SAND AND SWIFTNESS IN THE SEA

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Leg Man

Continued from page 18

peculiarly small for one with such power, and it is not only flat, but alarmingly flat in repose. His stomach resembles an old-fashioned washboard, and finding his hips is like being in a treasure hunt.

Except for his legs, which contain the only sign of physical power, he looks for all the world as though some heartless clinic discharged a patient too soon. Least of all does he look like the greatest miler of track history.

But his records, breath-taking to make and to behold, point to that status and nothing else. He has developed with all the speed and power of a twister from his native Kansas. Within a year he sprang from Midwestern obscurity to international renown by beating three Olympic champions, Lovelock, Beccali and Iso-Hollo; Cunningham, the national champion, and Venzke. And the end is not yet, because he has just recently learned how to run.

Getting There First

Living in a small town, attending district grade and high schools, he encountered no one who could teach him the subtleties of pacing and the conservation of power. He never saw a stop watch until he had made a habit of his simple racing formula, which consisted of skimming along to somewhere near the finish and then blasting past the opposition with everything he had. Archie either won the race or lost it by a narrow squeak.

Also, he couldn't take running too seriously after the leg grew well. He had to work, sometimes at odd jobs, and sometimes in the salt mines of eastern Kansas. One of his jobs was in a Frontenac jewelry and clock store, and there he took a great interest in watches and clocks. He not only learned how to take them apart, but put them together so that they would run again. He became an expert in that line, and even today he will tinker around with timepieces when he can't subordinate the urge.

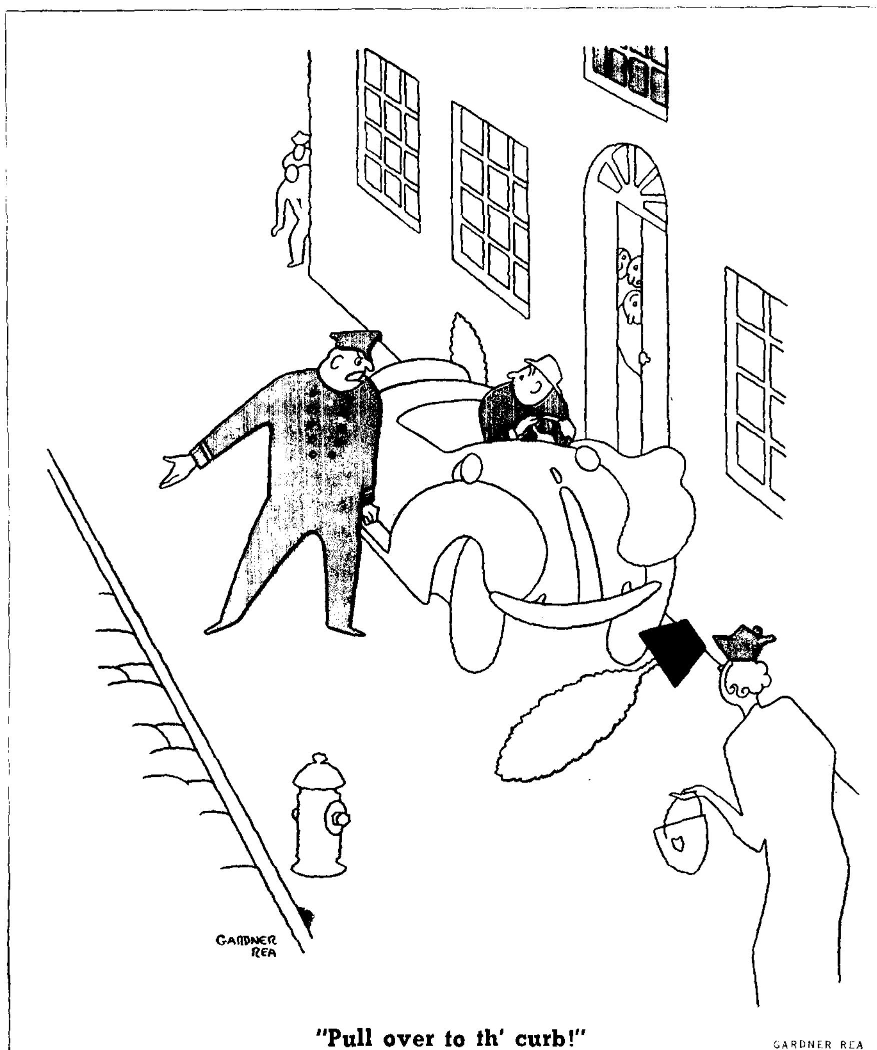
With ordinary physical equipment, he was an ordinary runner, a generation removed from Italian immigrant stock. But, when his vast store of nervous energy was pointed in a single direction, toward a single goal, he became an unusual runner. That happened in 1930 when Glenn Cunningham, another Kansas twister of the track, was heralded as the successor to the great Joie Ray, after a series of victories in middle-distance events.

San Romani, then seventeen, followed the Cunningham trail and patterned his distance and progress accordingly. He checked in with a 4:35 mile, which won a Kansas scholastic championship, and the panic was on.

Now, every healthy person can run, if he has the ambition. Some run fast and others faster. One speedy runner may look awkward, and yet defeat the runner who has the grace of thistledown in an August zephyr. That is why not even the best-trained athletic observer can look at a beginner in competition and say, on form, that he will or won't scale the heights in track athletics.

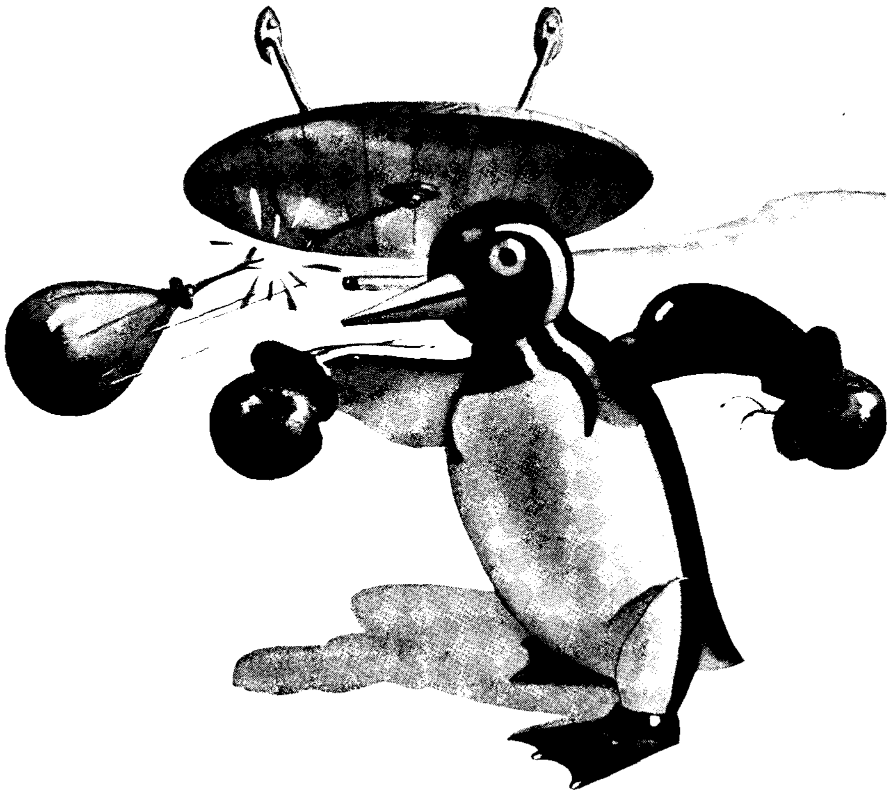
The American system of running is based upon the Indian style of leaning forward and "pushing." The European method favors the upright posture and a reaching-forward stride. Joie Ray was the best example of the American style. Paavo Nurmi was an excellent model for the upright system.

The one-mile record had been held by Americans from Tommy Conneff to Abel Kiviat, John Paul Jones, Norman Tabor and Joie Ray. On the day of Paavo Nurmi's arrival in America, a



"Pull over to th' curb!"

GARDNER REA



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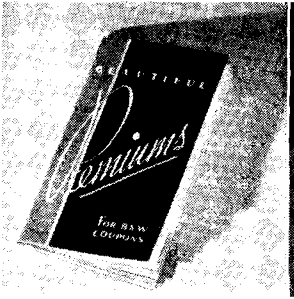

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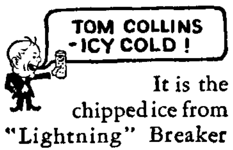

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sports writer asked him if he knew that Joie Ray had run the mile sixty times in 4:20 or better. Speaking Finnish, he replied:

"I have run it once in four-ten and two!"

That was the world's record, and it broke the American supremacy. When Nurmi proved his greatness on American tracks, the athletic analysts decided that the leaning-forward method unbalanced the spine and created shocks at three important nerve centers. The European method was found to be posturally correct and thus the supremacy of the Finns in distance running was explained.

Well, Archie San Romani never heard about this physiological explanation. To him foot-racing consisted of getting there first. His idea of strategy was to pull a miraculous sprint and yell "Surprise!" as he caught up to the startled leader.

The prime factor in foot-racing cannot be measured or even judged, because it is simply an urge that overcomes physical obstacles, inadequate "form" and whatever else is supposed to be an important attribute to victory. More important than Nurmi's form was the fact that he had been running with a stop watch since he was ten years old. He had trained his body to meet any time performance.

San Romani had no rules for form, no plan or pace, but he had a stout heart that didn't falter. He had a nervous system that was able to meet any kind of a strain. His form of locomotion included leaning forward, pushing and even staggering sometimes. Even after he had gone over to Emporia to attend the Kansas State Teachers College, his running methods remained the same. He ran to win, failed at first, and then rocketed to amazing success in his sophomore year, 1935.

He began to make fast time only a year ago when he smashed district records in the Missouri Valley. The East got its first glimpse of him at Princeton last July when he finished second to his idol, Cunningham, in the national 1,500-meter championship. He passed up the big Eastern indoor meets, because of the narrow tracks. He didn't know racing strategy, and there wasn't room enough to blast through at the finish and kill off the opposition.

His County-Fair Kick

After the Princeton race, San Romani put on the thriller at New York in the Olympic tryouts. He came within inches of catching "the old man," as Cunningham is known in track circles. Getting that close, he maintained the margin until the team reached Berlin.

Throughout the ocean trip San Romani was often mistaken for Cunningham's shadow, and Cunningham, constantly startled, sometimes wondered if the Olympic fathers had put a detective on his trail.

Since they were both Kansans, Archie decided that their physiques and digestions required the same foods. That was why he sat near Cunningham at the dining table, and duplicated the champ's fodder to the last calorie. If Glenn added an extra pinch of salt, a bay leaf or perhaps a little basil, Archie called for all three.

Cunningham could shake him off only by going downstairs to dance with the wife. There Romani couldn't resist the urge to play his cornet, and, instead of remaining near Cunningham, he sat in with the orchestra and helped provide the music. He is a skilled trumpeter and a serious student of music. He will receive his degree in music this month.

Lack of training experience and judgment of pace may have cost him an Olympic title in Berlin. He went out for a final workout a few days before the 1,500-meter run and covered a mile and a half in six minutes, 45 seconds, a few seconds from the world's record.

"I didn't realize how fast I was going," he said afterward. "It took more out of me than I could spare."

That explanation accounts for many things, such as his failure to get going in the 1,500-meter event. He lagged almost a hundred yards behind while his rooters in the stands died a thousand deaths. Ny, Lovelock, Cunningham, Venzke, Beccali, Szabos and practically everybody else raced on ahead of him.

He was just a runner among a group of cagey campaigners. He didn't know about international racing, because it was his first experience. He believed that his old county-fair kick on the last lap would mow 'em down, as it had in Kansas.

Three in a Row

The kick would have mowed them down at any county fair. In the Olympic games with Cunningham forcing Lovelock to a new world's record, it was just a courageous performance, even though it brought Archie home fourth behind third-place Beccali.

Cunningham summed it up in a very few words: "The kid thought an intercollegiate race would win an Olympic title."

It was not contempt, but an impartial analysis. San Romani should have stuck as close to Cunningham as he had on the boat. The one lapse was very costly.

Well, it made the Olympic coaches realize San Romani's true potentialities. Here was a raw, unschooled runner finishing fourth in the Olympic games in spite of himself. Billy Hayes, track coach of Indiana University and developer of Don Lash, took Romani in hand.

He began systematic instruction in pace and the conservation of power. He taught the Kansan how to stay up front when the pace was ordinary and to lag only when the leader was running over his head. Archie was amazed, not only at the simplicity of the system, but that he had been running high-school races for so long.

The new technique paid dividends within a couple of weeks. Competing in Helsingfors, Finland, with the great Paavo Nurmi looking on, San Romani defeated a Finnish hero, Volmari Iso-Hollo, veteran of three Olympic games. The race was at 1,500-meters, and San Romani maintained a smooth, fast pace, which the Finn held until the final lap. There Archie went into his kick finish and left Iso-Hollo behind.

Sensing the vast possibilities of this new method, he abandoned Cunningham as an idol on the way home to America. He decided that he could beat "the old man," and set up the task as a goal. Nobody had ever defeated Cunningham twice in a row.

Archie overdid it a little at Princeton last October when the world's best milers competed in a special race between halves of the Princeton-Williams game. He tow-roped Cunningham and the Olympic champion, Lovelock, as well.

He stuck to the new method and set a fast pace of 62 seconds for each quarter. Entering the final lap, he went into the fastest quarter mile ever run in a mile race. He thundered along at a pace that was as breath-taking to the spectators as it was to the competitors. He ran the final quarter in 56.8 seconds and raced to his greatest mile, 4:09. Lovelock was second in 4:10, and Cunningham third in 4:13.

That crowning performance was lost in the din of an early football game. It was buried under an avalanche of World Series headlines, but it was victory number one over his old idol, Cunningham.

He turned in the second victory at

New Orleans three months later in the Sugar Bowl meet. Running on a rain-soaked track, Archie pounded out a 4:14 mile. He led Cunningham to the tape by a narrow margin, but it was victory. He then made it three in a row by winning the Bankers' Mile in Chicago two months later, and handing Cunningham his first indoor defeat of the season.

Despite his rapid progress, San Romani was something of an unknown quantity when the last indoor season started. He had expressed a deep dislike for indoor competition, and he lacked experience that is sorely needed in big races. He missed the New York A. C. games when bad weather interrupted his trip from Kansas by plane, but in some quarters his absence was viewed as a deliberate dodge.

Confident Young Man

Archie not only showed up for the national championships a week later, but scored a brilliant 1,500-meter victory in a blanket finish with Beccali and Venzke. His analysis of the affair explains why he has come so far in such a hurry.

"I cut the finish pretty fine," he explained after the race, "but I figured that the forty-yard home stretch would give me enough room to get up. I saved my energy because I had a real kick for the first time in any board-track race.

"What I lacked in previous indoor races was the kick that enabled me to beat Lovelock and Cunningham at Princeton on a wide track and long straightaway. I spent a whole week before the national championships sharpening my speed with 220-yard sprints. I developed a toe drive—it's a feeling that every miler can sense. Midway in the race, I knew I had it, and knew that I could go fast and cut the finish fine."

He kept secret the fact that he was pointing for a new indoor world's record on March 17th, but that's the kind of a confident young man he happens to be. With his first real indoor campaign, he planned to break one of the toughest of all records!

He worked out the schedule, and planned to run three 62-second quarters and then stage a free-for-all final. He counted on his never-failing kick carrying him to victory and a record, or possibly forcing somebody else to victory.

He covered the first quarter in 61 seconds. When a timer announced 62 seconds for the second quarter, he thought everything was fine. He slowed down a bit and covered the third quarter in 64, not knowing that the announcer had misread the time of that second quarter by two seconds.

"Added to that," Archie explained the morning after that great mile, "somebody kept kicking my feet in the back. Going into the final quarter, I tried to produce my kick, and nothing happened. My legs felt like clay, though I felt fine otherwise. Cunningham came up, and I pushed harder and held him off. But when I couldn't tear away, I knew that I didn't have my stuff.

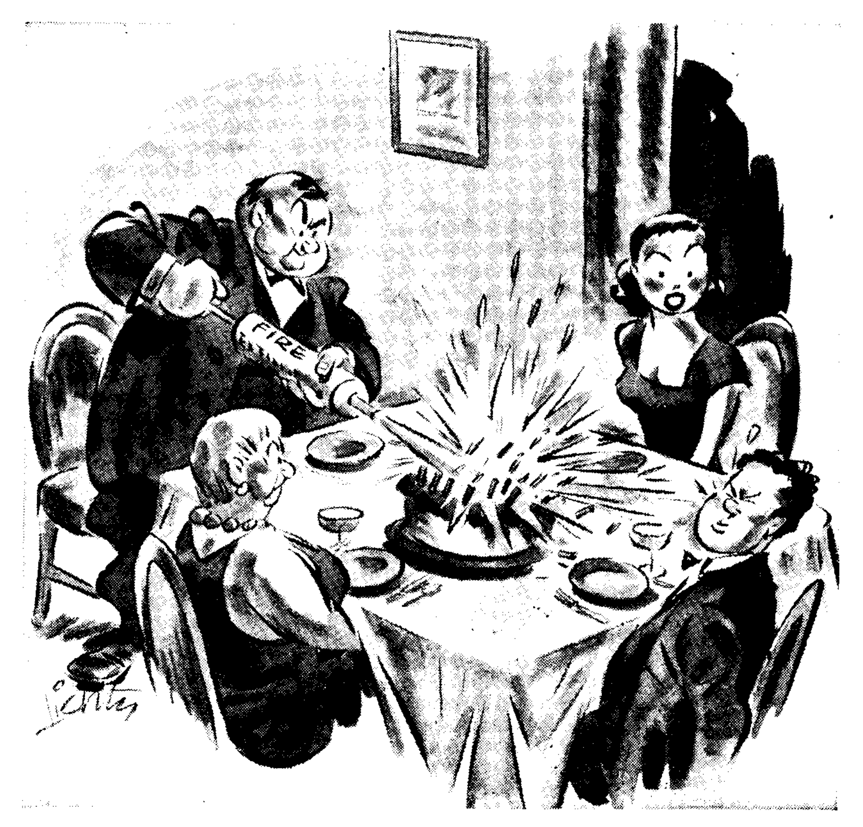
"Cunningham proved it by passing me on the turn. Nobody should pass me on a final turn. It takes too much power. But he passed me. I gave one final push, and checked in a yard and a half behind. I ran the fastest mile of my life, 4:08 and nine tenths, and it wasn't good enough to win. Do you wonder why he was my idol?"

No, because Cunningham has been the pattern for many runners during the past seven years. And his greatness is magnified by the fact that he had no such pace setter as he himself was for Bonthron, Venzke and, later, San Romani.

It doesn't seem so long ago that Tommy Conneff thrilled the world by running a mile in 4:25. Then along came the great 4:14⅖ by John Paul Jones. After that was Joie Ray's 4:14⅗ indoors, and finally Norman Tabor's paced mile in 4:12⅗, which remained until Paavo Nurmi's 4:10⅖.

Jules Ladoumegue, the Frenchman, hammered it below 4:10. Jack Lovelock, Bonthron and Venzke and Cunningham raced each other blue in the face over a period of four years until Cunningham had emerged with the outdoor mile mark at 4:06⅘ and the indoor standard at 4:08⅖.

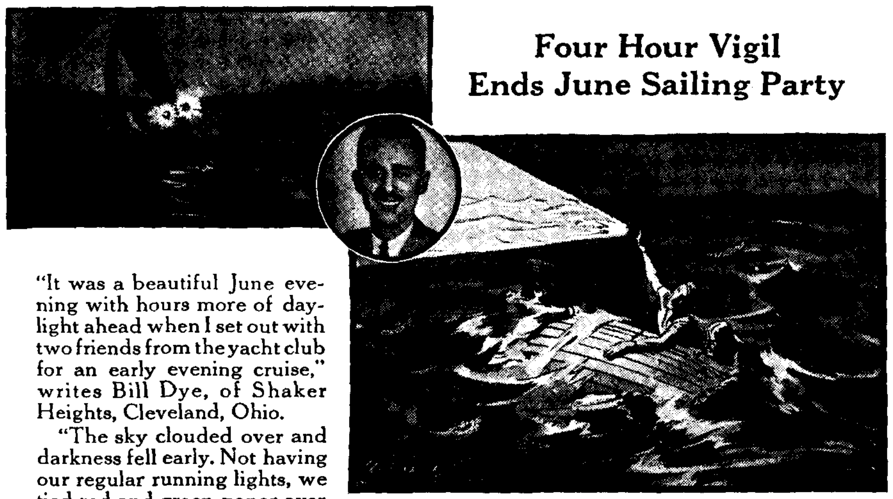
Those figures were wild speculation only a few years ago. Today you couldn't bet cash against last year's calendar that they won't be rubbed out by San Romani, the Kansas kid who just learned how to run.



"Pop's very practical about things!"

GEORGE LICHTY

We Clung to Life as Seas Broke Over Us



Four Hour Vigil Ends June Sailing Party

"It was a beautiful June evening with hours more of daylight ahead when I set out with two friends from the yacht club for an early evening cruise," writes Bill Dye, of Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

"The sky clouded over and darkness fell early. Not having our regular running lights, we tied red and green paper over a couple of flashlights and lashed them to the mast.

"Then, without warning a terrific squall hit us, capsized the boat, left us clinging for our lives to the slippery bottom while the seas broke over us.

"We could see the two flashlights shining under the water and I managed to retrieve one of them. We tied a line around it so that when the waves broke over us, it wouldn't be lost, and then for four long, weary hours took turns waving it toward the shore a mile and a half away.

"Finally, our rescuer who saw the light from the shore, was able to launch a boat. So you see it was the power of the *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries in our flashlight that returned the three of us to the land of the living. I had used those batteries for months before this desperate adventure overtook us, so I know now the importance of flashlight batteries that are *fresh* when you buy them.

(*Signed*) W B Dye"

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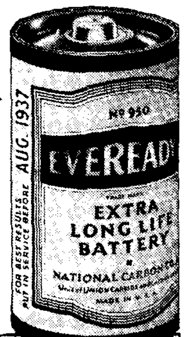

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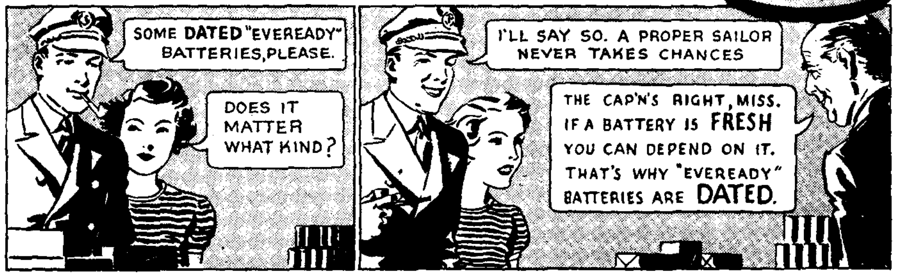
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Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Department 25, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.

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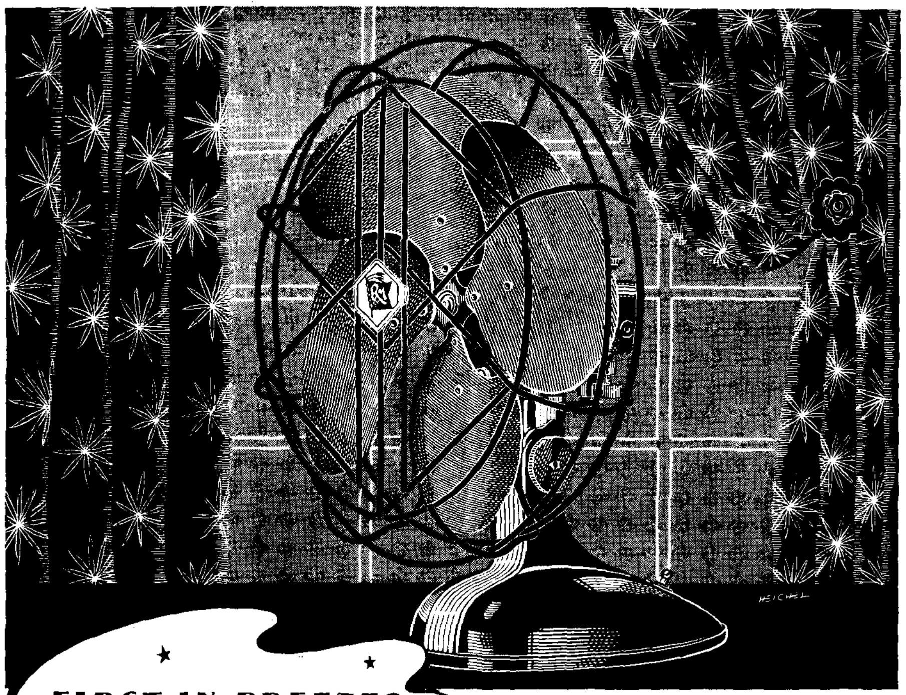

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Dam of Doubt

Continued from page 19

billion dollars. The estimates call for more than $700,000,000—and estimates are notoriously optimistic, as we shall see in a minute or two.

Geologically, the Columbia is one of our youngest rivers—a wild stream about twelve hundred miles long. It starts out in the Canadian Rockies and flows 450 miles through Canada before coming down to our side. In the United States, it drains an area about the size of New England. In this area live less than four million people. The first white man to see the river was Captain Robert Gray, who sailed in over the bar sixteen years after John Hancock so boldly scrawled his name to the Declaration, and named the river after his ship.

A Century Ahead?

From its entry into the United States, the river winds down through Washington state and then swings west to form the boundary between Washington and Oregon. From its mouth, 600 miles north of San Francisco Bay, it is more or less navigable for shallow-draft boats far into the interior. Tidewater ends at Bonneville, forty miles above Portland, Oregon. Portland, however, isn't on the Columbia, but a few miles up a tributary, the Willamette—which Easterners call the William-ette and Westerners the Wil-*lam*-ette.

Above Bonneville, the stream is beset by rapids and swift currents that make steamboating hazardous most of the time. In early days, before railroads came down both banks, there was considerable freighting on the river, but there is very little today. Millions of acres of Columbia River hinterland is just plain desert, productive if irrigated, worthless if not.

More than a quarter of all the potential—that is, undeveloped—water power in the United States is contained in the river's 750 miles of American course. Other streams in the basin contribute enough more to bring the total potential power up to two-fifths of the national reserve.

The Columbia scheme as a whole proposes to irrigate about two million acres in the Pacific Northwest; supply farms and factories with cheap power; carry away the products in ocean-going ships lifted and lowered through locks in the dams. But this picture, even the wildest enthusiasts admit, is a century ahead.

But even so, the whole project has been condemned by the National Grange and is bitterly attacked by Eastern and Midwestern congressmen. The Grange points out that practically all irrigation projects are far in the red; that tons of foodstuffs go to waste annually as it is. To the granger, the scheme looks like taxing him to subsidize amateur farmers to compete against him.

To the power man, the plan looks like piling on more power in an area which already has twice as much developed power as it can use and in which rates already are among the lowest in the country.

The Eastern complaint, apparently justified by figures, is against dumping hundreds of millions of tax dollars, mainly contributed by the East, into one remote corner of the country for the benefit, at present, of about one per cent of the people. Although, on paper, the various dams and projects will pay for themselves in a century or two, there is no certainty that they will not become enormous white elephants about as useful as the pyramids.

"Really," remarked Mr. Clark, rocking on the porch, "it ain't nothin' new. Every civilization, at some period—usually toward the end—goes in for monuments. Those old chaps over in Angkor built the biggest temples on earth. The Aztecs did the same thing. The Egyptians had to build the biggest pyramids ever. The Greeks and Romans were no better. Sometimes it makes me plumb tired figuring out the human labor that's been wasted in building the biggest things on earth.

"Every last one of these dams has to be superlative. Boulder's the highest. Fort Peck over in Montana is the biggest earth dam. Coulee's the goldarnedest chunk of concrete ever poured. They had a hard time figuring out a superlative for Bonneville, but they finally jiggered the plans to give 'em the biggest single-lift ship lock in civilization—if that means anything."

Bonneville got its start as a sort of accident. When Franklin D Roosevelt was campaigning in the West in the fall of 1932, he stopped at Portland, Oregon. In the morning he went to Gresham, a farm town twelve miles out, for a county fair speech. Then he came back to his Portland hotel and there was a press conference before lunch. Some of the local newspapermen asked Mr. Roosevelt the subject of his Portland speech. Mr. Roosevelt said he didn't quite know, and asked a secretary.

The secretary hunted around in the files and finally said he thought the speech was based on some old surveys of the power-producing possibilities of the Columbia River, made by Army engineers. Oh, yes, to be sure, said Mr. Roosevelt, that was it, boys. So, with the customary Roosevelt enthusiasm, the Columbia that afternoon was transformed into the world's greatest power producer, with industries booming everywhere and the desert blossoming for leagues around. Everybody cheered and Mr. Roosevelt boarded his special, with the secretary trying to figure out the subject of the next speech.

Pounding at the President

But if Mr. Roosevelt thought his power talk was just another speech, the go-getters in Oregon took it as a definite promise—and no foolin'. The old rivalry between the staid, sober Webfoot State and wild, rakish Washington to the north demanded action. Washington was going to get a few hundred millions for Grand Coulee and Oregon was after some of that easy money, too.

Of course, the Bonneville project is half in Washington and half in Oregon, but the Washington boys, having got their share—and more—handsomely agreed to let it be classed as an Oregon project—and hoped too many congressmen wouldn't study their maps of the Far Northwest. To most Eastern and Midwestern lawmakers the geography of that section is even hazier than are their economic ideas.

Because of what the Supreme Court might do to a government power project, Bonneville was designated a navigation scheme, just as Grand Coulee was called an irrigation scheme and other dams have been noted down as flood-control gadgets. The plans' sponsors hoped that congressmen wouldn't remember that in 1915 the government sank some millions into the Columbia at Celilo, a few miles above Bonneville, to build ship locks at the behest of enthusiasts who visioned ocean tramps sailing up into Idaho for wheat, fruit and lumber cargoes. It would be inconvenient if this were remembered, because to date only one ship ever has gone through the locks. The railroads down the river banks still haul the freight.

The locks will soon be forgotten, anyway. They'll be drowned out by Bonneville Dam's backwater—which, however, will not drown out the taxpayers' bill.

So, with the plan called a navigation scheme, and with the lure of easy spending money before them, Oregonians kept pounding at the President to okay Bonneville. In the van was the redoubtable Charles H. McNary, senior senator. At last, a few months after the 1933 inauguration, Mr. Roosevelt made his historic promise: "I'll go for $31,000,000, Charlie!"—and work got under way as a PWA project supervised by the Corps of Engineers of the Army.

Getting Free Front-Page Space

It was a triumph of political pressure and enabled Oregonians, passing Washington cars on the highway, to maintain their right of way and look their neighbor staters in the eye once more.

When Mr. Roosevelt said he'd go for $31,000,000 he didn't know the half of it. The present Army estimate is exactly $75,233,300 and going up every week or so.

While all this money flowing into Oregon is welcomed with open arms, hardly any intelligent people in Portland seem to believe in the dam. There is no market remotely in sight for the power and local concerns have enough excess capacity installed to care for normal growth for ten years or more. The best excuse Portlanders can think up for the biggest single-lift lock in the world is that the fact that ships *can* get up the river will serve as a brake against a rise in rail freight rates.

"Another thing I'm sick 'n' tired of hearing," said Ben Clark, charging his pipe and switching on the porch lights, "is this idea that if you have power and raw materials the wheels of industry'll start turning right away. Well, we've had power and raw materials out here for years—scads of both. The power companies and Seattle and Tacoma, that roll their own, would be tickled to death to give away, almost, their surplus power. The country's full of minerals and chemicals. But the factories haven't arrived."

"Why not, Ben?"

"Well, son, the first thing a factory has to have is somebody to buy its products. Power costs are only about one fifth of manufacturing costs, and getting a twenty-per-cent power rate cut means only a four-per-cent cut in the total cost. Say a factory moves out here—which is expensive—from New York or Connecticut or Massachusetts and saves four per cent. That doesn't help, because its mass markets are all back East and it loses its saving and more in added shipping costs. There's more buying power concentrated in New York City than in Oregon, Washington and Idaho combined.

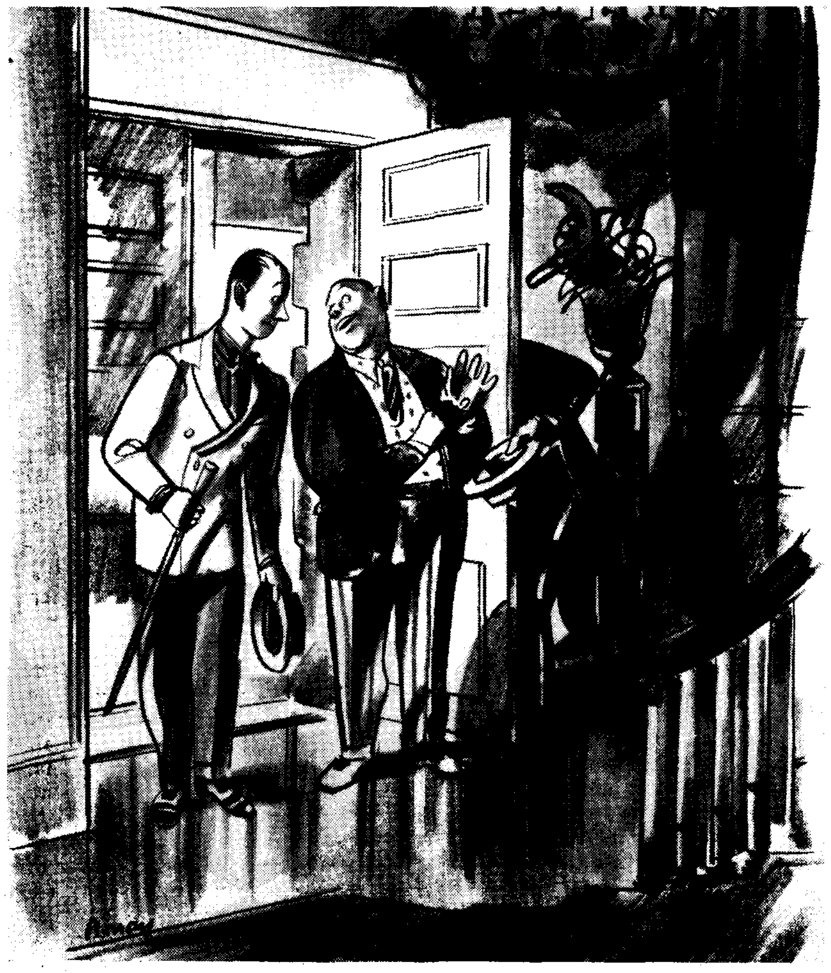
"It's a fine dream," said Mr. Clark, looking out somberly across the moon-silvered river, "but it just ain't economic—yet. Maybe if we get twenty million more people out here . . ."

The cold figures on Bonneville are that when the first two units start spinning out power they will provide enough electricity to keep 150,000 flatirons hot. That's all. You could manufacture about 9,000 pounds of aluminum a day with the juice. Just what sort of a "huge pay roll" this would create nobody has figured out.

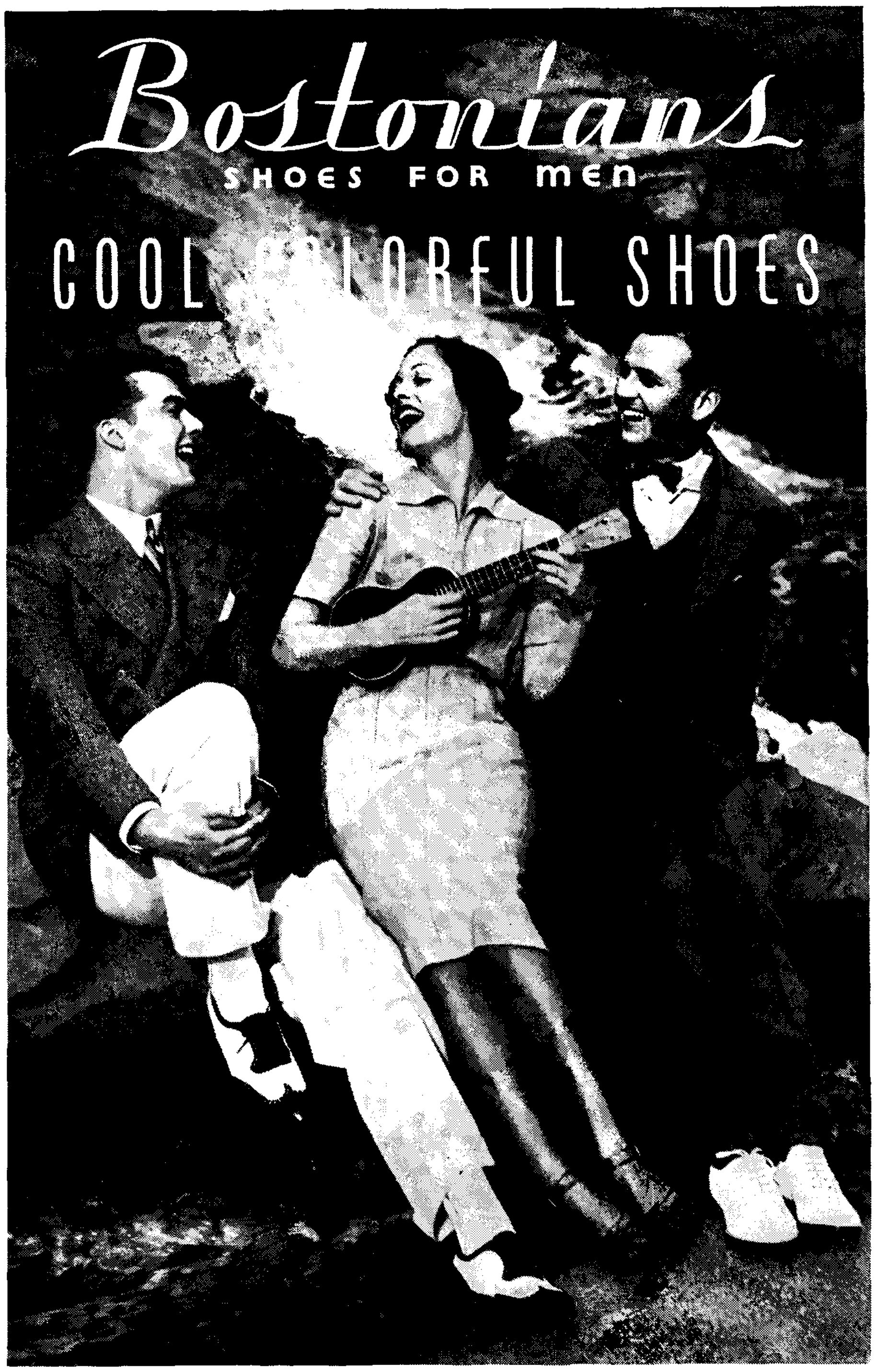
Incidentally, the investment in dam, locks and fish ladders works out at about $400 a flatiron, on this base.

For years, Northwesterners have been sold the idea that cheap power attracts industries. The thing has been chanted in every key from A-sharp to G-flat, despite the fact that for a score of years the section has had cheap power and been unable to sell more than half of it, even at almost give-away prices. In some favored sections you can buy power for industrial purposes at a mill a kilowatt-hour.

Building on the cheap-power legend,



"Morgan is extraordinarily self-conscious" STEPHEN RONAY



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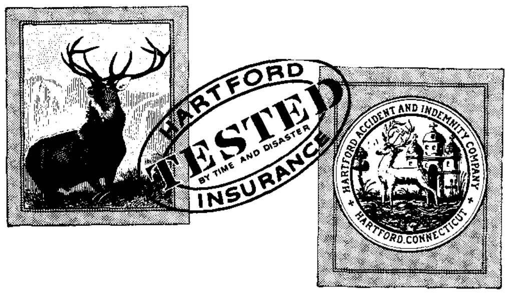
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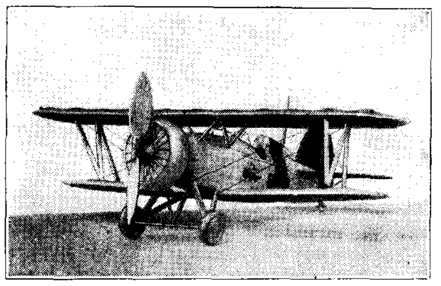

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

canny manufacturers all over the country have been getting free front-page space in all the newspapers of the Northwest, merely by buying a round-trip ticket to Seattle or Portland and telling reporters they were "surveying the country" for a new factory site. Variations on the "Blotz Bunk Factory May Locate Here" got onto page one almost daily.

Thus, hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers got a large dose of Blotz Bunk advertising at the total cost of a round trip for Mr. Blotz.

The catch in the government's cheap-power promises is that the consumer pays the delivery charges, which are six or seven times the cost of the power itself. You can get fish for nothing, too—all you have to do is hook onto them. Nearly all the cost of a fish in your refrigerator is delivery cost; almost all the dollars and cents on your electric bill represent the same item. Some power plants could give away the power at the bus bars and the bills wouldn't show enough monthly difference to buy a package of cigarettes.

Northwest politicians know this. In 1936 they made desperate efforts both in Oregon and Washington to get control of the distribution systems that must be built before any federal power is available to consumers. It would have meant splendid new political machines, with rafts of fat patronage jobs and all the meter readers, linemen, repairmen and installers working for the party in power. The idea was to float bond issues, string power lines and set up nice little electric empires in the statehouses at Salem in Oregon and Olympia in Washington.

After that, the rates could have been juggled around, or the profits used for any of a thousand and one political purposes—as gasoline-tax profits are being used here and there today.

But in both states the voters turned down the politicians by heavy majorities, apparently favoring distribution by the present private concerns or directly by the federal government. The latter scheme, with its inevitable duplication of existing power lines, isn't favored by federal engineers.

Up the Fish Ladders

If nobody seems convinced that there will be any sale for Bonneville power and no anxious watchers are gathered at the dam waiting for the first freighter to go through the locks, there is real fear that the dam will just about abolish the $10,000,000-a-year Columbia River salmon industry. The river is the greatest salmon stream on earth.

Every year millions of aged salmon, weary from two to four years at sea, return to the river, swim across the bar and head doggedly up the current. For hundreds of miles they go, up into the fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies to breed and die in tiny creeks and pools. Next spring, the fingerlings come down to the sea.

Stop the death run, and the salmon vanish—and so do millions of dollars and thousands of jobs along the Columbia each year.

In what is admitted to be an experiment more than $7,000,000 is being spent at Bonneville for fish ladders and elevators, in the hope the fish will know enough to use them. At one place, the salmon will be locked through, as a ship is raised, and let out above the dam to continue their journey.

But even if the fish have enough sense to find the ladder entrances naturalists still have two reasons why the dam probably will destroy the industry. One is that above the dam there will be a 44-mile pool of still water. Salmon instinctively head against a current; in still water they just die.

Even if the salmon get through the ladders and elevators and the still water; even if they win far upstream past other dams—what happens to fingerlings coming down when they are whirled through turbines in the power house? Nobody knows, but the predictions are dark for the fingerlings.

Some Oregonians take a look into the future and justify the dam this way: If the turbines never spin out a kilowatt-hour the *fact that they can will hold* down power rates. If the locks never pass a ship into the upper river they'll be worth what they cost as a freight-rate increase discourager. And if the salmon cease to run—well, that'll be just too bad, but, after all, it's only $10,000,000 a year! What's that trifle in these days of billions?

Opposed to these ideas is the fact that federal competition isn't needed in the Pacific Northwest to hold rates down. There is plenty of aggressive municipal competition already. In cities which own their own plants, taxpayers are none too glad at the thought of a subsidized government plant cutting rates so low that city plants will be unable to pay out, as they are doing today.

At Give-Away Prices

There's one other idea . . .

"*You might figure it this way*," says Ben Clark, sitting there on his porch in the moonlight, burning his own power, "the first settlers out here had to build the country from the ground up. The Lord left it awfully rough and unfinished and it wore out relays of homesteaders taming it. Fact is that fewer'n three per cent of the original homesteaders ever proved up. A homesteader'd do some clearing and run out of money and optimism and move on. This land I'm pruning has had thirteen owners since it was first homesteaded—and it isn't what an Easterner would call a finished farm, even now."

The wind whistling through the heavy timber up the valley gave point to his words.

"So the old plan," said Ben Clark, "was to get the people in and build the country afterward. Maybe all this dam and irrigation stuff is a reverse—build a country first and settle people on it afterward. Make it plumb easy for them—if they can make enough money to pay for the land and the improvement and the irrigation. I reckon I'm a right smart prune grower, but there's years when the price defeats me and years when the crop does th' same thing."

That's the question disturbing a lot of economic minds around the Pacific Northwest. It's fine to get new settlers, but it isn't so fine in a few years to discover they've gone broke trying to pay *high prices for irrigated lands and high* water charges with the proceeds from overproduced crops sold at give-away prices.

Hardly anyone in the Northwest says today there is a real need for Bonneville.

"But in a few years," they tell you, "there'll be population growth that will make it necessary. Some day, there won't be enough land or power. . . ."

Whether that's true or not, nobody knows. If it proves untrue, there will be *some fine concrete monuments* scattered up and down the wilderness of the Columbia gorge, still being paid for by taxpayers.

And here and there a graybeard politician will boast how he helped get half a billion dollars or more for a section that includes only 13 per cent of the national area and holds less than three per cent of the population.

"That's sumpin'," says Ben Clark, scraping back his chair and knocking out his pipe. "All the dreams may come true—but personally I've got my own private name for Bonneville.

"I call it the Dam of Doubt."

The Quilted Petticoat

Continued from page 13

pound blood up to his throat, he heard the wild attacking cries of Indians. He sent his horse fairly hurtling through the wet blackness and toward the sounds.

There was a great explosion of heavenly light, but what it showed was fiendish. The shining naked bodies of raiding Indians. Glistening. Red. The blue of a woman's dress as she was torn from a wagon. An emigrant dying with a knife in his throat. Ann's father, swinging an ax, but going down before the arc could be completed. Ann herself being pulled to an Indian's horse.

In the unmeasurable fraction of time before Fredericks spurred his own animal, he saw how white the girl's breast was, and how red the Indian's—and then he was throwing himself from his horse, and white man, Indian and girl were on the ground. Fredericks' hands had found their hold at the exact moment of impact. The Indian was dead before John let go.

The raid had struck as the storm did, with the same dramatic suddenness; it was ended the same way. Fredericks had just time to snatch up his fallen rifle and fire once at the vanishing, plunder-laden Indians.

Ann looked up from where she knelt beside her father.

"You," she said. "You! Because of you my father is dead. Because of you, we came. It was my idea. About a new wagon. I wanted—I urged my father to come. I hate you, hate you, hate you so!"

THERE was nothing for John Fredericks to say. So that was why Mathews had come! John Fredericks, standing there, saw past the girl, past the wagons and oxen, how the sun was coloring Council Rock. He saw the dead, guessed bitterly at the missing. Lucky John Fredericks!

He saw, not ten feet away, that Randolph King, also, was on his knees, beside the woman he'd been courting; her husband, like Ann's father, was dead. King must be trying to comfort her, John supposed, but even that seemed indecent. Sun touched King's ornamented pistol, striking silver sparks from it, and Fredericks wondered if it had been drawn or discharged.

It was then that he saw that the woman was dying.

Ann Mathews, somehow, must have known it also, for she stood up, looked once at her father, and then came to the other woman. Fredericks heard the quick shallow breathing which precedes death; it was like the galloping feet of horses, as if death must be a rider. He heard real hoofbeats as well; his men were coming for orders.

The dying woman spoke. Clearly. "Goodyear's Bar," she said, and then, "My petticoat. My blue quilted petticoat. Don't let them bury it, Ann. It's yours."

Then she was dead, and John Fredericks was giving orders to his men.

He wondered miserably, as the train at last moved forward toward the Rock, if Ann had seen where the graves were made. Ahead of the wagon train. So that they would be obliterated by the tracks. . . .

Randolph King drove Ann's oxen, with his horse tied to the wagon's end, and there was nothing John Fredericks could do about it. After all, the man might be doing it kindly; someone had to guide the animals. But when night came, and he saw that King was helping Ann with her fire, he strode over to them.

"You," he said to Randolph King, "will eat with my men. And sleep there."

Ann's face went red, and then white; King's hand, John Fredericks saw, was on the butt of his gun.

Ann said, "Do you realize that you are insulting?"

"I had not meant to be," Fredericks said unhappily. "In the morning, Ann, Dave Freeland will drive your oxen. He—"

"Miss Mathews," said Randolph King, "has asked me—"

"Until we reach California," Fredericks said, "there can be no orders save mine. You will keep away from her."

Randolph King said lightly, "You mean you'll prevent me? How?"

"I'll kill you," John said.

Ann flung at him, "I hate you more than anything in the world."

"I know."

And, after that, he rode sadly at the head of the train. The wagons crossed the pass of the Rockies and crept down and across the desert. Where there were sinks, the wheels brought up blue mud, which, in sunlight, showed like steel rails. The emigrants followed him up the barren eastern rise of the Sierras, the feel of gold in their hands, the sight of it almost before their eyes. Gold!

There was no more trouble. A baby was born. There were songs at night again, in camps made where the long-needled pine and spruce, hot in the sun, were sweet and odorous at night. Ann did not sing. Nor John Fredericks. Randolph King kept away from her, so far as Fredericks could see, but an old woman said to him that Ann never would have looked at the man in broadcloth if John weren't a fool. For what might happen, she said, John had only to thank himself.

Then, while he wondered what could be done—Ann never spoke to him, nor answered when he tried to speak—they were in the roaring town of Sacramento, and his task was about over.

Each gold-seeker headed in a different direction, after first listening to the talk in the saloons. Gold? Why, there was more gold than there was food or supplies; a sack of moldy flour cost twenty dollars, a few pounds of beans, five. Boots were priceless. A single meal cost as much as a week's board at home.

It seemed to make no difference where a claim was staked. There was gold for everyone—in the saloons. On Greenhorn Creek, Rattlesnake Creek, Kanaka Creek. Chipps' Flat or Hell's Half Acre or Gouge Eye or clear up the canyon to Portwine. And there was no richer place than Goodyear's Bar, although every inch of river was being worked, and claim jumpers were hanged in Dead Man's Gulch.

THE word of what was about to happen came to John Fredericks as he was preparing to take the remnant of the wagon train down to the coast. He went straight to the ramshackle hotel where Ann was staying, and only his threat to go to her room brought her to the porch.

She was thinner, more lovely. Her eyes were tired, but their gaze was so cold, so accusing, that Fredericks' dropped. She held her skirt with one hand; John could see the bright blue of the petticoat beneath. For some reason, not understandable, he blamed the unoffending cashmere with its quilted edge and braided hem for what had happened.

"I know that you despise me," he said. "Each time I speak, what I say is wrong. Although you hate me, will you remain with the wagons? At San Francisco you

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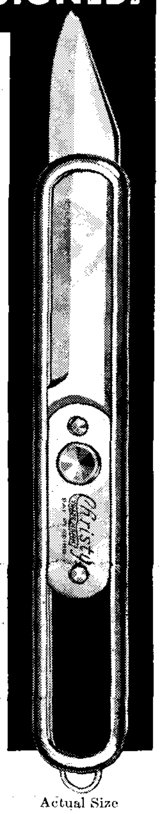

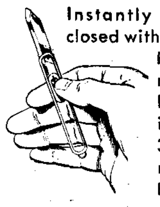

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"It should satisfy even you," Ann Mathews said, "to know that I am to *marry* Mr. King."

This was what Fredericks had heard. He said, "You'll go with him to Goodyear's Bar?"

"I will go where he goes."

Two drunken miners, arm in arm, careened past them.

"Ann," he said desperately, "let us both go home. I—I have had enough. Let us go home."

"I asked that of you once, in Concord," Ann said. "You refused. You thought I'd do as you wished. You were so certain of it that you boasted I came just to be with you. You"—she began to choke—"might have saved my father's life." She clenched her hands, and went on, "I am to marry Mr. King."

The sun beat down on Fredericks' head, but his hands were cold.

"Not that," he pleaded. He had to speak. "Ann, listen. He's at the Mexican fandango house now, turning cards, and—"

Ann sniffed, "A gentleman's pastime."

In his earnestness, Fredericks said what he'd been mulling over ever since the fight on the plains. "A short time ago," he said, "he was at the heels of a different woman, a woman with a husband. Hate me, but that's true, and you know it. As soon as she died he came licking your hand. Why?"

A little color flushed Ann Mathews' face.

It seemed to John Fredericks that at this moment she was closer to him than at any time since they'd walked together on the prairie. He came nearer to her. Ann's eyes were veiled; she moved one foot until John could see, even more clearly, the edge of the quilted petticoat. He could make nothing of the design of the bottom quilting. It wasn't Walls of Troy, like his mother's. It was almost like a succession of feathers, daintily, precisely stitched.

"Ann," John said, "I've never really believed in luck. The name I've been given is ridiculous. But—take off that petticoat. It is an evil thing. It—"

Ann raised her eyes. She said, "Mr. King finds it adorable."

"The petticoat—"

"And," said Ann, "he finds me likewise, or so he tells me. I am certain he will make a satisfactory husband."

JOHN FREDERICKS had no defense against such words; he said, neither in anger nor despair, but as if stating a fact, "He is not to be your husband."

Ann began to laugh, although her face was white. "I never thought to hear you make such a suggestion," she said, and turned and disappeared into the hotel.

As he began to walk up the street a Mexican girl placed her hand on his arm. He walked a half block beside her before he knew that she was with him; he did not shove her away, but followed her.

In the fandango house he ordered whisky for the dark-skinned girl, for himself; he left his glass untouched when he saw Randolph King, and moved over to the table where the man in broadcloth was turning cards. There was one limp, half-empty sack of dust at King's elbow, proof that his luck had not been good, or his skill insufficient. King's pistol was beside the sack.

"A word with you," Fredericks said.

King stood up, and reached for the weapon. "I'm engaged," he said shortly. "Your orders don't go here."

The room was instantly quiet.

"Put down the gun," John said.

"If you think you can—"

"Put down the gun!"

A stir ran through the watchers. Randolph King took his hand from the pistol. He said, a tremor in his voice, "That's twice you've threatened me. The third time—"

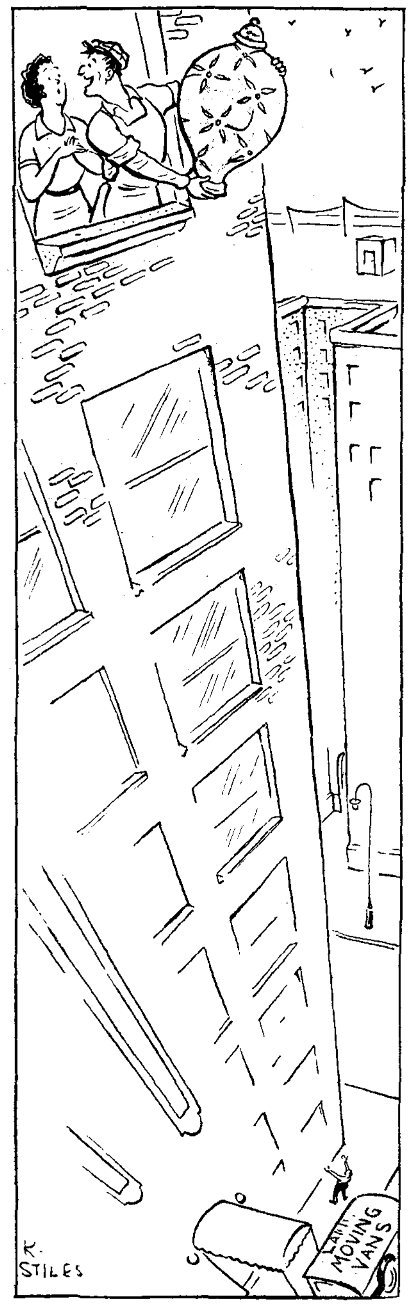
"I'll not threaten." A sudden notion came to Fredericks. "How much dust have you in that poke? As little as that? I'll turn a card with you for it."

"For all of it?"

John Fredericks shrugged. "Turn your card," he said.

The gambler's fingers seemed, for an instant, glued together; then the king of spades was turned. "King's luck," he said, and began to smile.

Without looking down, Fredericks flipped a card over; without looking down. As he heard the quick, excited breaths of the watchers, he said, "Now you know why I'm called Lucky John Fredericks." He raised his voice. "Drinks for the house," he said, and, taking King by the arm, drew him toward a secluded table.



"Now don't you worry, lady. Joe never misses"

KIRK STILES

He spoke to the gambler earnestly, coldly, feeling that King must agree to whatever terms might be necessary. For thirty days, neither more nor less, King was to keep away from Ann Mathews; in return, Fredericks was returning his dust, plus double the amount.

"She's going to Goodyear's Bar," Randolph King stated, drinking his whisky. "I have convinced her it's the place to go. I'll agree to stay away—for thirty days. Neither more or less. Now, if you'll excuse me . . ."

John Fredericks, who needed that time to get his wagons to San Francisco and double back, nodded.

"Bear this in mind," he said. "One minute under the time, and I'll hold you accountable. Never forget that."

What good had he done? Any at all? Would a month convince Ann that Randolph King was less than a man, once she was away from his spell? Or wasn't it a spell at all, but anger directed toward himself? He doubted if a permanent agreement to stay away from her would have been successful. King, broke, might have acquiesced, but he would never live up to the promise. . . .

It was three weeks before Fredericks was able to turn eastward again and reach Grass Valley; it was at Freeman's Crossing that his mule missed footing and, sliding back and against him, sent them both down the gorge of the Yuba's middle fork. It took him three days to hobble and creep to the nearest digging; the nights, with winter close and the first wet snow drifting into the gorge and settling, were so bitter that he was almost unable to move when morning came.

SEVEN weeks before he was able to take the trail again, and, according to the miners, he was foolish at that. "Why, a man could hardly find his way from claim to claim, with two feet of snow already down and more a-comin'. . . ." It took a whole day to reach Camptonville on Oregon Creek, another to Pike City. Two days across the hills to Nigger Tent. Each day was more difficult, each night sharper.

The little streams were already frozen, but here and there men gnawed at them, searching for the gold under the boulders. And finding it.

No gold seeker ever walked so slowly, so painfully, toward Goodyear's Bar. He had plenty of time to think, did John Fredericks. Why hadn't he said three months? Why had he failed her, himself? Plenty of time to think. Of Ann at home. Her whiteness against the red gleaming skin of the Indian. Ann he'd never have. Randolph King, tiring of the gaming tables, would go for her. . . .

Sharp, bare, wild lilac, chaparral, the frosty fingers of stunted pines, tore at his clothes. The day before he came to the bend below Goodyear's Bar he was so completely exhausted and worn that he drank deeply from the bottle he was offered at a digging where a tiny stream was frozen asleep on its way down from Snowden Hill to the Yuba, and that night he slept heavily.

His money belt was gone when he left in the morning.

He didn't miss it until he was at Goodyear's Bar, and in the first saloon. His brain seemed as numb as his body, as if it, like the streams, were congealing with cold. The bartender said something to him. John drank, hardly feeling warmth, but when he fumbled to pay, and knew he'd been robbed, the other man said, "No money today, pardner. It's on the house. Christmas."

"Is it?" John said. He tried to say, "Merry Christmas," because that was what men said, but somehow the boards of the saloon were rising, and the bottles on the bar doing an Indian dance before his eyes, and he himself was falling.

The bartender pulled him near the stove. "If he's drunk," he decided, "he can sleep it off. If he's friz, he'll thaw out. If he's dead, it'll give the boys a chance to have a damn' fine celebration."

He picked up John Fredericks' hat and placed it over John's face.

It took a voice to bring him back to consciousness, and although he was uncertain where he was, he lay on the floor and let warmth soak into him. He heard the bartender say, "You owe me enough now, King. I'm not sayin' it's the first time a man thought he'd strike it rich and didn't. But there's got to be an end. No more gold."

Then King was speaking; Fredericks

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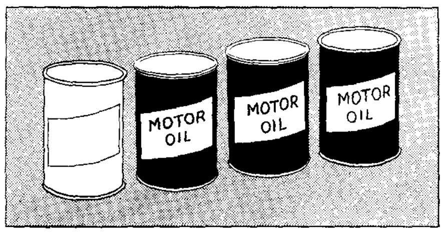
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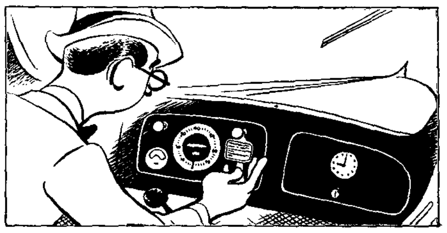

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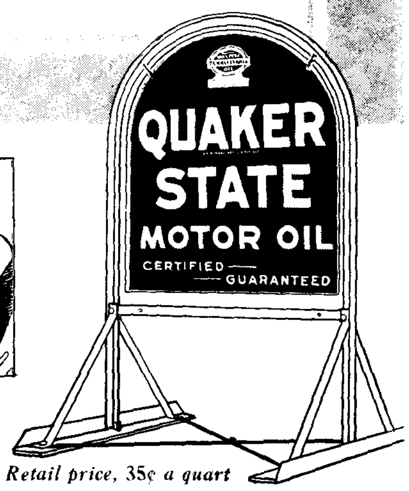
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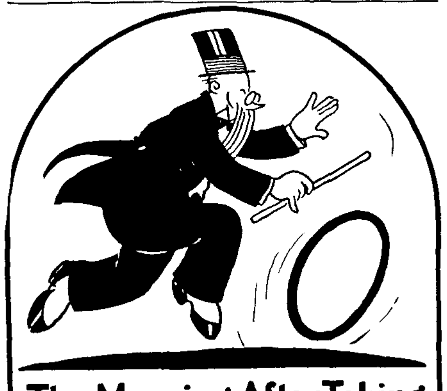
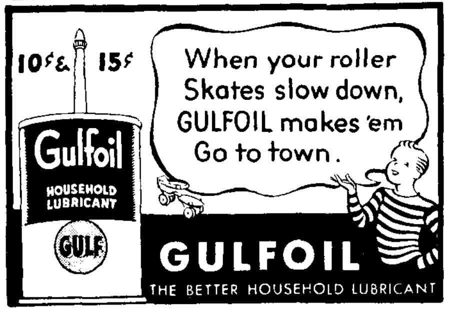
*DU-ONS

* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills



When your roller Skates slow down, GULFOIL makes 'em Go to town.

GULFOIL

THE BETTER HOUSEHOLD LUBRICANT

supposed it was the man's voice which had aroused him: "The boys'll all be here today. Stake me for one game—"

"Not on Christmas. Not for your sort of game."

John Fredericks heard King plead, "Stake me for one hour," and heard the curt refusal; then King said harshly, "I've got to make a stake to get out of this camp. There isn't a decent inch of ground unworked. Only a couple of dry gullies." There was silence, until King went on. "The boys'll want to dance. They'll even dance together. There're four saloons here. If one had a woman for the boys to dance with, that one'd get all the trade. If I ask—if I just ask, that's all—she'll come. Stake me to a hundred dollars."

The bartender said slowly, "The boys ain't satisfied with dancin', King." And in a flat voice, "I never heard of no man like you."

John Fredericks pulled his hat from his face.

"He isn't a man," he said.

Randolph King was staring at him, but saw nothing of the wagon-train leader behind Fredericks' beard; John, painfully, but with a curious lightness, stood up. He knew what he had to do.

"Why," he said, "did you leave one woman and take another before the first was cold? I've got to know."

A COUPLE of men had come into the saloon; they, rather than Fredericks, saw King's gun out. One of the newcomers, as if automatically, drew also, and fired as the gambler's hand rose. . . .

It came hazily to John Fredericks that King was dead.

A miner had his arm about him. "We couldn't have no killin' on Christmas," the man said. "That ain't th' way we greet strangers here. No, sir."

John Fredericks looked down at King's body.

"Him?" the miner said. "Don't worry about him. He don't count. We was savin' him for a hangin', but it didn't seem proper on Christmas. We saw him prowlin' around some sluice boxes. But have a drink, pardner. Have a couple of 'em."

Fredericks drank docilely enough, and then said something in which food was involved; more whisky, and he'd be senseless.

"You go anywhere, mister. You bet. There's food an' to spare. It's Christmas. Why, I'm chairman of the entertainment committee, and there'll be a bear-baitin' if th' bear ain't froze last night—an' a dance—*an'* a funeral!—an' a flag-raisin'." He asked wistfully. "You wouldn't have somethin' blue on you, would you, pardner?"

"Blue?"

The miner wiped his beard. "We got plenty white, and some red underpants. We got a flag, pardner, here on Goodyear's Bar, but damn it if we got any blue. We got stripes and we got stars, but would you believe it in a forward-lookin' camp like this there ain't one speck of blue?"

John Fredericks said, "Perhaps I can find some blue cloth for you." He asked a question and, while the men stared, walked unsteadily out of the saloon.

He knocked on the door of the shack which he had been told was Ann's.

Ann opened the door.

Unlike Randolph King, she knew him instantly, but it was John Fredericks who spoke first. He said in a strange voice, "I came—as soon as I could."

"John, John—"

He walked inside, and closed the door behind him. If Ann had been thin before, when she'd been with the train, she was thinner now; John ached for her. He saw the way her hands fluttered, and how her eyes were wet.

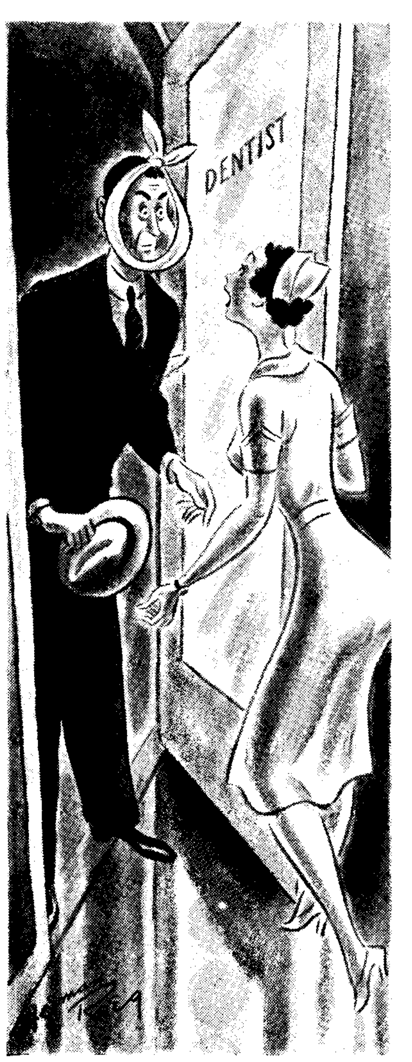
There was no use in beating about the bush this time. John said, "I must tell you that he is dead. Not by my hand. But I wished to kill him."

She must have tried to say something, for her lips moved, and then she was in his arms. He thought she would never give over crying. He could feel each sob, each painful indrawn breath, as she lay against him.

"Ann," he said, knowing so little of what might have happened, "if there is anything—anything—"

His own anger, somehow, was gone. What she told him was hardly real now, but he listened without a word. He saw, as she choked out her story, the moonlit prairie, Randolph King beside her. He almost heard the man's voice, soft, husky, pleading; remembered the girl's distress, hatred.

"And I," Ann said at that moment, "believed I hated you. Believed that to him I was everything. It wasn't me he wanted. Not me. Never me. Look, I'll show you."



"What is it you wish to see him about?"

HERMAN ROEG

SHE tore away from him, went to a battered trunk. What she pulled out was the remnant of the quilted petticoat. Bits of gray sheet wadding clung to the cloth. The cambric muslin lining was entirely gone, but the soft bright blue of the cashmere was as it had been, only rumpled and crushed together.

"He wanted *this*," said Ann. "This! When he came here, and found me, he tried to fondle me, protesting that he loved me and when I refused him, he fairly tore the petticoat from me. I screamed, with none to hear. But he didn't touch me. He ripped the petticoat apart. He was sure there was a map in it. The other woman told him that there's a rich deposit here, and the petticoat shows where it is. But there was nothing inside save wadding. He went crazy—"

"That is all over," John said. He took the cloth from her. "A flag is needed; you'll not mind if you never see this again. Nor will I." He held the remains of the quilted petticoat in his hands, and, slowly, let the material slide through his fingers. He could see the stitch-marks where the cloth had been quilted. There were even, diagonal holes all over the cashmere, but the lower edge was in the feathery design he'd seen when Ann stood before the hotel.

As he let the material slip, making a tiny sound against his rough finger tips, he observed that the woman who had quilted it and placed the design along the edge had apparently forgotten, twice, to put the feathers in the pattern. He knew the care which went into quilting, the measuring, the exactness.

He held the remains of the petticoat so long, without moving, that the girl sighed, as if she were thinking that he, also, might be touched with desire for gold. Then, inch by inch, Fredericks began to move the cloth; when he came to what appeared a tiny circle of stitches, he began to talk.

"Here," he said, "must be Circleville, where the Yuba forks. Count the feathers, Ann. One, two, three—nine, ten — twenty-one, twenty-two — and then there's no feather for almost two inches. D'you know, when I walked here, there was one spot where there were no gulches at all. The feathers look like gulches. Then there was a little dry gulch, where no one would think of working—"

Ann put her hand to his cheek.

John Fredericks went on, "See! There's a tiny circle on the next feather! That would be the dry, unworked gulch!"

Ann said, "Do you want gold, John?"

He dropped the petticoat; they clung together.

THAT night John Fredericks was practically ordered to attend the gathering; hadn't he produced the one thing lacking, the blue cloth for the flag?

"Stranger," a man from the next digging, Downieville, said to John Fredericks, "we like you. Come up to Downieville. We'll help you stake out a claim. You bet. This is a lousy digging here. Why, in Downieville we're taking out better than ten thousand a day, and we're goin' to build a courthouse and a church with a steeple—"

A Goodyear's Bar miner bellowed, "You Downieville men are too damn' cocky. We got everything here you got. This is a town, let me tell you. *We* don't say, 'gonna build a courthouse, gonna have a church.' No, sir." Impressively, "We got somethin' you don't find often, pardner. We got a good woman here!"

The Downieville man laughed. "I haven't seen a good woman since I left Sacramento, and even then I wasn't sure."

Fredericks was appealed to; the honor of the digging was in the balance. He remembered the bargain which Randolph King had tried to make. Somehow, the idea was different now. It was hard to explain, but it was different.

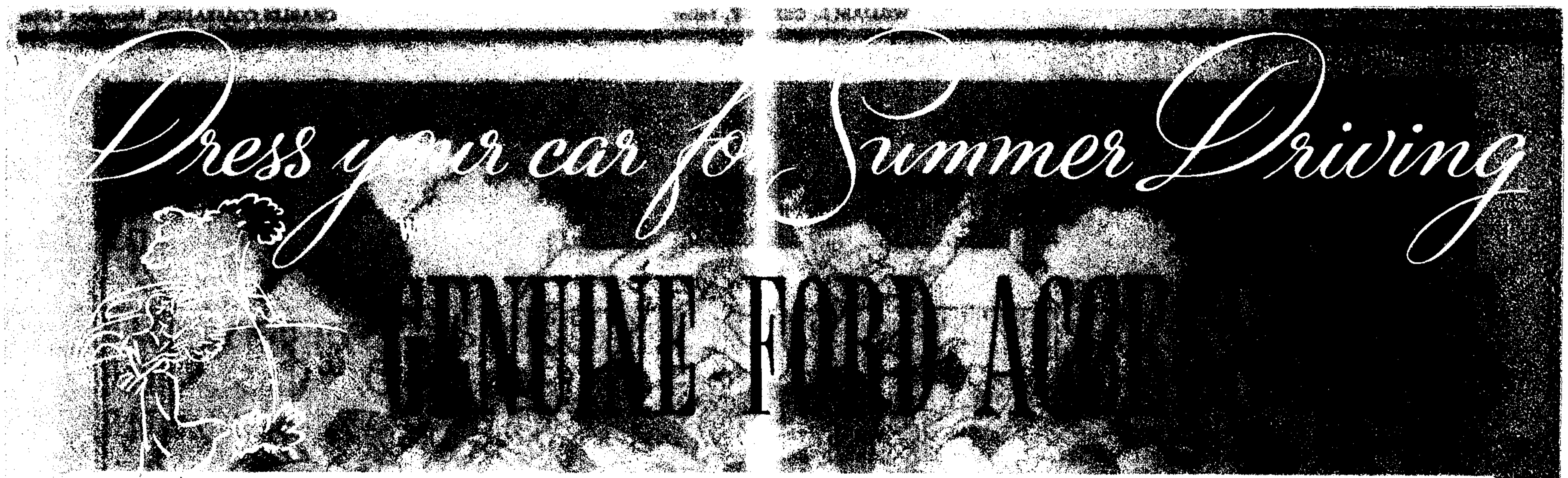
"Gentlemen," he said, "the lady is to be my wife; I know she'll come gladly."

Ann, at the shack, said, "Of course I'll go. Why, it's Christmas. I want to go. I'll go anywhere with you."

It was different. Ann danced with every man — and John Fredericks, watching, smiled. Why, they danced so carefully with her because she was a good woman. *The* sweetest, finest woman in the world—and her love was in her eyes, for all to see, as she danced past him.

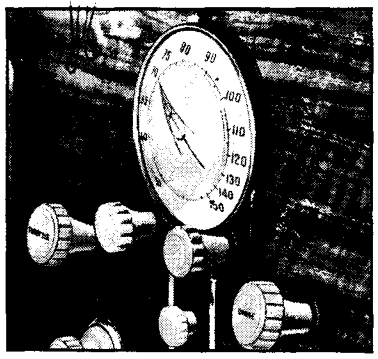
As her skirt swirled, John saw that she wore a petticoat, and that, after the fashion, it was quilted. Walls of Troy. His mother wore Walls of Troy.

Then, at last, she walked over to him, and they were dancing together.

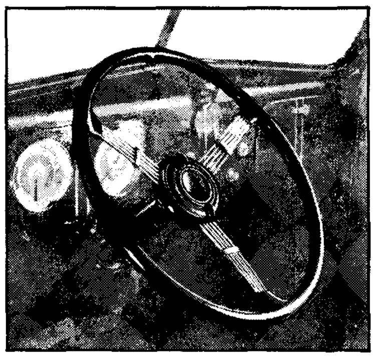


Dress your car for Summer Driving

GENUINE FORD ACC

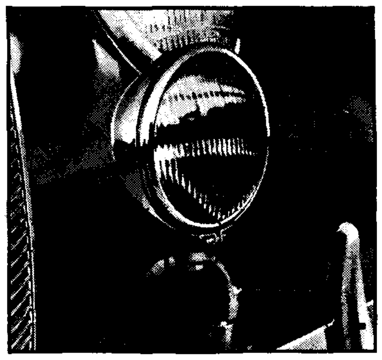


Radio

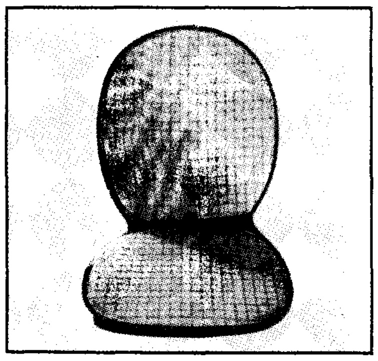


De Luxe Steering Wheel

Windshield Wings



Road Lamps



Kool Kushions

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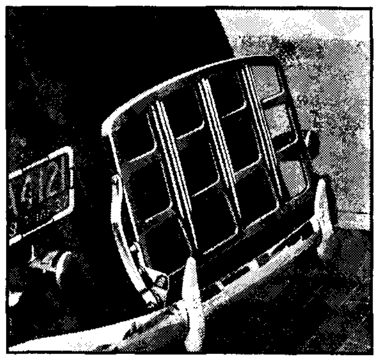
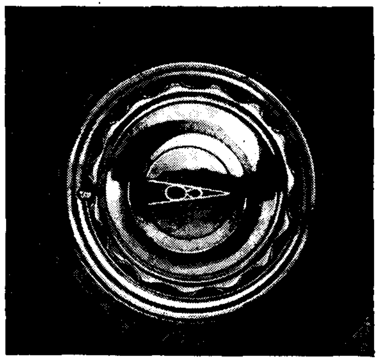
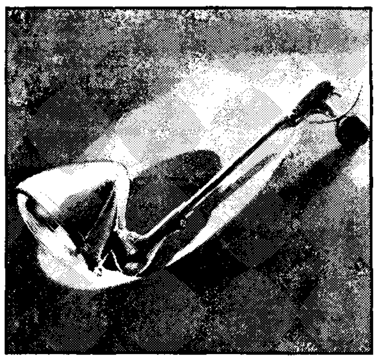


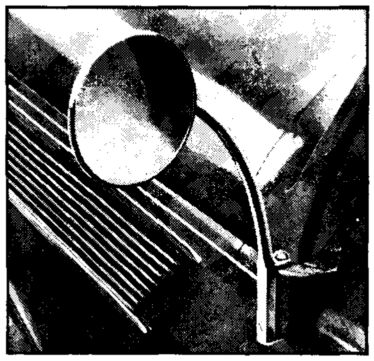
Luggage Carrier



Hub and Spoke Covers

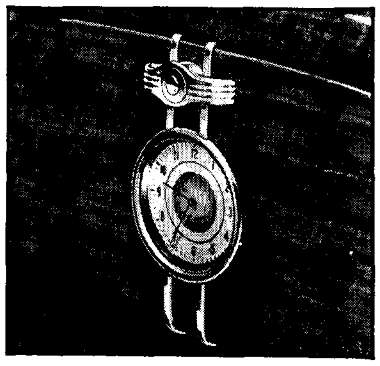


Spot Light



Side Mirror

Electric Air Horns



Electric Clock

GENUINE Ford ACCESSORIES

COLLIER'S

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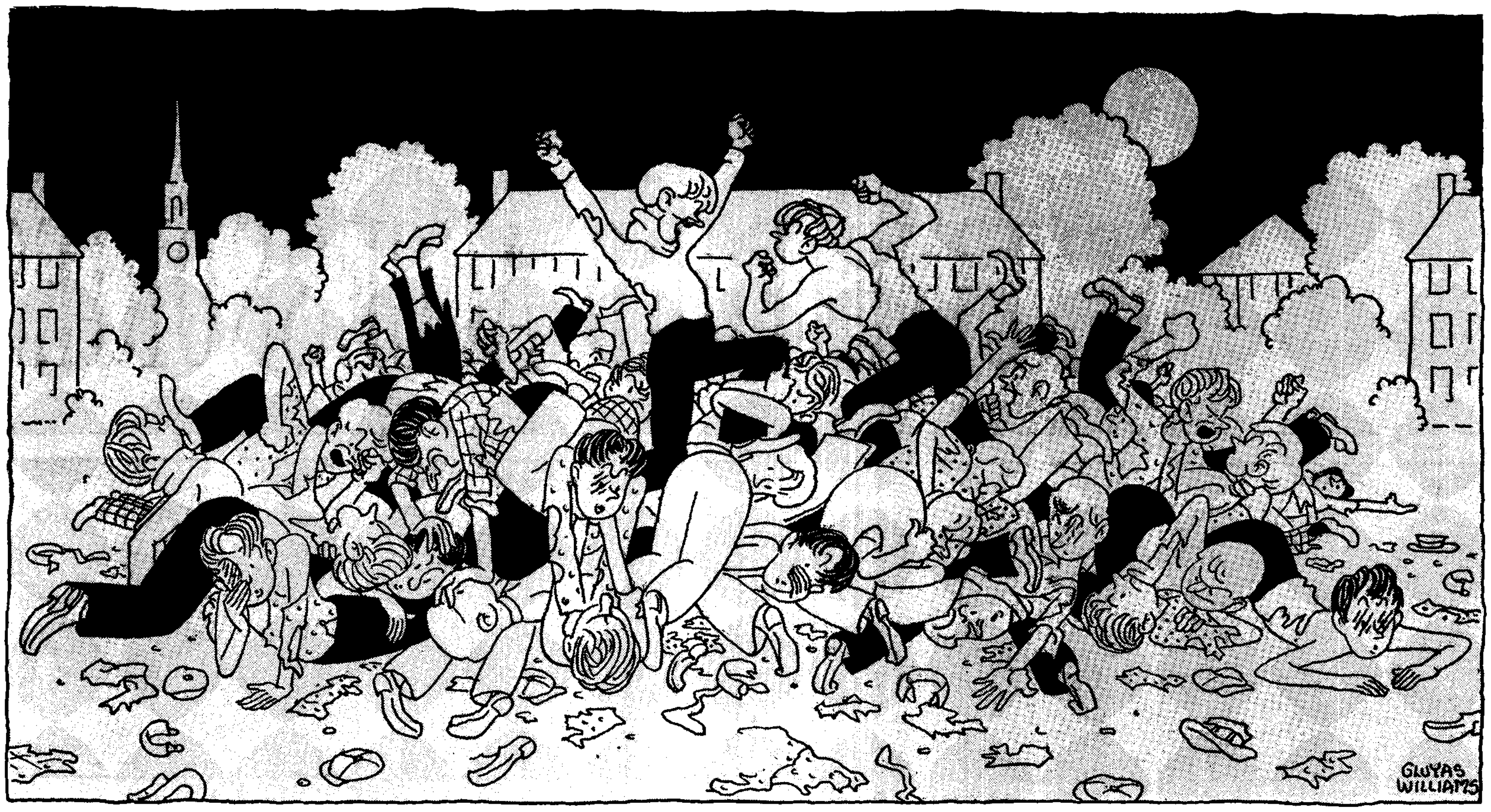
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor



Is the World Getting Softer?

THREE mental pictures, seemingly unrelated.

First picture: Sunday morning in July, 1894, in a modest home in Boston. The head of the household, a young clergyman, comes down to breakfast, and from the grave tone of his voice and the tense look around his eyes it is evident even to the six-year-old son that he is deeply troubled. A frightful railroad strike is going on in Chicago, men are being killed, houses burned, women and children wounded; the President of the United States has ordered out the troops. The young minister feels that he *must* know what has happened during the night. His congregation will expect him to know, to make some reference to this awful bloodshed in his sermon or his prayer. Yet how can he know without buying a Sunday paper? And never in his whole life has he bought a Sunday paper. Long and earnestly he and his wife argue, and in the end decide that even in such an emergency they must stand firm. The six-year-old boy looks on in silence.

Second picture: Six years later, and a sunny Saturday afternoon in a Chicago suburb. The family has moved out from Boston and is unpacking its slender belongings and getting settled in the rambling old wooden parsonage with its mansard roof. A knock on the door. The eldest son, now twelve, opens it to find a midget messenger on the doorstep. "You the new parson's kid?" the messenger demands. The bigger boy nods. "Bill Jones sent me. He says to get ready. He'll fight you Wednesday afternoon." The new boy in town has never heard of Bill Jones; there is no occasion for bad blood between them. This he explains to the little messenger as well as he can, and asks for further details. But little information is forthcoming. Bill Jones is the leader of the Central School gang; of course, the new parson's son will have to fight him.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday are unpleasant days. No move toward conciliation can be made: that would be only an advertisement of cowardice. Every new boy coming to town must fight; it is the accepted ritual. If the new boy happens to be the parson's boy the obligation is more emphatic, for preachers' sons are traditionally tough. One has to fight for peace and public respect. There is no alternative.

Third picture: A dark night on the campus of an old New England college. A group of tense, white-faced boys kneeling on the ground, six on each side, holding for dear life to a giant "cane." Behind them the dark swaying masses of their classmates, the freshmen and sophomores. A whistle blows, the two fighting mobs move forward, diving with shrill cries for the cane. Blows, curses, sobs, tearing of clothes; finally, after what seems hours of agony another whistle. The hands on the cane are counted, the winning class is declared; those who cannot get up are carried off the field. The annual "cane rush" is done.

Three musty memories, not very important. But sometimes a very little thing gives a clue to greater happenings. Are these three incidents straws in the wind? And are the winds softer than they used to be?

My son, when *he* started to school, was not called upon to fight for his right to be there. Nor were the sons of my friends, with whom I have checked, though the friends themselves had experiences almost exactly like my own. Is it possible that there is less violence among the young than there was a generation ago? The "cane rush" was long since abolished, though not until after a student had been trampled to death. Such rushes, and the awful snowball fight with its toll of cut faces and blackened eyes, seemingly have almost disappeared from the American campus. Is there less violence in men of college age than there was a generation ago?

As for the third incident, the Chicago strike, where is there anything in our day that resembles it? Strikes we have aplenty. But even the sitdowners somehow give the impression of naughty schoolboys sticking out their tongues at the teacher. *Isn't it a fact that there is far* less violence in labor disputes than there was a generation ago?

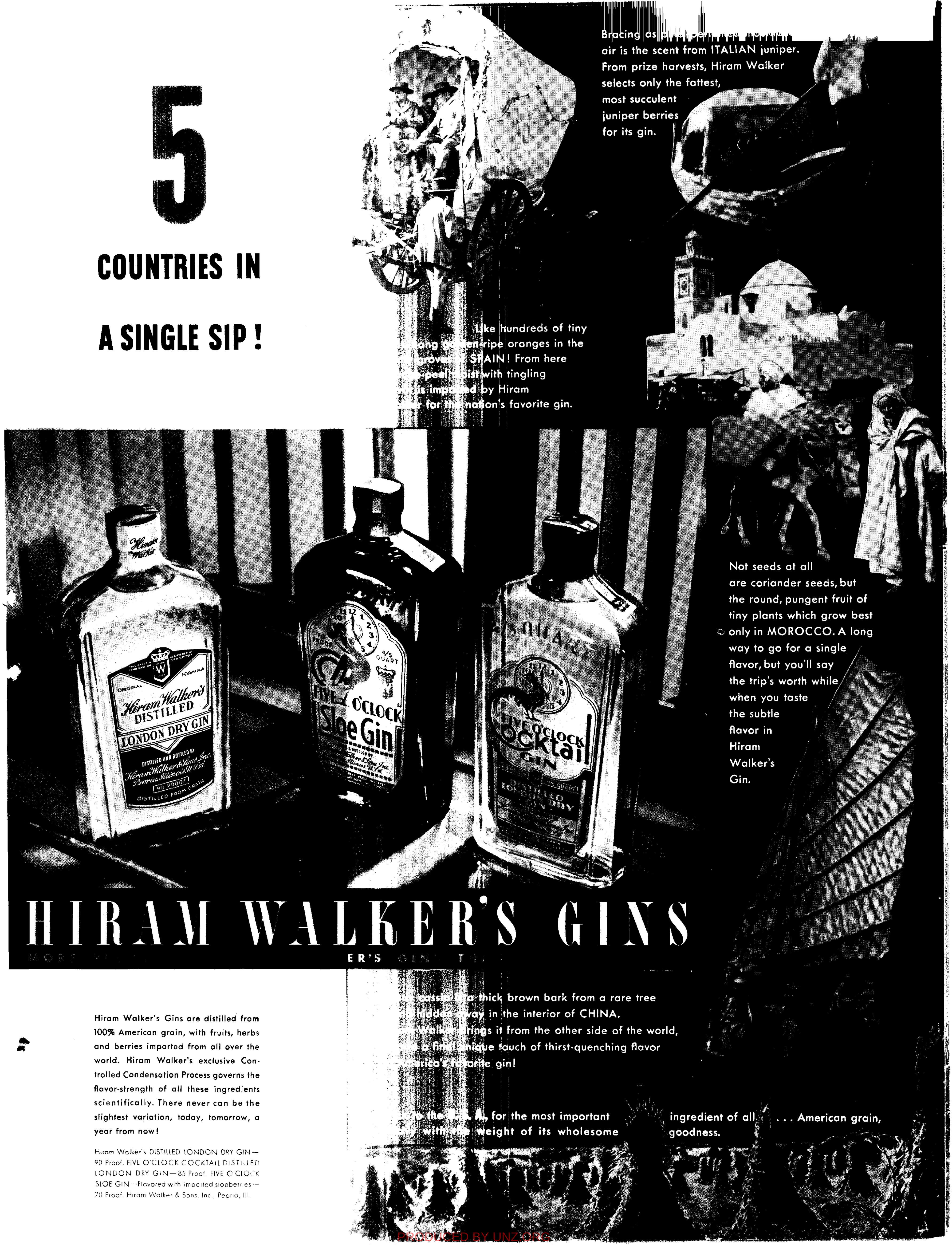
Is the world, perhaps, in spite of all its disorders, growing tired of violence? It talks violently. It arms for violence. In the treatment of unhappy minorities in Europe, and in the conduct of the Spanish revolution, there has been a shocking recrudescence of the old-time savagery. But isn't it a fair hope that, even with all the talk of war in Europe, there may not be a general war? It is one thing for a ruler or a cabinet to vote for a war when the fighting is to be done in Flanders fields; it is something very different to face the prospect of a war that will be fought over the roofs of London, Paris, Rome, Berlin.

Dictators roar, newspapers print frightened headlines, the armament race goes forward. But to one old-timer, at least, the whole thing sounds somehow hollow. The world got sick of violence in 1914-18. It had been growing less and less fond of violence for quite a while before that. Even as far back as that day in 1900 when, much against my wishes, I had to fight Bill Jones.

BRUCE BARTON

5

COUNTRIES IN A SINGLE SIP!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